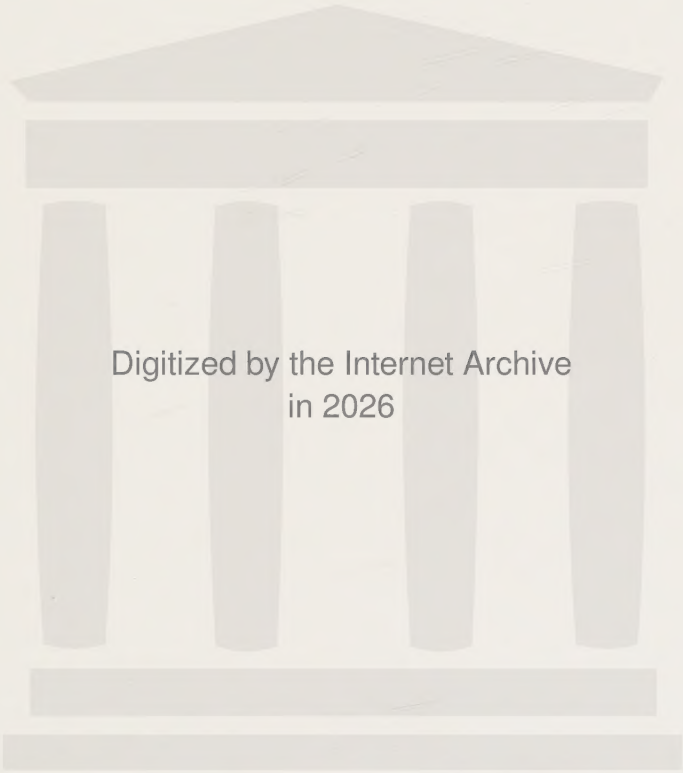
ST. THOMAS / O'SHAUGHNESSY-FREY LIBRARY
3 0516 02144 8898

O'Shaughnessy-Frey Library
University of St. Thomas
St. Paul, MN 55105-1096

WITHDRAWN
UST
Libraries


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/ridpathlibraryof0010john

THE RIDPATH LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

Book-illumination: Fac-similes from MSS.
Illustration in Biblical and Liturgical MSS. down to the end of the middle ages.

ST. MARGARET.

From a Latin Primer, written in England by a Flemish hand about 1490.
Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

EDITOR · IN · CHIEF

CLASSIC
EDITION DE LUXE

TWENTY FIVE VOLUMES

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK

THE RIDPATH LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

EDITOR · IN · CHIEF

CLASSIC
EDITION DE LUXE

TWENTY FIVE VOLUMES

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK

The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature

A Biographical and Bibliographical Summary of the World's Most Eminent Authors, including the Choicest Selections and Masterpieces from their Writings, Comprising the Best Features of Many Celebrated Compilations, Notably

The Guernsey Collection The De Puy Collection
The Ridpath Collection

CAREFULLY EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A CORPS OF THE MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

EDITOR IN CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc,

WITH REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS BY

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS

Author of "The Life of Roosevelt," "The Life of Mark Twain," "The Life of Kipling." Of the Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
1910

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
û as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ŧh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

COPYRIGHT, 1906
BY
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY

All rights reserved

013
R431
10

LIST OF AUTHORS VOL. X

PAGE

Fiske (fisk), John 7
Fitzgerald (fits jer' ąld), Edward 11
Fitzgerald, Percy Hetherington 16
Flammarion (flä mä rē ôñ), Camille 19
Flaubert (flō bār), Gustave 22
Fleming (flem' ing), Paul 26
Fletcher (flech' êr), Andrew 31
Fletcher, Giles 33
Fletcher, John 36
Fletcher, Julia Constance 38
Fletcher, Maria Jane Jewsbury 42
Fletcher, Phineas 45
Flint (flint), Austin 47
Flint, Timothy 48
Florence Percy (flôr' ens pêr' si), *see* Allen, Elizabeth Akers .....
Florence Warden (flôr' ens wär' den), *see* James, Florence .....
Florian (flō ryoñ), Jean Pierre Claris de 50
Follen (fol' len), Adolf Ludwig 55
Follen, Charles Theodore Christian 57
Follen, Eliza Lee Cabot 59
Fonblanque (fon blangk'), Albany William 60
Fontenelle (fôñt nel), Bernard le Bovier de 68
Fonvielle (fōñ vē el), Wilfred de 73
Foote (fůt), Mary Hallock 75
Foote, Samuel 78
Forbes (fôrbz), Archibald 84
Forbes, Edward 86
Ford (fōrd), John 90
Ford, Paul Leicester 94
Ford, Richard 97
Forster (fôrs' têr), John 99
Forsyth (fôr sīth'), Joseph 102

PAGE

FORTUNE (fôr′ tūn), ROBERT 105
FOSCOLO (fos′ kō lō), NICCOLO UGO 108
FOSDICK (foz′ dik), CHARLES AUSTIN 113
FOSS, (fôs), SAMUEL WALTER 117
FOSTER (fôs′ têr or fos′ têr), JOHN 120
FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS 124
FOTHERGILL (foth′ êr gil), JESSIE 126
FOUQUÉ (fö kā), FRIEDRICH HEINRICH KARL 135
FOURIER (fö′ ri êr; Fr. fö ryā), FRANÇOIS CHARLES MARIE 143
FOWLER (fou′ lêr), ELLEN THORNEYCROFT 149
FOX (foks), CHARLES JAMES 154
FOX, GEORGE 164
FOX, JOHN WILLIAM 170
FOXE (foks), JOHN 171
FRANCE (froñs), ANATOLE, *see* THIBAULT, JACQUES ANATOLE .....
FRANCILLON (fran′ sil lŏn), ROBERT EDWARD 177
FRANCIS DE SALES (fran′ sis de sālz), SAINT 181
FRANCIS OF ASSISI (fran′ sis ov äs sē′ zē), SAINT 183
FRANCIS, SIR PHILIP 188
FRANK FORRESTER (frank fôr′ es têr), *see* HERBERT, HENRY WILLIAM .....
FRANKLIN (frangk′ lin), BENJAMIN 194
FRASER (frā′ zêr), JAMES BAILLIE 213
FRÉCHETTE (frā shet), LOUIS HONORÉ 217
FREDERIC (fred′ êr ik), HAROLD 221
FREEMAN (frē′ mąn), EDWARD AUGUSTUS 224
FREEMAN, MARY ELEANOR WILKINS 233
FREILIGRATH (frī′ lig rät), FERDINAND 251
FRÉMONT (frē mont′), JESSIE BENTON 262
FRÉMONT, JOHN CHARLES 266
FRENCH (french), ALICE 279
FRENEAU (fre nō′), PHILIP 283
FRERE (frēr), JOHN HOOKHAM 287
FREYTAG (frī′ täg), GUSTAV 305
FRÖBEL (frē′ bel), FRIEDRICH WILHELM AUGUST 310
FROISSART (froi′ särt; Fr. frwä sär), JEAN 314
FROTHINGHAM (froth′ ing ąm), OCTAVIUS BROOKS 324
FROUDE (fröd), JAMES ANTHONY 329

PAGE

FULLER (fůl' êr), ANDREW 344
FULLER, HENRY BLAKE 349
FULLER, THOMAS 352
FULLERTON (fůl' êr tŏn), GEORGIANA CHARLOTTE 357
FURNESS (fêr' nes), HORACE HOWARD 359
FURNESS, WILLIAM HENRY 361
FUSINATO (fō sē nä' tō), ARNOLDO 364

G

GABORIAU (gä bō ryō), ÉMILE 367
GAIL HAMILTON (gāl ham' il tŏn), *see* DODGE, MARY ABIGAIL .....
GAIRDNER (gàrd' nêr), JAMES 371
GALDOS (gäl' dōs), BENITO PEREZ 375
GALILEI (gä lē lā' ē), GALILEO 379
GALL (gâl), RICHARD 385
GALLAGHER (gal' ą gêr), WILLIAM DAVIS 387
GALT (gâlt), JOHN 391
GALTON (gâl' tŏn), FRANCIS 398
GAMBOLD (gam' bōld), JOHN 401
GARBORG (gär' bůrg), ARNE 403
GARÇAO (gär säñ'), PEDRO ANTONIO CORREA 407
GARDINER (gär' di nêr), SAMUEL RAWSON 410
GARFIELD (gär' fēld), JAMES ABRAM 420
GARLAND (gär' lą nd), HAMLIN 441
GARNETT (gär' net), RICHARD 447
GARRISON (gar' i sŏn), WILLIAM LLOYD 453
GASCOIGNE (gas koin'), GEORGE 459
GASKELL (gas' kel), ELIZABETH CLEGHORN 461
GASPARIN (gäs pä rañ), AGÉNOR ÉTIENNE DE 468
GASPARIN, VALERIE BOISSIER DE 470
GATH (gath), *see* TOWNSEND, GEORGE ALFRED .....
GAUDEN (gâ' den), JOHN 472
GAUTIER (gō tyā), JUDITH 475
GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE 482
GAY (gā), JOHN 489
GAY, MARIE FRANÇOIS SOPHIE 494
GAY, SYDNEY HOWARD 498

JOHN FISKE.

Photogravure—From a photograph.
Specially engraved for the Fidpath Library.

F

FISKE, JOHN, an American philosopher and historian; born at Hartford, Conn., March 30, 1842; died at East Gloucester, Mass. July 4, 1901. His name was originally Edmund Fiske Green, but he assumed that of his maternal great grandfather. As a boy he resided at Middletown, Conn., where he studied philosophy and languages, and was well advanced in learning when he entered college. His education was completed at Harvard University, and at the Dane Law School, from which he graduated in 1865. In 1869 he was appointed Lecturer on Philosophy at Harvard, in 1870 Tutor in History, and in 1872 Assistant Librarian, which office he held until 1879. He early determined to devote his life to the study of the origin and progress of the human race, especially along the lines of Christianity, evolution, and general history. His lectures on American History, delivered in Boston in 1879, were repeated by invitation before university audiences in London and Edinburgh. He published *Myths and Myth-makers* (1872); *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy* (1874); *The Unseen World* (1876); *Darwinism and Other Essays* (1879); *Excursions of an Evolutionist* (1883); *The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of His Origin* (1884); *The*

Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge; American Political Ideas (1885); *The Doctrine of Evolution* (1892); *History of the United States* (1894); *The War of Independence* (1894); *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors* (1897); *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America* (1899); *Through Nature to God* (1899); *New France and New England* (1901); and *Essays* (1901).

THE SCIENTIFIC MEANING OF THE WORD "FORCE."

In illustration of the mischief that has been wrought by the Augustinian conception of Deity, we may cite the theological objections urged against the Newtonian theory of gravitation and the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Leibnitz, who, as a mathematician but little inferior to Newton himself, might have been expected to be easily convinced of the truth of the theory of gravitation, was nevertheless deterred by theological scruples from accepting it. It appeared to him that it substituted the action of physical forces for the direct action of the Deity. Now the fallacy of this argument of Leibnitz is easy to detect. It lies in a metaphysical misconception of the meaning of the word "force." "Force" is implicitly regarded as a sort of entity or dæmon which has a mode of action distinguishable from that of Deity; otherwise it is meaningless to speak of substituting one for the other. But such a personification of "force" is a remnant of barbaric thought, in no wise sanctioned by physical science. When astronomy speaks of two planets as attracting each other with a "force" which varies directly as their masses and inversely as the square of their distances apart, it simply uses the phrase as a convenient metaphor by which to describe the manner in which the observed movements of the two bodies occur. It explains that in presence of each other the two bodies are observed to change their positions in a certain specified way, and this is all that it means. This is all that a strictly scientific hypothesis can possibly allege, and this is all that observation can possibly prove.

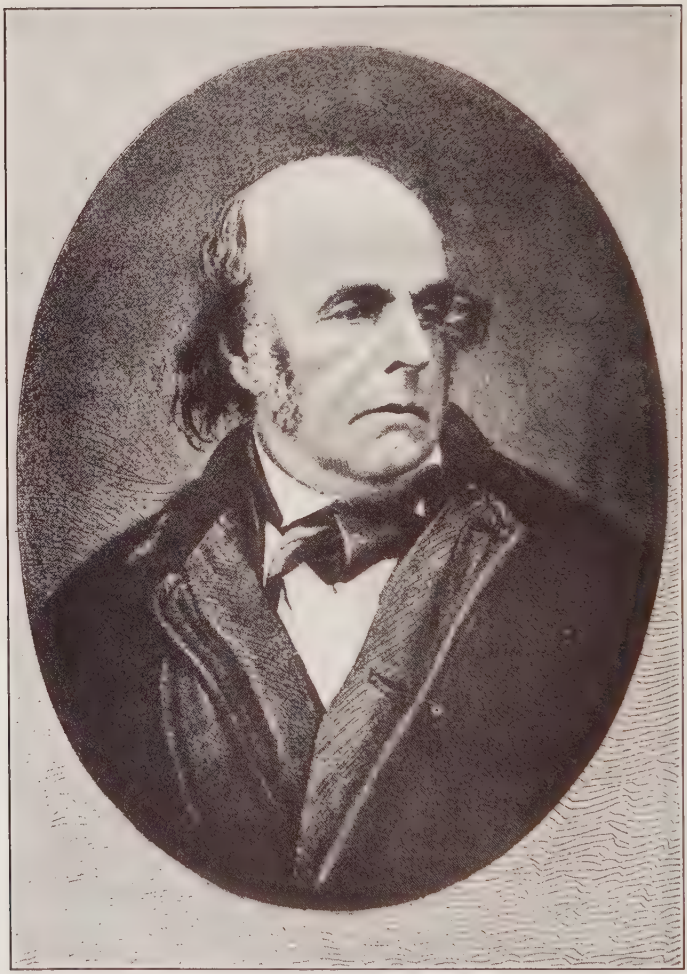
Whatever goes beyond this, and imagines or asserts a kind of "pull" between the two bodies, is not science, but metaphysics. An atheistic metaphysician may imagine such a "pull," and may interpret it as the action of something that is not Deity, but such a conclusion can find no support in the scientific theorem, which is simply a generalized description of phenomena. The general considerations upon which the belief in the existence and direct action of Deity is otherwise founded are in no wise disturbed by the establishment of any such scientific theorem. We are still perfectly free to maintain that it is the direct action of Deity which is manifested in the planetary movements; having done nothing more with our Newtonian hypothesis than to construct a happy formula for expressing the mode or order of the manifestation. We may have learned something new concerning the manner of divine action; we certainly have not "substituted" any other kind of action for it. And what is thus obvious in this simple astronomical example is equally true in principle in every case whatever in which one set of phenomena is interpreted by reference to another set. In no case whatever can science use the words "force" or "cause" except as metaphorically descriptive of some observed or observable sequence of phenomena. And consequently at no imaginable future time, so long as the essential conditions of human thinking are maintained, can science even attempt to substitute the action of any other power for the direct action of Deity.— *The Idea of God.*

THE EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

The settlement of New England by the Puritans occupies a peculiar position in the annals of colonization, and without understanding this we cannot properly appreciate the character of the purely democratic society which I have sought to describe. As a general rule colonies have been founded, either by governments or by private enterprise, for political or commercial reasons. The aim has been — on the part of governments — to annoy some rival power, or to get rid of criminals, or to open some

new avenue of trade; or, on the part of the people, to escape from straitened circumstances at home, or to find a refuge from religious persecution. In the settlement of New England none of these motives were operative except the last, and that only to a slight extent. The Puritans who fled from Nottinghamshire to Holland in 1608, and twelve years afterward crossed the ocean in the *Mayflower,* may be said to have been driven from England by persecution. But this was not the case with the Puritans who between 1630 and 1650 went from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, and from Dorset and Devonshire, and founded the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. These men left their homes at a time when Puritanism was waxing powerful and could not be assailed with impunity. They belonged to the upper and middle classes of the society of that day, outside of the peerage.

Mr. Freeman has pointed out the importance of the change by which, after the Norman Conquest, the Old-English nobility or *thegnhood* was pushed down into "a secondary place in the political and social scale." Of the far-reaching effects of this change upon the whole subsequent history of the English race I shall hereafter have occasion to speak. The proximate effect was that "the ancient lords of the soil, thus thrust down into the second rank, formed that great body of freeholders, the stout gentry and yeomanry of England, who were for so many ages the strength of the land." It was from this ancient *thegnhood* that the Puritan settlers of New England were mainly descended. The leaders of the New England emigration were country gentlemen of good fortune, similar in position to such men as Hampden and Cromwell; a large proportion of them had taken degrees at Cambridge. The rank and file were mostly intelligent and prosperous yeomen. The lowest ranks of society were not represented in the emigration. To an extent unparalleled, therefore, in the annals of colonization, the settlers of New England were a body of *picked men.* Their Puritanism was the natural outcome of their free-thinking, combined with an earnestness of character which could constrain them to any sacrifices needful for



EDWARD FITZGERALD.

realizing their high ideal of life. They gave up pleasant homes in England, with no feeling of rancor toward their native land, in order that they might establish in the American wilderness what should approve itself to their judgment as a God-fearing community. In the unflinching adherence to duty which prompted their enterprise, and in the sober intelligence with which it was carried out, we have, as I said before, the key to what is best in the history of the American people.— *American Political Ideas.*

FITZGERALD, EDWARD, an English poet and translator; born at Bredfield House, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, March 31, 1809; died at Merton, Norfolk, June 14, 1883. His father, John Purcell, took his wife's family name on her father's death in 1818. In 1816 the family went to France, and lived for a time at St. Germains, and afterward in Paris. In 1821 Edward was sent to King Edward VI.'s School at Bury St. Edmunds, where James Spedding, W. B. Donne, and J. M. Kemble were among his school-fellows. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1826, where Spedding joined him the next year, and where he formed fast friendships with Thackeray, W. H. Thompson, afterward Master of Trinity, and John Allen, afterward Archdeacon of Salop. He took his degree in January, 1830. His father's family resided at Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, from 1825 to 1835, and subsequently at Boulge Hall. His life at this time was a quiet round of reading and gardening, occasionally broken by visits to or from friends. His chief friends in the neighborhood were the Rev. G. Crabbe, the son of the poet, and vicar

of Bredfield; Archdeacon Groome, and Bernard Barton, the Quaker-poet of Woodbridge, whose daughter he afterward married. Every spring he used to make a long visit to London to see his friends. There he constantly met Donne, Spedding, and Thackeray, and was a frequent visitor at Carlyle's house. Lord Tennyson and his brother Frederick had been his contemporaries at college, but it was in London that they became intimate; how fast the friendship was is best shown by Lord Tennyson's dedication of *Tiresias*. His great outdoor amusement was yachting; and every summer was spent cruising about the Suffolk coast, especially near Lowestoft and Aldeburg, the latter locality being of great interest to him as associated with the poems of his favorite, Crabbe. He enjoyed the rough, honest ways of the sailors and fishermen; and he liked to collect their peculiar words and phrases. But he could not escape "the browner shade" which Gibbon ascribes to the evening of life, and the sea gradually lost its charm; one old sailor died, and another grievously disappointed him; and he at last gave up the yacht for his garden, where his favorite walk was the "Quarterdeck."

Fitzgerald's literary fame rests upon his translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám (q.v.) which he published in 1859. All his writings were produced *con amore;* so that a fair estimate of his literary tastes may be gathered from his publications; which included *Euphranor,* a dialogue on youth; *Polonius* (1852); a translation of Calderon's *Plays* (1853); a version of the Persian Jami's *Salámánand Absál* (1856); the *Rubáiyát,* already mentioned; besides other translations, and a selection from the writings of his Quaker father-in-law. His *Letters and Literary Remains,*

edited by W. Aldis Wright, were brought out six years after his death.

Concerning his translations, it has been well said by a recent critic, that "he possessed to an extraordinary degree the power of reproducing on his reader the effect of the original; and, though the original ideas are often altered, condensed, and transposed in an apparently reckless manner, these lawless alterations and substitutions are like those in Dryden, and they all tell; the translator becomes the 'alter' and not the 'dimidiatus Menander.'"

The Edinburgh *Review,* speaking more particularly of his *Letters,* calls him "one of the casuals of literature;" and goes on to say that "he had no desire, in his own opinion, no capacity, for achievement. His special endowment he considered to be taste—'the feminine of genius;' and he felt entitled by this comfortable theory to take his ease as a privileged onlooker with no corresponding duties of performance. Strolling through life, so to speak, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, he unpremeditatedly, and against all reasonable expectation, did just one or two things supremely well."

CARLYLE.

I suppose he is changed, or subdued, at eighty; but up to the last ten years he seemed to me just the same as when I first knew him five-and-thirty years ago. What a fortune he might have made by showing himself about as a lecturer, as Thackeray and Dickens did; I don't mean they did it for vanity, but to make money, and that to spend generously. Carlyle did indeed lecture near forty years ago, before he was a lion to be shown, and when he had but few readers. I heard his *Heroes,* which now seems to me one of his best books. He looked very

handsome then, with his black hair, fine eyes, and a sort of crucified expression.— *From Letter to Professor Norton, of Harvard.*

APOLOGIA.

All I can say is to say again that, if you lived in this place, you would not write so long a letter as you have done; though, without any compliment, I am sure you would write a better than I shall. But you see the original fault in me is that I choose to be in such a place as this at all; that argues certainly a talent for dulness which no situation nor intercourse of men could much improve. It is true; I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and a dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. This is all my live-stock. The house is yet damp, as last year; and the great event of this winter is my putting up a trough round the eaves to carry off the wet. Why should I not live in London and see the world, you say? Why, then, *I* say as before, I don't like it. I think the dulness of country people is better than the impudence of Londoners; and the fresh cold and wet of our clay fields better than a fog that stinks *per se;* and this room of mine, clean at all events, better than a dirty room in Charlotte Street.— *From a Letter to Frederic Tennyson.*

HIS WORK IN PERSIAN LITERATURE.

To-day I have been writing twenty pages of a metrical Sketch of the Mantic, for such uses as I told you of. It is an amusement to me to take what liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little art to shapen them. I don't speak of Jelá-leddín, whom I know so little of (enough to show me that he is no great artist, however), nor of Hafiz, whose *best* is untranslatable because he is the best musician of words. Old Johnson said the poets were the best preservers of a language: for people must go to the original to relish them. I am sure that what Tennyson said to you is true: that Hafiz is the most Eastern — or, he should have said,

most *Persian* — of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Sáki and wine be real or mystical. Their religion and philosophy is soon seen through, and always seem to me *cuckooed* over like a borrowed thing, which people, once having got, don't know how to parade enough. To be sure, their roses and nightingales are repeated enough; but Hafiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true metal. The philosophy of the latter is, alas! one that never fails in the world.— *From a Letter to Mr. Cowell.*

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

When they had sail'd their vessel for a moon,
And marr'd their beauty with the wind o' the sea,
Suddenly in mid sea reveal'd itself
An isle, beyond imagination fair;
An isle that was all garden; not a flower
Nor bird of plumage like the flower, but there;
Some like the flower, and others like the leaf;
Some, as the pheasant and the dove, adorn'd
With crown and collar, over whom, alone,
The jewell'd peacock like a sultan shone;
While the musicians, and among them chief
The nightingale, sang hidden in the trees,
Which, arm in arm, from fingers quivering
With any breath of air, fruit of all kind
Down scatter'd in profusion to their feet,
Where fountains of sweet water ran between,
And sun and shadow chequer-chased the green,
This Iran-garden seem'd in secrecy
Blowing the rosebud of its revelation;
Or Paradise, forgetful of the dawn
Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

LOVE AND FATE.

O, if the world were but to re-create,
That we might catch, ere closed, the Book of Fate,
And make the writer on a fairer leaf
Inscribe our names, or quite obliterate!

Better, O better cancel from the scroll
Of universe one luckless human soul,
  Than drop by drop enlarge the flood that rolls
Hoarser with anguish as the ages roll.

Ah love! could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
  Would not we shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire!

But see! the rising moon of heaven again
Looks for us, sweetheart, through the quivering plane;
  How oft hereafter rising will she look
Among those leaves — for one of us in vain!

And when yourself with silver foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
  And in your joyous errant reach the spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty glass!
— *From Omar Khayyám.*

FITZGERALD, PERCY HETHERINGTON, an Irish novelist and biographer; born at Fane Valley, County Louth, in 1834. He was educated at Stonyhurst, Lancashire, and Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted to the Irish bar, and was appointed Crown Prosecutor on the Northeastern Circuit. Among his works are *Never Forgotten; The Second Mrs. Tillotson; The Bridge of Sighs; Bella Donna; Polly; The Sword of Damocles; The Night Mail; Diana Gay; The Life of Sterne; The Life of Garrick; Charles Townshend; A Famous Forgery,* being the life of Dr. Dodd; *Charles Lamb; Principles of Comedy; Pictures of School Life and Boyhood; The Kem-*

bles; Life and Adventures of Alexandre Dumas; The Romance of the English Stage; Life of George IV.; The World Behind the Scenes; A New History of the English Stage; Recollections of a Literary Man; The Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.; The Recreations of a Literary Man; Kings and Queens of an Hour; Records of Love, Romance, Oddity, and Adventure; Lives of the Sheridans; The Book-Fancier; Chronicles of Bow Street; Henry Irving, or Twenty Years at the Lyceum; Picturesque London; and *Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Progress* (1901).

GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY.

That delightful comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer,* would indeed deserve a volume, and is the best specimen of what an English comedy should be. It illustrates excellently what has been said as to the necessity of the plot depending on the characters, rather than the characters depending on the plot, as the fashion is at present. How would our modern playwright have gone to work, should he have lighted on this good subject for a piece — that of a gentleman's house being taken for an inn, and the mistakes it might give rise to? He would have an irascible old proprietor who would be thrown into contortions of fury by the insults he was receiving; visitors free and easy, pulling the furniture about, ransacking the wardrobes, with other farcical pranks, such as would betray that they were *not* gentlemen, or such as guests at an inn would never dream of doing. But farce would be got out of it somehow. . . .

Very different were the principles of Goldsmith. He had this slight shred of a plot to start with; but it was conceived at the same moment with the character of Marlow — the delicacy and art of which conception is beyond description. It was the character of all others to bring out the farce and humor of the situation, viz., a character with its two sides — one that was forward and

impudent with persons of the class he believed his hosts to belong to, but liable at any crisis, on the discovery of the mistake, to be reduced to an almost pitiable state of shyness and confusion. It is the consciousness that this change is *in petto* at any moment — that the cool town man may be hoisted in a second on this petard — that makes all so piquant for the spectator. To make Marlow a mere exquisite would have furnished a conventional dramatic contrast; but the addition of bashfulness — and of bashfulness after this artistic view — more than doubles the dramatic force. A further strengthening was the letting his friend into the secret; so that this delightfully self-sufficient creature is the only one of all concerned — including audience — who is unaware of his situation. . . .

One could write on and on in praise of this delicious comedy. What was before Goldsmith's mind was the local color, as background for Marlow — the picture of the old country-house and its old-fashioned tenants, its regular types of character, as full and round as the portraits on the wall. Then there is the artful contrast of the characters, every figure in it separate, distinct, alive, colored, round, and to be thought of, positively, like people we have known. Young Marlow, and Tony Lumpkin — Old Hardcastle, and Diggory, and Mrs. Hardcastle — these are things to be recalled hereafter, from being framed in an admirable setting at a theatre in this metropolis, where the background, the atmosphere, the scenery, and dress, is like a series of pictures, and helps us over many shortcomings in the play. With excellent playing in one leading character, Tony, it haunts the memory as something enjoyable; and, to one who goes round the playhouses, it is as though he had been stopping at some cheerful country-house from which he was loth to depart. . . .

What a play! we never tire of it. How rich in situations, each the substance of a whole play! At the very first sentence the stream of humor begins to flow. Mrs. Hardcastle's expostulation against being kept in the country, and her husband's grumbling defence; the alehouse, and the contrast of the genteel travellers

CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

misdirected; the drilling of the servants by Hardcastle; the matchless scene between Marlow, his friend, and the supposed landlord; the interrupted story of the Duke of Marlborough, unrivaled in any comedy; the scene between the shy Marlow and Miss Hardcastle; Hasting's compliments to Mrs. Hardcastle; the episode of the jewels; Marlow's taking Miss Hardcastle for the barmaid; the drunken servant, and Hardcastle's fairly losing all patience; and the delightful and airily delicate complications as to Marlow's denial of having paid any attentions; the puzzle of his father; the enjoyment of the daughter, who shares the secret with the audience — all this makes up an innumerable series of exquisite situations, yet all flowing from that one simple *motif* of the play — the mistaking a house for an inn! Matchless piece! with nothing forced, nothing strained, everything natural and easy. "Gay" would be the word to describe it. We regret when it is over, and look back to it with delight. — *Principles of Comedy and Dramatic Effect.*

FLAMMARION, CAMILLE, a French astronomer and novelist; born at Montigny-le-Roi, Haute-Marne, February 25, 1842. He was educated in the ecclesiastical seminary of Langres, and at Paris, and studied in the Imperial Observatory for four years. In 1862 he became editor of the *Cosmos,* and in 1865 scientific editor of the *Siècle.* He is the author of *La Pluralité des Mondes Habités* and *Les Habitans de l'autre Monde* (1862); *Les Monde Imaginaires et les Mondes Réels* (1864); *Les Merveilles Célestes,* translated under the title of *Wonders of the Heavens* (1865); *Dieu dans la Nature* (1866); *Contemplations Scientifiques* and *Voyages Aériens* (1868); *Lumen* (1872); *L'Atmosphere*

(1872); *Histoire d'un Planète* (1873); *Les Terres du Ciel* (1876); *Histoire du Ciel* (1877); *L'Astronomie Populaire* (1880); *Dans le Ciel et sur la Terre* (1886); *Uranie* (1889); *Qu'est-ce que le Ciel* (1891); and *La Planete Mars et ses Conditions d'Habitabilité* (1893). In 1868 Flammarion made several balloon ascents for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the atmosphere at great altitudes. In 1882 he founded *L'Astronomie,* a monthly review. *Stella,* a romance of love and astronomy, published in a New York newspaper in 1897, was credited to his pen.

Gubernatis speaks of Flammarion as "an illustrious astronomer and a brilliant writer;" and after referring to his personal qualities and the honors heaped upon him, says: "But his glory is in having elevated the philosophy of astronomy, and in having in every way popularized it with superior intelligence and unlimited devotion."

INFINITE SPACE.

There are truths before which human thought feels itself humiliated and perplexed, which it contemplates with fear, and without power to face them, although it understands their existence and necessity; such are those of the infinity of space and eternity of duration. Impossible to define — for all definition could only darken the first idea which is in us — these truths command and rule us. To try to explain them would be a barren hope; it suffices to keep them before our attention in order that they may reveal to us, at every instant, the immensity of their value. A thousand definitions have been given; we will, however, neither quote nor recall one of them. But we wish to open space before us, and employ ourselves there in trying to penetrate its depth. The velocity of a cannon-ball from the mouth of the cannon makes swift way, 437 yards per second. But this would be still too slow for our journey through

space, as our velocity would scarcely be 900 miles an hour. This is too little. In nature there are movements incomparably more rapid: for instance, the velocity of light. This velocity is 186,000 miles per second. This will do better; thus we will take this means of transport. Allow me, then, by a figure of speech, to tell you that we will place ourselves on a ray of light, and be carried away on its rapid course.

Taking the earth as our starting-point we will go in a straight line to any point in the heavens. We start. At the end of the first second we have already traversed 186,000 miles; and at the end of the second, 372,000. We continue: Ten seconds, a minute, ten minutes have elapsed — 111,600,000 miles have been passed. Passing, during an hour, a day, a week without even slacking our pace, during whole months, and even a year, the time which we have traversed is already so long that, expressed in miles, the number of measurement exceeds our faculty of comprehension, and indicates nothing to our mind; there would be trillions, and millions of millions. But we will not interrupt our flight. Carried on without stopping by this same rapidity of 186,000 miles each second, let us penetrate the expanse in a straight line for whole years, fifty years, even a century. . . . Where are we? For a long time we have gone far beyond the last starry regions which are seen from the earth — the last that the telescope has visited. No mind is capable of following the road passed over; thousands of millions joined to thousands of millions express nothing. At the sight of this prodigious expanse the imagination is arrested, humbled. Well! this is the wonderful point of the problem: we have not advanced a single step in space. We are no nearer a limit than if we had remained in the same place. We should be able again to begin the same course starting from the point where we are, and add to our voyage a voyage of the same extent; we should be able to join centuries on centuries in the same itinerary, with the same velocity, to continue the voyage without end and without rest, and when, after centuries employed in this giddy course, we should stop ourselves, fascinated, or in despair before the immensity

eternally open, eternally renewed, we should again understand that our secular flights had not measured for us the smallest part of space, and that we were not more advanced than at our starting-point. In truth it is the infinite which surrounds us, as we before expressed it, or the infinite number of worlds.

Hence it follows that all our ideas on space have but a purely relative value. When we say, for instance, to ascend to the sky, to descend under the earth, these expressions are false in themselves, for being situated in the bosom of the infinite, we can neither ascend nor descend; there is no above or below; these words have only an acceptation relative to the terrestrial surface on which we live. The universe must, therefore, be represented as an expanse without limits. Neither dome nor vaults, nor limits of any kind; void in every direction, and in this void an immense number of worlds, which we will soon describe. — *Wonders of the Heavens.*

FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE, a French novelist; born at Rouen, December 12, 1821; died at Croisset, near Rouen, May 8, 1880. His father was Chief Surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu in Rouen. His brother also was a physician, and he himself studied medicine, which he relinquished for literature. In 1849 he set out on a journey through Northern Africa, Asia Minor, Syria, and Southern Europe. During his travels he studied enthusiastically all that related to the past in the countries he visited. On his return to France he engaged in authorship. His first publication was a novel, *Madame Bovary,* which appeared in the *Revue de Paris,* in 1857. A writer in the London *Academy* said in 1904: "It may be worth while to mention that the story of *Mme. Bovary* is a

true story, and that all its leading characters are photographically copied from living originals. The original Charles Bovary was a wooden-headed youth whom Flaubert's father helped to pass his medical examinations. The original Emma was a Delphine D., the belle of certain assembly room balls in Normandy, and a great reader of novels from the circulating libraries. Her dramatic death occurred exactly as Flaubert describes it, on March 8, 1848. There remains of her grave only a fragment of stone overgrown with moss, on which her name can with difficulty be read and the inscription " Priez Dieu pour le repos de son âme."

In 1858 Flaubert went to Tunis, and then to the ruins of Carthage, where he remained for a long time. This journey resulted in the production of the author's greatest work, *Salammbô,* published in 1862, and which has been called the " resurrection of Carthage." It is founded upon the revolt, under Spendius, of the Barbarian followers of Hamilcar Barca, after the first Punic war, their siege of Carthage, and their terrible punishment. The heroine of the tale is Salammbô, the daughter of Hamilcar, whose story has been grafted by the author on the historical foundation. Among Flaubert's other works are *Sentimental Education* (1869); *The Temptation of St. Anthony* (1874); *Herodias; St. Julian the Hospitaller* and *A Simple Heart* (1877), and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1880), completed a few weeks before the author's death.

UNDER THE WALLS OF CARTHAGE.

From the surrounding country the people, mounted on asses, or running on foot, pale, breathless, wild

with fear, came rushing into the city. They were flying before the Barbarian army, which, within three days, had traversed the road from Sicca, bent on falling upon and exterminating Carthage. Almost as soon as the citizens closed the gates, the Barbarians were descried, but they halted in the middle of the isthmus on the lake shore. At first they made no sign whatever of hostility. Many approached with palms in their hands, only to be repulsed by the arrows of the Carthaginians, so intense was the terror prevailing throughout the city. During the early morning and at nightfall stragglers prowled along the walls. A small man carefully enveloped in a mantle, with his face concealed under a very low visor, was specially noticeable. He tarried for hours looking at the aqueduct, and with such persistence, that he undoubtedly desired to mislead the Carthaginians as to his actual designs. He was accompanied by another man, of giant-like stature, who walked about bareheaded.

Carthage was defended throughout the entire width of the isthmus; first by a moat, succeeded by a rampart of turf; finally by a double-storied wall, thirty cubits high, built of hewn stones. It contained stables for three hundred elephants, with magazines for their caparisons, shackles, and provisions, as well as other stables for a thousand horses with their harness and fodder; also casernes for twenty thousand soldiers, arsenals for their armor, and all the materials and necessaries for war. Towers were erected on the second story, furnished with battlements, clad on the exterior with bronze bucklers, suspended from cramp-irons.

The first line of walls immediately sheltered Malqua, the quarter inhabited by seafaring people and dyers of purple. Poles were visible on which purple sails were drying, and beyond, on the last terrace, clay furnaces for cooking saumure. At the back the city was laid out like an amphitheatre; its high dwellings in the form of cubes were variously built of stone, planks, shingles, reeds, shells, and pressed earth. The groves of the temples appeared like lakes of verdure in this mountain of diversely colored blocks. The public squares levelled it at unequal distances, and innumerable streets inter-

crossed from top to bottom. The boundaries of the three old quarters could be distinguished, now merged together and here and there rising up like huge rocks or spreading out in enormous flat spaces of walls — half-covered with flowers, and blackened by wide streaks caused by the throwing over of filth; and streets passed through in yawning spaces like streams under bridges.

The hill of the Acropolis, in the centre of Byrsa, disappeared under a medley of monuments; such as temples with torsel-columns, with bronze capitals, and metal chains, cones of uncemented stones banded with azure, copper cupolas, marble architraves, Babylonian buttresses, and obelisks poised on the points like reversed flambeaux. Peristyles reached to frontons; volutes unrolled between colonnades; granite walls supported tile partitions. All these were mounted one above another, half-hidden in a marvelous incomprehensible fashion. Here one felt the succession of ages, and the memories of forgotten countries were awakened. Behind the Acropolis, in the red earth, the Mappals road, bordered by tombs, extended in a straight line from the shore to the catacombs; then followed large dwellings in spacious gardens; and the third quarter, Megara, the new city, extended to the edge of cliffs, on which was erected a gigantic lighthouse where nightly blazed a beacon. Carthage thus deployed herself before the soldiers now encamped on the plains.

From the distance the soldiers could recognize the markets and the cross-roads, and disputed among themselves as to the sites of the various temples. Khamoûn faced the Syssites, and had golden tiles; Melkarth, to the left of Eschmoûn, bore on its roof coral branches; Tanit, beyond, rounded up through the palm-trees its copper cupola; and the black Moloch stood below the cisterns at the side of the lighthouse. One could see at the angles of the frontons, on the summit of the walls, at the corners of the squares, everywhere, the various divinities with their hideous heads, colossal or dwarfish, with enormous or immeasurably flattened bellies, open jaws, and outspread arms, holding in their hands pitchforks, chains, or javelins. And the blue sea spread out

at the ends of the streets, which the perspective rendered even steeper.

A tumultuous people from morning till night filled the streets; young boys rang bells, crying out before the doors of the bath-houses; shops wherein hot drinks were sold sent forth steam; the air resounded with the clangor of anvils; the white cocks, consecrated to the sun, crowed on the terraces; beeves awaiting slaughter bellowed in the temples; slaves ran hither and thither with baskets poised on their heads, and in the recesses of the porticoes now and again a priest appeared clothed in sombre mantle, barefooted, wearing a conical cap.

This spectacle of Carthage enraged the Barbarians. They admired her; they execrated her; they desired at the same time to inhabit her, and to annihilate her. But what might there not be in the military port, defended by a triple wall? Then behind the city, at the extremity of Megara, higher even than the Acropolis, loomed up Hamilcar's palace. — *Salammbô.*

FLEMING, OR FLEMMING, PAUL, a German lyric poet; born at Hartenstein, Saxony, October 5, 1609; died at Hamburg, April 2, 1640. While he was a young child his mother died, and his father, a clergyman, was transferred to a higher charge at Wechselburg, and the boy grew up under the kind treatment of an affectionate stepmother. He was sent to school at Leipsic, where he developed a generous, manly character, and gave evidence of poetic genius. On attaining his majority he was driven from Leipsic by the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. About this time the Duke of Holstein resolved to send an embassy to Persia for the purpose of negotiating for the establishment of closer trade relations with the Oriental

countries. Young Fleming secured a subordinate official position in the expedition, which, having met with some obstruction at Moscow, was delayed for a year, the leaders returning to the Duke of Holstein for instructions, leaving the inferior officers at Reval, a fashionable seaside resort on the shores of the Baltic. Flëming was received in the best families of the place, and fell in love with a German maiden, to whom he indited many charming sonnets, full of the ardor and confidence of youth, but with a nobility of mature expression, evincing ability to grapple with the more serious problems of life. Early in 1636 the embassy again got under way and reached Ispahan in 1637. During the three years the expedition was abroad Fleming wrote many lively poetic descriptions of the strange sights he saw in the foreign lands. Returning to Reval in 1639, he found his inamorata the wife of another. He transferred his pliant affections to a certain Fräulein Anna, to whom he was soon betrothed, and he returned to Leipsic to study medicine with the intention of settling down at Reval to practise, but the fatigues of foreign travel had undermined his health, and he died when thirty years of age, while on his way to Reval.

In 1624 Martin Opitz, a talented Silesian poet, published a treatise on the art of versification, in which he counselled a departure from the monotonous Alexandrine, which had been the favorite style of the poets of the sixteenth century, and while he still clung with mathematical precision to the rules of rhyme, he injected more life into the lines and more poetic feeling into the theme. Fleming became a disciple of Opitz, and erelong, though unconsciously, he surpassed his master in intensity of feeling and melodious metre.

Without any apparent straining after effect, he is celebrated for the aptness, beauty, and variety of his phraseology. His *Spiritual and Secular Poems* (1642) are justly admired for the melody of their versification. Among his religious poetry is the well-known hymn, beginning, "In allen meinen Thaten." His works, both secular and religious, were collected and published after his death under the title *Teutsche Poemata* (1646).

"He was not," says *The Leisure Hour,* "a great, but a truly good man. No one could desire to have a more sincere and trustworthy friend, a more amiable companion. Purity of heart, benevolence of disposition, were the most prominent features in his character. His mind was richly stored with learning and observation. His best poems are some of his spiritual sonnets, and his hymns. Feelings and ideas are here so distinctly expressed, that the plainest man cannot but thoroughly understand them, while his heart is warmed with their devotional aspirations. The simplicity of the words is best adapted to the sublime subject; while the well-observed prosody, the flowing melody of the verse, bears the test of the keenest criticism."

His "Traveler's Song," on *A Long and Dangerous Journey,* was written in 1631, while on the journey to Russia and Persia. This is considered one of his best hymns, and is much sung in German congregations. The original — which begins "In allen meinen Thaten" — loses in translation some of its force and beauty; but the rendering by Miss Winkworth seems to have caught the spirit of the pious poet, as well as his thought and expression.

THE LONG, PERILOUS JOURNEY.

Where'er I go, whate'er my task,
The counsel of my God I ask,
  Who all things hath and can;
Unless he give both thought and deed,
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
  And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail?
My care, my watching all must fail
  Unless my God is there;
Then let Him order all for me
As He in wisdom shall decree,
  On Him I cast my care.

For naught can come, as naught hath been,
But what my Father hath foreseen,
  And what shall work my good;
Whate'er He gives me I will take,
Whate'er He chooses I will make
  My choice with thankful mood.

I lean upon His mighty arm,
It shields me well from every harm
  All evil shall avert;
If by His precepts still I live,
Whate'er is useful He will give,
  And naught shall do me hurt.

But only may He of His grace
The record of my guilt efface,
  And wipe out all my debt;
Though I have sinned He will not straight
Pronounce His judgment, He will wait,
  Have patience with me yet.

I travel to a distant land
To serve the post wherein I stand,
  Which He hath bade me fill;

And He will bless me with his light,
That I may serve His world aright,
And make me know His will.

And though through desert wilds I fare,
Yet Christian friends are with me there,
And Christ himself is near;
In all our dangers He will come,
And He who kept me safe at home,
Can keep me safely here.

When late at night my rest I take,
When early in the morn I wake,
Halting or on my way,
In hours of weakness or in bonds,
When vexed with fear my heart desponds,
His promise is my stay.

Since, then, my course is traced by Him,
I will not fear that future dim,
But go to meet my doom,
Well knowing naught can wait me there
Too hard for me through Him to bear;
I yet shall overcome.

To Him myself I wholly give,
At His command I die or live,
I trust His love and power:
Whether to-morrow or to-day
His summons come, I will obey,
He knows the proper hour.

But if it please that love most kind,
And if this voice within my mind
Is whispering not in vain,
I yet shall praise my God ere long
In many a sweet and joyful song,
In peace at home again.

To those I love will He be near,
With His consoling light appear,
Who is my shield and theirs;

And He will grant beyond our thought
What they and I alike have sought
With many tearful prayers.

Then, O my soul, be ne'er afraid!
On Him who thee and all things made
Do thou all calmly rest.
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the Heavens must know
In all things what is best.
—*Translation of* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

FLETCHER, ANDREW (commonly known as Fletcher of Saltoun), a Scottish patriot and orator; born at Saltoun, Haddingtonshire, in 1653; died at London, in September, 1716. He was educated under the care of Gilbert Burnet, then minister of the parish of Saltoun; traveled extensively on the Continent, and in 1681 became a member of the Scottish Parliament, distinguishing himself for his vehement opposition to the arbitrary measures undertaken by the English Government of Charles II. He fled to Holland, and, failing to appear before the Privy Council when summoned, his estates were confiscated. He took a prominent part in the Revolution of 1688, which placed William III. on the throne of England. His estates were restored to him; but he soon became as ardent an opponent of William III. as he had been of Charles II. and James II. He opposed to the last the union between the kingdoms of England and of Scotland, and when the union was consummated, in 1707, he withdrew from public life. He wrote *Discourse of Government* (1698); *Two Discourses Con-*

cerning the Affairs of Scotland (1698); *Speeches* (1703), and *The Right Regulation of Governments* (1704). These were published in a single volume in 1737; and in 1797 appeared an essay on his life and writings by the Earl of Buchan. Fletcher is the author of the fine saying, which has been erroneously attributed to the Earl of Chatham: "I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

STATE OF SCOTLAND IN 1698.

There are at this day in Scotland — besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes with others, who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases — two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever be informed, or discover, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants — who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day are sure to be insulted by them — but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country-weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such out-

rageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies, than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us.— *Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland.*

FLETCHER, GILES, an English clergyman and poet; born at Watford in 1584; died at London, in March, 1623. He was a brother of Phineas Fletcher, and son of the Rev. Giles Fletcher (1548–1610), an author of some repute. The younger Giles Fletcher was educated at Cambridge, and became Rector of Alderton, on the coast of Suffolk, where "his clownish and low-pated parishioners valued not their pastor according to his worth, which disposed him to melancholy, and hastened his dissolution." A few months before his death he published *The Reward of the Faithful,* a theological treatise in prose. While at Cambridge he wrote several minor verses and his great poem, *Christ's Victory and Triumph, in Heaven, in Earth, Over and After Death* (1610). From this poem Milton borrowed much in his *Paradise Regained.* Hallam says, in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe:* "Giles seems to have more vigor than his elder brother [Phineas], but less sweetness and smoothness. They both bear much resemblance to Spenser."

THE SORCERESS OF VAIN DELIGHT.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled right

In a large round, set with the flowers of light:
The flower-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars that sparkle in the evening blue. . . .

And all about, embayèd in soft sleep,
A herd of charmèd beasts aground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And th'em in willing bondage fetterèd:
Once men they lived, but now the men were dead,
And turned to beasts; so fabled Homer old,
That Circé with her potion, charmed in gold,
Used manly souls in beastly bodies to inmould.
Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower —
Whom thousand souls devoutly idolized —
Our first destroyer led our Saviour;
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danced a round, and poured their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honor of the feast. . . .

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rosebuds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladderèd,
And all the world therein depicturéd:
Whose colors, like the rainbow, ever vanishèd.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they blow
With easy breath till it be raisèd higher;
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song to welcome him withal:
Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:

Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be. . . .

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomèd:
But he her charms dispersèd into wind,
And her of insolence admonishèd,
And all her optic glasses shatteréd.
So with her sire to hell she took her flight;
The starting air flew from the damned sprite;
Where deeply both aggrieved plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought
Through the fine element, for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
And as he fed, the holy choirs combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attempered to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoicèd all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly:
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

— *Christ's Victory and Triumph.*

FLETCHER, JOHN, an English poet and dramatist; born at Rye, Sussex, December 6, 1579; died at London in 1625. The name of John Fletcher and that of Francis Beaumont are inseparably connected in literary partnership (see BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, vol. 3, p. 10). The works written by Fletcher alone include *The Elder Brother; The Spanish Curate; The Humorous Lieutenant; The Faithful Shepherdess; Boadicea; The Loyal Subject; Rule a Wife and Have a Wife; The Chances; The Wild-goose Chase; A Wife for a Month; The Captain; The Prophetess; Love's Cure; Women Pleased; The Sea Voyage; The Fair Maid of the Inn; The Two Noble Kinsmen* (supposed to have been revised by William Shakespeare); *The False One; The Lover's Progress;* and *The Noble Gentleman* (which are supposed to have been written with Shirley); *Love's Pilgrimage; The Night Walker; The Queen of Corinth; The Maid in the Mill;* and *The Nice Valour.*

TO SLEEP.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind or gentle rain.
Into this prince, oh, gently, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

—*Valentinian.*

SONG TO PAN.

All ye Woods, and Trees, and Bowers,
All ye Virtues, and ye Powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs and brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honor and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.
He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honored. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and loveliest lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing:
Ever holy, ever holy,
Ever honored, ever young,
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

— *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

LOOK OUT, BRIGHT EYES.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your beauty be confined,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Even the fetters that you wear!

— *The False One.*

The False One is supposed to have been written by Fletcher in collaboration with Massinger.

FLETCHER, JULIA CONSTANCE ("GEORGE FLEMING"), an American novelist; born in Brazil about 1850, where her father, the Rev. James C. Fletcher, was a Presbyterian chaplain and Secretary of the United States Legation. He was also United States Consul at Naples from 1873 to 1877. In 1876 she visited Egypt, and wrote her novel *Kismet,* which appeared in 1877. She resided for some years at Rome; and in 1886 she removed to Venice. She has written *Kismet* (1877); *Mirage* (1878); *The Head of Medusa* (1880); *Vestigia* (1884); *Andromeda* (1885); *The Truth About Clement Ker* (1889); *For Plain Women Only* (1895); and *Little Stories About Women* (1897). She has also written several plays including *A Man and His Wife* (1897); *The Canary* (1899); and *The Fantasticks* (1900).

Speaking of her novel *The Head of Medusa,* the *Saturday Review* said: "'All claret would be port if it could,' and most American novels would be by Henry James if they had the luck. *The Head of Medusa* is no exception to this rule. The situations, the 'international' combination of English, Americans, and Italians, are constructed on the model of Mr. James's stories. The book is full of talent."

The London *Academy* called her *Vestigia* "a delightful and yet irritating novel — delightful, because the simple love-idyl of which it consists is told with peculiar grace and charm; irritating, because one of the chief motives of the story is palpably absurd:" and the *Nation* said of it: "It is not the solving of a riddle, but the development of two or three simple, noble motives. The action is much simpler than any-

thing the author has before attempted, and her style has gained correspondingly. There is only so much of the fair Italian sky and sea as to throw into relief the figures, but so deft, so sympathetic is the choice, that the few pages give the sense that all Italy is in the book."

THE FIRING OF THE SHOT.

The candle had burnt itself out in its socket. There was no sound in the room but the heavy breathing of the weary sleeper, and the ticking of Valdez's watch, which lay before him on the table. He sat there counting the hours. And at last the dawn broke, chill and gray; the dim light struggling in at the window made a faint glimmer upon the glasses which stood beside the untouched food. To the old man keeping his faithful watch beside the sleeper, this was perhaps the hardest of all — till the darkness wore slowly away; the sky turned to a clear stainless blue; and all the city awoke to the radiance of the April Day.

Soon the bells began their joyous clash and clamor. It was hardly eight o'clock when the two men stepped out into the street together, but the rejoicing populace was astir already and hurrying toward the new quarter of the Macao.

Rome was in festa; heavy and splendid Rome. Bright flags fluttered, and many-colored carpets and rugs were suspended from every available window. All along the Via Nazionale a double row of gaudily decked Venetian masts, hung with long wreaths and brilliant flapping banners, marked the course where the royal carriages were to pass. But it was farther on, at the Piazza dell' Independenza, that the crowd was already thickest. The cordon of soldiers had been stationed here since early morning. Looking down from any of the neighboring balconies upon that swarming sea of holiday-makers, it seemed impossible that even the great Piazza could contain more; and yet at every instant the place grew fuller and fuller; a steady stream of people poured in from

every side street; peasants from the country in gay festa dress; shepherds from Campagna in cloaks of matted sheepskin; and strapping black-haired girls with shrill voices and the step of queens who had come all the way from the Trastevere to look on at the spectacle — there was no end, no cessation, to the thickening and the growing excitement of the crowd.

Dino had taken his place very early. It was exactly at the corner of the Piazza, where a street-lamp made a support for his back, and prevented him from being brushed aside by the gathering force and pressure of the multitude. He had found a safe place for Palmira to stand, on the iron ledge which ran around the lamp-post. The child's little pale face rose high above the crowd; she was quiet from very excess of excitement, only from time to time she stooped to touch her brother's shoulder in token of mute content.

Valdez stood only a few paces behind them. He had kept the revolver in his own possession to the last moment. It was arranged that he should pass it to Dino at a preconcerted signal, and as the King came riding past for the second time.

Dino had scarcely spoken all that morning, but otherwise there was no sign of unusual excitement about him. He was deadly pale; at short intervals a faint red flush came and went like a stain upon his colorless cheek. But he answered all little Palmira's questions very patiently. The morning seemed very long to him, that was all. He stood fingering the handkerchief in his pocket with which he was to give Valdez the signal for passing him the weapon.

It was more than twenty-four hours now since he had tasted food, and the long absence was beginning to tell upon him; at times his head felt dizzy and if he closed his eyes the continuous roar and chatter of the crowd sank — died away far off — like the sound of the surf upon a distant shore. At one moment he let himself go entirely to this curious new sensation of drifting far away; it was barely an instant of actual time, but he recovered himself with a start which ran like ice from head to foot; it was a horrible sensation, like a slow re-

turn from the very nothingness of death. He shivered and opened his eyes wide and looked about him. He seemed to have been far, far away from it all in that one briefest pause of semi-unconsciousness, yet his eyes opened on the same radiant brightness of the sunshine; a holiday sun shining bravely down on glancing arms and fretting horses; on the dark line of the soldiers pressing back the people, and the many-colored dresses, the laughing, talking, good-natured faces of the gesticulating crowd.

One of these mounted troopers was just in front of Dino. As the human mass surged forward, urged by some unexplainable impulse of excitement and curiosity, this man's horse began backing and plunging. The young soldier turned around in his saddle, and his quick glance fell upon Palmira's startled face.

"Take care of your little girl there, my friend," he said to Dino good-humoredly, and forced his horse away from the edge of the pavement.

Dino looked at him without answering. He wondered vaguely if this soldier boy with the friendly blue eyes and the rosy face would be one of the first to fall upon him when he was arrested? And then his thoughts escaped him again — the dimness came over his eyes.

He roused himself with a desperate effort. He began to count the number of windows in the house opposite; then the number of policemen stationed at the street corner; an officer went galloping by; he fixed his eyes upon the glancing uniform, until it became a mere spot of brightness in the distance.

Hark!

The gun at the palace. The King was starting from the Quirinal. All the scattered cries and laughs and voices were welded together into one long, quavering roar of satisfaction and excitement.

There — again! and nearer at hand this second gun.

The cheers rise higher, sink deeper. He is coming, the young soldier King, the master of Italy, the popular hero.

See! Hats are waving, men are shouting,— the infection of enthusiasm catches and runs like fire along the

line of eager, expectant faces. Here he comes. The roar lifts, swells, grows louder and louder; the military bands on either side of the piazza break with one accord into the triumphant ringing rhythm of the royal march. They have seen the troops defile before them with scarcely a sign of interest; but now at sight of that little isolated group of riders with the plumed and glittering helmets, there comes one mad instant of frantic acclamation, when every man in that crowd feels that he, too, has some part and possession in all the compelling, alluring splendor and success in life.

And just behind the royal cavalier, among the glittering group of aides-de-camp, rode the young Marchese Balbi. He was so near that Dino could scarcely believe their eyes did not actually meet; but if Gasparo recognized him he gave no sign, riding on with a smile upon his happy face, his silver-mounted accoutrements shining bravely in the sun.

And so for the first time, the doomed King passed by.

FLETCHER, Maria Jane Jewsbury, an English poet and moralist; born at Measham, Derbyshire, October 25, 1800; died at Poonah, India, October 4, 1833. She was the eldest daughter of Thomas Jewsbury of Manchester; and as her marriage occurred only fourteen months before her death, she was known to the literary world as Miss Jewsbury, and for a time her biographers were loath to speak of her as Mrs. Fletcher. She was educated at a school at Shenstone kept by a Mrs. Adams, but when fourteen years old she was taken away on account of her delicate health. About 1818 her family removed to Manchester. Shortly afterward she lost her mother, whereupon the charge of her sister Geraldine and her three

brothers fell upon her. Her first published poem came out in *Aston's Manchester Herald.* In 1824 she was induced by Alaric A. Watts, editor of the Manchester *Courier,* to adopt literature as a profession, and through his introduction, her first work, *Phantasmagoria, or Sketches of Life and Character,* was published at Leeds (2 vols., 8vo), with a dedication to Wordsworth. About this time she had a long and serious illness, in the course of which she wrote her *Letters to the Young,* published in 1828. In 1829 her *Lays of Leisure Hours* were issued with a dedication to Mrs. Hemans. In the following year she brought out her last work, *The Three Histories: The History of an Enthusiast, the History of a Nonchalant, the History of a Realist.* Much of her best writing appeared from 1830 to 1832 in the *Athenæum.* She also wrote in one or more of the annuals, but nothing she ever wrote, clever though it was, gave an adequate idea of her actual talents.

On August 1, 1832, she married, at Penegroes, Montgomeryshire, the Rev. William Kew Fletcher, a chaplain in the East India Company's service, with whom she sailed for Bombay. She died a victim to cholera. Some extracts from the journal of her voyage to, and residence in, India are given in Espinasse's *Lancashire Worthies.*

Her vivacity and conversational powers rendered her remarkably fascinating to her friends. Wordsworth, who addressed his poem of *Liberty* to her in 1829, said that in the quickness of the motions of her mind she had no equal within the range of his acquaintance. Miss Landon spoke of the "extreme perfection of her language; it was like reading an eloquent book full of thought and poetry." Christopher North, in *Noctes*

Ambrosianæ, March, 1829, speaks in eulogistic terms of her genius.

BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

Thou art plucking spring roses, Genie,
And a little red rose art thou!
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow:
But the roses will live and die, Genie,
Many and many a time
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie,
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art building up towers of pebbles, Genie,
But, oh! do not wish their wing!
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie:
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing nest, Genie,
Be not soon thence beguiled;
Thou wilt ne'er find another, Genie,
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building up towers of pebbles, Genie,
Pile them up brave and high,
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wandereth singing by;
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,
How soon life's schemes are crossed.

What will thy future fate be, Genie,
Alas! shall I live to see?
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Genie,
And I am a moss-grown tree:
I am shedding life's blossoms fast, Genie,
Thou art in blossom sweet,
But think of the grave betimes, Genie,
Where young and old oft meet.

FLETCHER, PHINEAS, an English clergyman and poet; brother of Giles Fletcher; born at Cranbrook, Kent, in April, 1582; died about 1665. He was educated at Eaton and Cambridge, and became chaplain to Sir Henry Willoughby, by whom he was presented to the rectorate of Hilgay, in Norfolkshire. Shortly after obtaining this living he married, and named his first son Edmund, in honor of Edmund Spenser, of whom he was a great admirer. He brought out several works in verse and prose. Among these are *Sicelides,* a pastoral drama, which was acted before the University in 1614; *Locustæ,* a furious invective against the Jesuits (1627); *Joy in Tribulation,* a theological treatise (1632); *Piscatory Eclogues,* etc. (1633), and *A Father's Testament* (published in 1670, some years after his death). His chief work is *The Purple Island, or the Isle of Man,* an allegorical poem in twelve cantos, describing the physical and mental constitution of the human being: the bones spoken of as mountains, the veins as rivers, and so on. Five cantos are occupied with the phenomena of the body, seven with those of the mind. In this poem, the style of Spenser is imitated, though the allegory is tedious and prosaic to modern readers. Fletcher was not without original genius, and is highly praised by contemporaneous critics. John Milton was numbered among his admirers.

THE DECAY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;

Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and sealed, and given anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the East once grasped in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw!
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions fared,
And to his greedy whelps his conquered kingdoms shared.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nursed in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That filled with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trod down all the rest to dust and clay:
His battering horns, pulled out by civil hands
And iron teeth, lie scattered on the sands;
Backed, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frightened the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

— *The Purple Island.*

FLINT, Austin, an American physician and physiologist; born at Northampton, Mass., March 28, 1836. He was graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in 1857, and removing to New York in 1861, became Professor of Physiology in Bellevue Hospital Medical College. In 1874 he became surgeon-general. He has published *Text-Book of Human Physiology; The Physiology of Man; The Source of Muscular Power;* and other medical works.

A PHYSICAL BASIS FOR SLEEP?

The desire for sleep that follows the ordinary period of wakefulness with mental and physical activity is due to a mysterious agent, produced probably in the brain and circulating in the blood, although it may possibly have its origin in other parts, as the muscles. If the blood of a dog fatigued nearly to the point of exhaustion is injected into the vessels of an animal that has been at rest, the second animal immediately gives evidence of fatigue. Physiologists, however, know so little of this substance that they have not even given it a name.

After repose the brain-cells have a certain size, configuration, and structure that may be called normal. Following severe and prolonged exercise or repeated stimulation of nerves, these cells are shrunken, and their borders become irregular. The nuclei especially are greatly reduced in size, sometimes as much as fifty per cent. But after a number of hours of repose the cells and nuclei will have returned to their original condition. In addition, fatigued cells show cavities emptied of nerve substance, that do not exist in resting cells.

It has long been known that nerve-cells are peculiarly sensitive to varying conditions of the system, especially blood changes. Within a few years it has been found that they contain little angular bodies that stain deeply

with aniline dyes, particularly methylene blue. On account of this property these have been called chromophile granules, or, after their discoverer, Nissl bodies. Although but recently described for the first time (1902), the literature of these bodies is now enormous, and various theories have been advanced to account for the changes to which they are subject. One theory, which has many supporters, is that the Nissl bodies represent or contain stored-up energy, and that they undergo disintegration as the result of cell-activity. It is the fact, indeed, that, following massive discharges of nerve-impulses, such as occur in the violent convulsions of epilepsy, these bodies break down into exceedingly fine granules, but are restored by a proper period of rest.—*The New York Sun.*

FLINT, TIMOTHY, an American clergyman and novelist; born at North Reading, Mass., July 11, 1780; died at Salem, Mass., August 16, 1840. He was graduated from Harvard in 1800; two years afterward he entered the Congregational ministry, and preached at several places in New England until 1815, when he went to the West as a missionary. Enfeebled health compelled him to return to Massachusetts in 1825. In 1828 he removed to Cincinnati, where for three years he edited the *Western Review.* He then went to New York, and was for a short time editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine.* He subsequently made his residence in Alexandria, Va., but usually passed the summer in New England. His principal works are *Recollections of Ten Years Passed in the Valley of the Mississippi* and *Francis Berrian,* a novel (1826); *Geography and History of the Western*

States and *Arthur Clendenning* (1828); *George Mason, or the Backwoodsman* (1830); *Indian Wars in the West* (1833); *Memoirs of Daniel Boone* (1834). In 1835 he contributed to the London *Athenæum* a series of papers on American Literature.

THE SHORES OF THE OHIO IN 1815.

It is now the middle of November. The weather up to this time had been, with the exception of a couple of days of fog and rain, delightful. The sky has a milder and lighter azure than that of the Northern States. The wide, clean sand-bars stretching for miles together, and now and then a flock of wild geese, swans, or sand-hill cranes and pelicans, stalking along on them; the infinite varieties of form of the towering bluffs; the new tribes of shrubs and plants of the shores; the exuberant fertility of the soil, evidencing itself in the natural as well as cultivated vegetation, in the height and size of the corn — of itself alone a matter of astonishment to an inhabitant of the Northern States — in the thrifty aspect of the young orchards, literally bending under their fruit; the surprising size and rankness of the weeds, and, in the enclosures where cultivation had been for a time suspended, the matted abundance of every kind of vegetation that ensued — all these circumstances united to give a novelty and freshness to the scenery. The bottom-forests everywhere display the huge sycamore — the king of the Western forest — in all places an interesting tree, but particularly so here, and in autumn, when you see its white and long branches among its red and yellow fading leaves.

To add to this union of pleasant circumstances, there is a delightful temperature of the air, more easily felt than described. In New England, where the sky was partially covered with fleecy clouds, and the wind blew very gently from the southwest, I have sometimes had the same sensations from the temperature there. A slight degree of languor ensues; and the irritability that is caused by the rougher and more bracing air of the North, and which is more favorable to physical strength and activity than

enjoyment, gives place to a tranquillity highly propitious to meditation. There is sometimes, too, in the gentle and almost imperceptible motion, as you sit on the deck of the boat and see the trees apparently moving by you, and new groups of scenery still opening upon your eyes, together with the view of those ancient and magnificent forests which the axe has not yet despoiled, the broad and beautiful river, the earth and the sky, which render such a trip at this season the very element of poetry.—*Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*

FLORIAN, Jean Pierre Claris de, a French poet, novelist, fabulist, and dramatist; born at the Chateau de Florian, near Anduze, Gard, March 6, 1755; died at Sceaux, near Paris, September 13, 1794. His mother, a Spanish lady, died when he was a child, and his character received its early moulding by his grandfather, an old noble who had run through his estate. His uncle, who had married a niece of Voltaire, introduced him to the aged dictator of French literature, and the boy spent many pleasant days at Ferney. On entering his teens Jean became a page in the household of the Duke of Penthièvre, at Anet, and enjoyed the patronage of that powerful nobleman throughout his lifetime. When he became of age he obtained a commission in a company of dragoons, and behaved himself in a boisterous, brawling manner, totally at variance with his demeanor either before or after his connection with the army. On leaving his regiment he became a gentleman in ordinary. When the French Revolution broke out he retired to Sceaux, but he was discovered by the sans

culottes of Paris and dragged to prison. His incarceration was of short duration, but it undermined his health, and he survived his release but a few months. In 1782 and 1783 he published an epistle in verse entitled *Voltaire et le Serf du Mont Jura* and a pastoral poem called *Ruth,* which drew attention to his work. His romance, *Galatea,* an acknowledged imitation of the *Galatea* of Cervantes, was very popular, and was followed by *Numa Pompilius,* an imitation of Fénelon's *Télémaque,* which became almost as popular as its prototype. In 1788 he published *Estelle,* a pastoral similar to *Galatea,* and became a member of the Academy. *Gonzalve de Cordove* (1791) is a romance, preceded by a historical account of the Moors. He issued an abridged translation of *Don Quixote,* which, though greatly inferior to the original, was well received. In 1792 his *Fables* appeared. During his imprisonment at Paris he occupied his time writing an original version of the story of William Tell. After his death this was published in unfinished form.

Florian was a professed imitator of Gessner, and his style bears all the imperfections of his model. Among the best of his fables are *The Monkey Showing the Magic Lantern; The Blind Man and the Paralytic;* and *The Monkeys and the Leopard. Les Deux Billets; Le Bon Père;* and *Le Bon Menage* are the best known of his comedies. Florian's complete works were published in Paris in sixteen volumes in 1820.

"His style," says the *Quarterly Review,* "at once elegant, and easy of construction, has universally recommended him to the teachers of the language, and *Telemachus* is commonly succeeded or supplanted by *Numa. Gonzalve de Cordove; Estelle,* and *Galathée* are stock-books in all the circulating libraries, and the

Tales of Florian are almost as generally read as those of Voltaire and Marmontel. He possesses indeed very great attractions for the lovers of light reading. His narrative is spirited and interesting. Love, Friendship, and Heroism are his themes, and he commonly descants upon them with that genuine warmth which results from the combination of sensibility with genius.

"The writings of Florian receive an additional charm from his glowing descriptions of the beauties of nature, an excellence of close affinity with that which has already been noticed. He seems tenaciously to uphold the poetical connection between rural life and moral purity, and loves to annex to tales of love and hardihood their appropriate scenery of rivers, woods, and mountains. These propensities naturally led him to pastoral and romance, and his most celebrated works are accordingly of one or other of these descriptions."

DISCRETION'S WHISPER.

Warriors brave, and lovers dear,
Discretion's sober whispers hear:
Oft are the virtuous and bold
By arts of treacherous villains sold;
The hero's banners mock the wind,
But silent Treachery's behind.

Whilst, beneath these hedges green,
The songster of the Spring is seen;
Whilst to the fluttering Western gale
He carols forth his tender tale,
The hawk, swift messenger of death,
Stops at once his song and breath.

The forest's lord his foe espies,
And swift the trembling hunter flies;
Cover'd with fraud, a pit enthralls,

And down the noble victim falls.
He falls, he dies, without defence;
His foes yet trembling, death dispense.
—*From Gonzalve de Cordova; translated in 1792.*

THE KING AND THE TWO SHEPHERDS

Fled to forest, and was seen no more:
He left his lamb, which soon a bird of prey
Seiz'd with his rav'nous gripe, and bore away.
The wretched shepherd yielded to despair,
He beat his breast, and tore his streaming hair;
Then, sitting down in all the rage of grief,
He call'd on death, his last, his sole relief:
"How well," exclaimed the prince, "is here exprest
What passes now within my wretched breast!
A certain king one day deplored the fate
Which wayward placed him in his lofty state;
"I wish, heaven knows, I wish my people blest,
And yet they groan by heaviest loads opprest;
Whilst nought to me so fair, so dear as truth,
By lies insidious they mislead my youth:
Thus made my subjects' wretched lot to see,
Heaven seems to spend its vengeance all on me.
Counsel I seek, but all my efforts vain,
Though still continued, but increase my pain."
Just at this hour, beneath a mountain's brow,
The prince beheld some wandering sheep below:
Meagre they were to see, while close-shorn plains
Small produce promis'd to the owner's pains.
Here, straggling lambs without a mother's care;
Yonder, the luckless ewes deserted bare;
All were dispers'd, confus'd; the rams forlorn,
With strength impaired, among the briers were torn.
He who presided o'er the rabble rout,
The foolish shepherd, hurried wild about,
Now to the wood a wand'ring ewe to find;
Now for a lamb he stopp'd, which lagg'd behind;
Now one, a favorite beyond the rest,
He stooping down with silly fondness prest.
But now a wolf the best among them tore,

Life, I behold, to untaught shepherds brings
All the keen anguish, all the woes of kings;
Why then should I unmanly thus repine?
The sight of others' woes might lessen mine."
Raising his eyes, the prince beheld again
A numerous flock upon a smiling plain;
Well fed, well fleec'd, they slowly graz'd along;
Rams, proud and fierce, in order led the throng;
Lambs, fair and vig'rous, frisk'd amidst the green,
Where the fat ewes with well-stor'd dugs were seen.
The shepherd careless at his ease was laid,
Now carol'd verses to some fav'rite maid,
Now made his flute in softer notes repeat
Sounds which pleas'd Echo in her secret seat.
"Ah!" said the king amaz'd, "this flock so fair
Soon shall the wolves and soon the vultures tear;
They, as in search of prey they famish'd rove,
But little heed the swain who sings of love;
He, when the choicest of his flock they gain,
Shall sing and play, and lift his flute in vain.
How should I laugh!" that moment as he spoke,
Forth from the wood a wolf enormous broke:
As soon a dog, with strong and vig'rous bound,
Flew on the thief and fix'd him to the ground.
Stunn'd at the noise, two sheep had scamper'd wide,
A dog soon brought them to his master's side;
Thus in a moment order was restor'd,
Whilst undisturb'd remain'd the rustic Lord:
At this the prince in haste the swain address'd,
Whilst rage and wonder fill'd his anxious breast:
"How canst thou thus at careless ease remain,
Whilst wolves and birds of prey molest the plain."
"Monarch!" the swain replied, in careless mood,
"My only secret's this — my dogs are good."

— Translated in 1797 for The Gentleman's Magazine.

FOLLEN, Adolf Ludwig, a German poet; born at Giessen, January 21, 1794; died at Bern, Switzerland, December 26, 1855. He was educated at Giessen, and subsequently became tutor in a noble family. In 1814 he entered the army as a volunteer, and served in the campaign against Napoleon. He then became editor of a newspaper at Elberfeld. In 1819 he became implicated in revolutionary movements, and was imprisoned at Berlin until 1821, when he was liberated, and took up his residence in Switzerland. He made excellent translations from Greek, Latin, and Italian, and wrote spirited German songs. A collection of his poems, *Free Voices of Fresh Youth,* appeared in 1819. In 1827 he published two volumes entitled *Bildersaal Deutscher Dichtung.*

Professor Karl Elze says of Follen that "his lyric poetry was particularly popular with students, whilst his translations from Homer, Tasso, and the Niebelungen earned the praises of scholars."

BLÜCHER'S BALL.

[Battle of the Katzbach, August, 1813.]

By the Katzbach, by the Katzbach, ha! there was a merry dance,
Wild and weird and whirling waltzes skipped ye through, ye knaves of France!
For there struck the bass-viol an old German master famed —
Marshal Forward, Prince of Wallstadt, Gebhardt Blücher, named.
Up! the Blücher hath the ball-room lighted with the cannon's glare!
Spread yourselves, ye gay green carpets, that the dancing moistens there!

And his fiddle-bow at first he waxed with Goldberg and with Jauer;
Whew! he's drawn it now full length, his play a stormy morning's shower!
Ha! the dance went briskly onward; tingling madness seized them all,
As when howling mighty tempests on the arms of windmills fall.
But the old man wants it cheery; wants a pleasant dancing chime;
And with gun-stocks clearly, loudly, beats the old Teutonic time.
Say, who, standing by the old man, strikes so hard the kettle-drum.
And with crashing strength of arm, down lets the thundering hammer come?
Gneisenau, the gallant champion: Allemania's envious foes
Smites the mighty pair, her living double-eagle, shivering blows.
And the old man scrapes the "Sweepout;" hapless Franks and hapless trulls!
Now what dancers leads the gray-beard? Ha! ha! ha! 'tis dead men's skulls!
But as ye too much were heated in the sultriness of hell,
Till ye sweated blood and brains, he made the Katzbach cool ye well.
From the Katzbach, while ye stiffen, hear the ancient proverb say,
"Wanton varlets, venal blockheads, must with clubs be beat away!"

— *Translation of* C. C. Felton.

FOLLEN, Charles Theodore Christian, brother of Adolf Follen, a German-American clergyman and educator; born at Romrod, Hesse Darmstadt, September 4, 1795; died in the burning of the steamer Lexington in Long Island Sound, N. Y., January 13, 1840, while on his way to attend the dedication of a Unitarian church at East Lexington, Mass., to which he had been called as pastor. In 1813 he entered the University of Giessen, where with other young men he undertook to form a *Burschenschaft* which should embrace all students irrespective of the particular German territory whence they came. Soon after taking his degree, in 1818, as Doctor of Civil Law, his liberal sentiments and writings, and the part he took in the defence of popular rights, made him obnoxious to the government of his own province, and he went to Jena, where he became a lecturer in the University. His acquaintance with Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue, led to his arrest. He was taken to Weimar and Mannheim, examined, and acquitted; but was forbidden to lecture at Jena, and was at length forced to take refuge in Switzerland. In 1821 he became Professor of Law at Basel, but his liberal sentiments drew upon him the disfavor of the Holy Alliance. An order for his arrest had been issued; but he saved himself by flight to Paris, and thence to America. He first formed a class in Boston in civil law. In 1825 he was appointed Tutor of German at Harvard University; in 1828 Teacher of Ecclesiastical History and Ethics in the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1830 Professor of German Literature at Harvard. He studied divinity, and in 1836 became pastor of the First Unitarian

Church in New York. In addition to his pastoral work, he wrote various articles for the *Christian Examiner* and other papers, and lectured on literature. He was the author of several celebrated popular songs written in the interest of liberty, the best of which is, perhaps, the *Bundeslied,* beginning "Brause du Freiheitssang." It is one of the liveliest of patriotic German airs. He also wrote a German grammar and reader. His works include *Sermons; Lectures on Moral Philosophy; Schiller's Life and Dramas;* and several essays on *Psychology; The State of Man,* and other subjects.

THE PROVINCE OF THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

It is the province of the psychologist to notice the manifold impressions, recollections, and forebodings; the divers perceptions, reflections, and imaginings; the ever-varying inclinations, temptations, and struggles of the soul; in short, all that is stirring, striving, and going on within us; and to trace all to its elements, its original constitution, and intended harmonious progression. It is the province of the psychologist to show how impressions call forth thoughts, and excite rival desires; and how these inward struggles end in the enslavement or enfranchisement of the soul. It is the high calling of the observer of the mind to watch its progress, from the dawn of intelligence, the unfolding of the affections, and the first experiments of the will, through all the mistakes, the selfish desires, and occasional deflections from duty, onward to the lofty discoveries, the generous devotion, and moral conquests of the soul. Psychology leads us to the hidden sources of every action, every science and art, by making us acquainted with the motives which prompt, and the faculties which enable human beings to conceive of and carry into effect any practical and scientific or literary undertaking. The calculation of the orbit of a comet is an achievement which to him who has not advanced much beyond the multiplication-table would ap-

pear impossible if he were not obliged to admit it as a fact. Yet an accurate knowledge of the power by which the orbits of the celestial bodies is revealed to man would convince him that the same capacity which enables him to cast his private accounts is fitted to ascertain the courses of the stars. A poetic composition like *Hamlet* or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is something so wholly beyond the ordinary attainments of men that the author must appear more than human, if an intimate acquaintance with the soul did not convince us that the power which enables us to understand and enjoy a single line of those compositions is the same that formed a Shakespeare. And thus the resolution of a child rather to expose himself to punishment than to tell a falsehood, may be shown, by a strict psychological analysis, to be essentially the same that enables the martyr to endure the cross rather than deny his faith.— *Psychology.*

FOLLEN, Eliza Lee Cabot, an American poet; born at Boston, Mass., August 15, 1787; died at Brookline, Mass., January 26, 1860. In 1828 she married Charles Follen. She was the author of *The Well-spent Hour* and *Selections from Fénelon* (1828); *The Skeptic* (1835); *Married Life* and *Little Songs and Poems* (1839); *Twilight Stories* and a second series of *Little Songs* (1859); *The Life of Charles Follen,* and several other works.

EVENING.

The sun is set, the day is o'er,
And labor's voice is heard no more;
On high the silver moon is hung;
The birds their vesper hymns have sung,
Save one, who oft breaks forth anew,

To chant another sweet adieu
To all the glories of the day,
And all its pleasures passed away.

Her twilight robe all nature wears,
And evening sheds her fragrant tears,
Which every thirsty plant receives,
While silence trembles on its leaves;
From every tree and every bush
There seems to breathe a soothing hush,
While every transient sound but shows
How deep and still is the repose.

Thus calm and fair may all things be,
When life's last sun has set with me;
And may the lamp of memory shine
As sweetly o'er my day's decline
As yon pale crescent, pure and fair,
That hangs so safely in the air,
And pours her mild, reflected light
To soothe and bless the weary sight.

And may my spirit often wake
Like thine, sweet bird, and singing, take
Another farewell of the sun —
Of pleasures past, of labors done.
See, where the glorious sun has set,
A line of light is hanging yet;
Oh, thus may love awhile illume
The silent darkness of my tomb!

FONBLANQUE, ALBANY WILLIAM, an English journalist and publicist; born at London in 1793; died there, October 13, 1872. He was the son of an eminent lawyer, and studied for the bar; but he became a political writer upon the London

Morning Chronicle. In 1820 he succeeded Leigh Hunt as editor of the *Examiner,* which he conducted until 1846. In 1852 he was made Director of the Statistical Department in the Board of Trade. In 1837 he published, under the title *England Under Seven Administrations,* a collection, in three volumes, of some of his papers in the *Examiner.* His nephew, E. B. Fonblanque, published in 1874 the *Life and Labors of* his uncle.

In 1828 the Duke of Wellington became Prime-Minister. The English newspapers were full of the most minute details of his every-day habits and occupations. To ridicule these accounts, and incidentally the Duke himself, Fonblanque wrote this burlesque:

DAILY HABITS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington generally rises at about eight. Before he gets out of bed he commonly pulls off his night-cap, and while he is dressing he sometimes whistles a tune, and occasionally damns his valet. The Duke of Wellington uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. While shaving he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth; and sometimes he blows out one cheek, sometimes the other, to present a better surface to the razor. When he is dressed he goes down to breakfast, and while descending the stairs he commonly takes occasion to blow his nose, which he does rather rapidly, following it up with three hasty wipes of his handkerchief, which he instantly afterward deposits in his right-hand coat pocket. The Duke of Wellington's pockets are in the skirts of his coats, and the holes perpendicular. He wears false horizontal flaps, which have given the world an erroneous opinion of their position.

The Duke of Wellington drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream.

He commonly stirs the fluid two or three times with a spoon before he raises it to his lips. The Duke of Wellington eats toast and butter, cold ham, tongue, fowls, beef, or eggs; and sometimes both meat and eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl. During breakfast the Duke of Wellington has a newspaper either in his hand, or else on the table, or in his lap. The Duke of Wellington's favorite paper is the *Examiner*. After breakfast the Duke of Wellington stretches himself out and yawns. He then pokes the fire and whistles. If there is no fire, he goes to the window and looks out.

At about ten o'clock the general post letters arrive. The Duke of Wellington seldom or never inspects the superscription, but at once breaks the seal, and applies himself to the contents. The Duke of Wellington appears sometimes displeased with his correspondents, and says *pshaw,* in a clear, loud voice. About this time the Duke of Wellington retires for a few minutes, during which it is impossible to account for his motions with desirable precision.

At eleven o'clock, if the weather is fine, the Duke's horse is brought to the door. The Duke's horse on these occasions is always saddled and bridled. The Duke's horse is ordinarily the same white horse he rode at Waterloo, and which was eaten by the hounds at Strathfieldsaye. His hair is of a chestnut color. Before the Duke goes out, he has his hat and gloves brought him by a servant. The Duke's daily manner of mounting his horse is the same that it was on the morning of the glorious battle of Waterloo. His Grace takes the rein in his left hand, which he lays on the horse's mane; he then puts his left foot in the stirrup, and with a spring brings his body up, and his right leg over the body of the animal by the way of the tail, and thus places himself in the saddle. He then drops his right foot into the stirrup, puts his horse to a walk, and seldom falls off, being an admirable equestrian.

When acquaintances and friends salute the Duke in the streets, such is his affability that he either bows, touches his hat, or recognizes their civility in some way

or other. The Duke of Wellington very commonly says, "How are you?" "It's a fine day!" "How do you do?" and makes frequent and various remarks on the weather, and the dust or the mud, as it may be.

At twelve o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the Duke's Master comes to teach his Political Economy. The Duke makes wonderful progress in his studies, and his instructor is used pleasantly to observe that "The Duke gets on like a house on fire."

At the Treasury the Duke of Wellington does nothing but think. He sits on a leather library chair, with his heels and a good part of his legs on the table. When thus in profound thought he very frequently closes his eyes for hours together, and makes an extraordinary and rather appalling noise through his nose. Such is the Duke of Wellington's devotion to business that he eats no luncheon.

In the House of Lords the Duke's manner of proceeding is this: He walks up to the fireplace, turns his back to it, separates the skirts of his coat, tossing them over the dexter and sinister arms, thrusts his hands in his breeches pockets, and so stands at ease. The characteristic of the Duke's oratory is a brevity the next thing to silence. As brevity is the soul of wit, it may confidently be affirmed that in this quality Lord North and Sheridan were fools compared with him.— *Under Seven Administrations.*

LEGAL FICTIONS.

The forms of our laws are of so happy a nature that, when they are employed on the gravest crimes, they cause a feeling of the ludicrous to spring up in the mind of the reader. The daily papers have given an abstract of the indictment against Corder, the murderer of Maria Marten, which *abstract* occupies about three-fourths of a column of small print; and we ask whether any mortal can glance his eye over this article without having his sentiment of horror at the crime disturbed by a sense of the ludicrous absurdity of the jargon in which it is set forth:

"*First Count.*— The jurors of our Lord the King, upon their oath, present that William Corder, late of the parish of Polstead, *etc.*, Suffolk, yeoman, on the 18th of May, *etc.*, with force and arms, *etc.*, in and upon one Maria Marten, in the fear of God, *etc.*, then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that the said William Corder, a certain pistol of 2*s.* value, then and there charged with gunpowder and one leaden bullet (which pistol he the said William Corder, in his right hand, then and there had and held) then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did discharge and shoot off, at, against, and upon the said Maria Marten; and the said William Corder, with the leaden bullet aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the said William Corder discharged and shot off, then and there feloniously, wilfully, *etc.*, did strike, penetrate, and wound the said Maria Marten in and upon the left side of the face of her the said Maria Marten, *etc.*, giving her the said Maria Marten one mortal wound of the depth of four inches, and of the breadth of half an inch, of which said mortal wound she the said Maria Marten then and there instantly died; and so the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths, *etc.*, do say, that the said William Corder, her the said Maria Marten, did kill and murder."

As it would be impossible to proceed in the investigation of truth without the wholesome aid of a contradictory averment or a palpable lie, in the next count it is stated that William Corder killed Maria Marten with a sword of the value of one shilling. It may be asked of what importance is the value of the instrument. The answer is, that it serves to hang a falsehood on — which seems to be always good in the forms of the law; the instrument being valued at a worth obviously stated at random and false. The naked state of the accusation of Corder is this: —

1. He killed one Maria Marten with a wound from a pistol bullet on the left side of the face. Of this wound she instantly died.— 2. He killed one Maria Marten with the blow of a one-shilling sword on the left side of the body, of which wound she instantly died.— 3. He

killed one Maria Marten with the blow of a sword on the right side of the face.—4. He killed one Maria Marten by a blow on the right side of the neck.—5. He killed one Maria Marten by strangling her with a handkerchief.—6. He killed one Maria Marten by shooting her with a charge of shot from a gun.—7. He killed one Maria Marten by throwing her into a hole and heaping upon her five bushels of earth of no value, and five bushels of clay of no value, and five bushels of gravel of no value, of all which load of fifteen bushels of no value she instantly died.—8. He killed one Maria Marten by heaping fifteen bushels of clay, gravel, and earth, in equal quantities and equal worthlessness, upon her in a hole of a particular size.—9. He killed one Maria Marten by stabbing her with a sharp instrument, and also strangling her.—10. He killed one Maria Marten by shooting her with a pistol loaded with shot, by stabbing her with a sharp instrument, also a one-shilling sword, by strangling her with a handkerchief, and throwing her into a hole, and heaping earth, gravel, and clay on her.

Now it is mathematically certain, that if Corder killed only one Maria Marten, and not ten different Maria Martens, destroyed by different means, as set forth in the indictment, nine distinct lies have been averred respecting the circumstances. And it follows that no less than nine great lies, with their accompaniments, are absolutely necessary to the discovery of one truth, and the ends of justice.

If it had been simply set forth that Corder had killed Maria Marten, the minds of the jury would surely have been utterly at fault, and unequal to discover by the examination of the evidence whether he had indeed murdered the deceased, and by what means. How admirably promotive of the elucidation of the truth, and the detection of guilt, is that exact averment of the five bushels of clay, the five bushels of earth, and the five bushels of gravel! And what curious and profound effect there is in the statement that the earth, gravel, and clay were of "no value!" How directly all these points bear on the point at issue! And while so much nicety is observed, how much latitude is allowed! For exam-

ple: exact in statement as these combined fifteen bushels sound, the clerk of the indictment might have made Corder either destroy Maria Marten in Polstead barn, with as much soil as would make a new world; or he might have made him smother her by flinging on her half a peck of mould.

Provided only a lie be told, English justice is satisfied. The effect of the lie is indifferent; all that is wanted is the customary and comforting example of falsehood. Whether you use a mountain or a molehill in an indictment for murder is indifferent, provided you give it the necessary character of a lie. For example: to have said that Corder killed Maria Marten by heaping earth upon her, might have been true; but the exactness of stating that he killed her with five bushels of earth, five of clay, and five of gravel, produces the desirable certainty of falsehood.

If falsehood were supposed to be an exhaustible body, nothing could be conceived more politic than the system of English law, which would in this case expend so many lies on its own forms and proceedings, as to leave none for the use of rogues in evidence. But unfortunately such is not the moral philosophy, and the witness who goes into one of our courts, the vital atmosphere of which is charged with fiction, is too likely to have his inward and latent mendacity provoked by the example. He sees in the reputed sacred forms of justice, that the falsehood which is accounted convenient is not esteemed shameful; and why, he considers, may not the individual man have his politic fictions as well as that abstraction of all possible human excellence, Justice. The end sanctions the means. We cannot touch pitch without defilement; and it is impossible that a people can be familiarized with falsehood, and reconciled to it on pretense of its utility, without detriment to their morals.— *Under Seven Administrations.*

THE IRISH CHURCH: 1835.

The last attention to a feasted Esquimau who can swallow no more, is to lay him on his back, and to coil

a long strip of blubber into his mouth till it is quite filled; and then to cut off the superfluous fat close to his lips. With this full measure the Esquimau is content; for he is not an Ecclesiastical Body, and his friends do not cry out that he is starved because the surplus blubber is cut off, and appropriated to some empty stomach. The case of the Esquimau is the case of the Irish Church. It lies supine, full of fat things, and there is a superfluity which the Ministry is for cutting off smooth to the lips; but its champions raise a cry of spoliation and famine.

The question at present [1835] in debate is simply whether Lazarus shall have the crumbs which fall from the table of established Dives. It is merely a question of the shaking of the table-cloth. No one proposes to give away a dish or a seat, but only just to allow morality the benefit of the broken bread. Dives pronounces this flat robbery; says that he has a man for every morsel; and that if a crumb of his abundance be abridged, he shall be brought to beggary. And here we may observe, by-the-by, that future etymologists, noting how our Dignitaries of the Church cling to riches, and delight in purple and fine linen, may easily fall into the blunder of supposing that Divines derived their name from Dives, and were the elect representatives of the pomps and vanities of riches.

The sinecure character of the Irish Establishment, and its gilding, have a kind of consistency, looking upon it as a sign — a sign of ascendency. As we pass along the streets we see signs of Golden Boots and Golden Canisters, and such like, and they are always of a huge size, and serving no purpose of boot or canister, or whatever they represent; and so it is with a Golden Priesthood. It stands out as a sign, but fulfills no purpose of the thing it represents. The Irish, who only see in it the sign of their yoke, have to pay extravagantly for the gilding; and this is the hardship.

What is proposed for the abatement of this huge abuse? What is resisted as robbery, sacrilege, and so forth? A measure carrying the principle of justice feather-weight, and no more. The Virginius of Sheridan Knowles hears

"a voice so fine, that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." This is a reform so fine, that nothing lives 'twixt it and abuse. Yet, fine as it is, small as it is, it is consecrated by the spirit of justice, and is as acceptable to the long-oppressed people of Ireland as drops of water are to the parched wretch in the desert. The fault of the pending Bill is on the side of inefficiency; it deals too tenderly with the abuse. But its moderation has certainly served the more strongly to expose the obstinate injustice of its opponents. It has been made manifest that men who oppose a gentle palliative like this are wilfully resolved to resist any measure having in it one particle of the substance or spirit of Reform.— *Under Seven Administrations.*

FONTENELLE, Bernard le Bovier de, a French dramatist, philosopher and poet; born at Rouen, February 11, 1657; died at Paris, January 9, 1757. His father was an advocate of Rouen, his mother a sister of Pierre and Thomas Corneille. He was educated at the College of the Jesuits at Rouen, and studied law, which he abandoned on losing his first case. He then devoted himself to poetry. His tragedy, *Aspar* (1680), was a failure, the more mortifying because it had been highly praised by Thomas Corneille. Of his other dramatic works — *Psyche; Bellérophon; Endymion; Thetis and Peleus; Lavinia; Brutus; Idalie* — not one has kept the stage. His first literary success was the *Dialogues des Morts,* published in 1683. The *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes* (1686), written for the purpose of setting forth attractively Descartes's theory of vortices, enhanced his reputation. In 1687 Fontenelle removed to Paris, and published *L'Histoire des Oracles,* a transla-

tion and abridgment of the Latin of the Hollander, Dale. This work, which takes the ground that oracles were not inspired by demons, and that they did not cease at the birth of Christ, was attacked by the Jesuit Battus, who maintained the contrary. Fontenelle left his critic in possession of the field. "All quarrels displease me," he wrote to his friend Leclerc. "I would rather the devil had been the prophet, since the Jesuit father will have it so, and since he thinks that more orthodox." The controversy in regard to the respective merits of ancient and modern writers was then raging, and Fontenelle took the modern side in a *Digression sur les Anciens et les Modernes* (1688). In the same year appeared his *Poésies Pastorales,* and shortly afterward his *Doutes sur le Système Physique des Causes Occasionnelles,* in opposition to Malebranche. Racine and Boileau, who had always disliked Fontenelle, had four times succeeded in securing his rejection from the French Academy. In 1691 he was admitted, notwithstanding their efforts against him. He afterward became a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and the Academy of Sciences. In 1699 he was nominated Perpetual Secretary of the latter body, and held the office for forty-two years. His *Histoire de l' Académie des Sciences* (1696–99) and his *Eloges des Académiciens* (1708–19) are distinguished for the beauty of their style. The *Eloges* contain his best work. He was famous for the charm of his conversation as well as of his writings. He has been accused of heartlessness. It is said that he neither laughed nor wept. His two mottoes, "Everything is possible," and "Everybody is right," may at once account for his numerous friends and for the lack of true feeling in his poems. His last words when dying were, "I do

not suffer, my friends: but I feel a sort of difficulty in living."

CONCERNING THE WORLD IN THE MOON.

The Marchioness was so intent upon her notions that she would fain have engaged me next day to proceed where I left off; but I told her, since the moon and stars were become the subject of our discourse, we should trust our chimeras with nobody else. At night, therefore, we went again into the park, which was now wholly dedicated to our learned conversation.

"Well, Madame," said I, "I have great news for you; that which I told you last night, of the moon being inhabited, may be otherwise now; there is a new fancy got into my head, which puts those people in great danger."

"I cannot," said her ladyship, "suffer such whims to take place. Yesterday you were preparing me to receive a visit from the Lunarians, and now you would insinuate there are no such folks. You must not trifle with me thus: once you would have me believe the moon was inhabited; I surmounted that difficulty, and do now believe it."

"You are a little too nimble," replied I; "did not I advise you never to be entirely convinced of things of this nature, but to reserve half of your understanding free and disengaged, that you might admit of a contrary opinion, if there should be occasion?"

"I care not for your suppositions," said she, "let us come to matters of fact. Are we not to consider the moon as St. Denis?"

"No," said I, "the moon does not so much resemble the earth as St. Denis does Paris: the sun draws vapors from the earth, and exhalations from the water, which, mounting to a certain height in the air, do there assemble and form the clouds; these uncertain clouds are driven irregularly round the globe, sometimes shadowing one country and sometimes another; he, then, who beholds the earth from afar off will see frequent alterations upon its surface, because a great country, overcast with clouds, will appear dark or light, as the clouds stay, or pass over

it; he will see the spots on the earth often change their place, and appear or disappear as the clouds remove, but we see none of these changes wrought upon the moon, which would certainly be the case were there but clouds about her; yet, on the contrary, all her spots are fixed and certain, and her light parts continue where they were at first, which indeed is a great misfortune; for by this reason the sun draws no exhalations or vapors above the moon; so that it appears she is a body infinitely more hard and solid than the earth, whose subtle parts are easily separated from the rest, and mount upward as soon as heat puts them in motion; but it must be a heap of rock and marble, where there is no evaporation; besides, exhalations are so natural and necessary where there is water that there can be no water at all where there is no exhalation. And what sort of inhabitants must those be whose country affords no water, is all rock, and produces nothing?"

"This is very fine," said the Marchioness; "you have forgot since you assured me we might from hence distinguish seas in the moon. Pray, what is become of your Caspian Sea and your Black Lake?"

"All conjecture, Madame," replied I, "though for your ladyship's sake, I am very sorry for it; for those dark places we took to be seas may perhaps be nothing but large cavities; it is hard to guess right at so great a distance."

"But will this suffice, then," said she, "to extirpate the people in the moon?"

"Not altogether," replied I; "we will neither determine for nor against them."

"I must own my weakness, if it be one," said she. "I cannot be so perfectly undetermined as you would have me to be, but must believe one way or another; therefore, pray fix me quickly in my opinion as to the inhabitants of the moon: preserve or annihilate them, as you please; and yet methinks I have a strange inclination for them, and would not have them destroyed, if it were possible to save them."

"You know," said I, "Madame, I can deny you nothing; the moon shall be no longer a desert; to do you a

service we will repeople her. Since to all appearance the spots on the moon do not change, I cannot conceive there are any clouds about her that sometimes obscure one part, and sometimes another; yet this does not hinder but that the moon sends forth exhalations and vapors. It may so happen that the vapors which issue from the moon may not assemble round her in clouds, and may not fall back again in rain, but only in dews. It is sufficient for this that the air with which the moon is surrounded — for it is certain she is so as well as the earth — should somewhat vary from our air, and the vapors of the moon be a little different from those of the earth, which is very probable. Hereupon the matter being otherwise disposed in the moon than on the earth, the effects must be different; though it is of no great consequence whether they are or no; for from the moment we have found an inward motion in the parts of the moon, or one produced by foreign causes, here is enough for the new birth of its inhabitants, and a sufficient and necessary fund for their subsistence. This will furnish us with corn, fruit, water and what else we please; I mean according to the custom or manner of the moon, which I do not pretend to know; and all proportional to the wants and uses of the inhabitants; with whom I own I am as little acquainted."

"That is to say," replied the Marchioness, "you know all is very well, without knowing how it is so; which is a great deal of ignorance, founded upon a very little knowledge. However, I comfort myself that you have restored to the moon her inhabitants again, and have enveloped her in an air of her own, without which a planet would seem to be very naked."

"It is these two different airs, Madame, that hinder the communication of the two planets; if it was only flying, as I told you yesterday, who knows but we might improve it to perfection, though I confess there is but little hope of it; the great distance between the moon and the earth is a difficulty not easy to be surmounted; yet were the distance but inconsiderable, and the two planets almost contiguous, it would still be impossible to pass from the air of the one into the air of the other. The water

is the air of fishes. They never pass into the air of the birds, nor the birds into the air of the fishes; and yet it is not the distance that hinders them, but both are imprisoned by the air they breathe in. We find our air consists of thicker and grosser vapors than the air of the moon; so that one of her inhabitants arriving at the confines of our world, as soon as he enters our air, will inevitably drown himself, and we shall see him fall dead on the earth."

"I should rejoice," said the Marchioness, "to see the wreck of a good number of these lunar people; how pleasant would it be to behold them lie scattered on the ground, where we might consider at our ease their extraordinary and curious figures!"

"But," replied I, "suppose they could swim on the surface of our air, and be as curious to see us, as you are to see them; should they angle or cast a net for us, as for so many fish, would that please you?"

"Why not?" said she, smiling; "for my part, I would go into their nets of my own accord were it but for the pleasure of seeing such strange fishermen."

"Consider, Madame, you would be very sick when you were drawn to the top of our air, for there is no respiration in its whole extent, as may be seen on the tops of some very high mountains. Here, then, are natural barricades, which defend the passage out of our world, as well as the entry into that of the moon; so that, since we can only guess at that world, let us fancy all we can of it."— *Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds.*

FONVIELLE, WILFRED DE, a French scientist and journalist; born at Paris July 21, 1824. He was first a teacher of mathematics, then a journalist, and a writer on scientific subjects. Among his works are *L'Homme Fossil* (1865); *Les Merveilles du Monde Invisible* (1866); *Eclairs et Tonnerres,*

translated into English under the title of *Thunder and Lightning* (1867); *L'Astronomie Moderne* (1868), and *Comment se font des Miracles en Dehors l'Eglise,* in which he reviews, from the common-sense point of view, the pretensions of the spiritualistic mediums (1879). He made several balloon ascents, and when Paris was besieged escaped from the city in a balloon and went to London, where he set forth the benefits which had been conferred upon the government by balloons. An account of his ascents, published in 1870, has been translated into English under the title of *Travels in the Air.* His more recent books are a description of the Greely Expedition of 1885, a history of the moon, *Le Pétrole* (1887), a study of modern fastingmen (1887), *Le Pôle Nord* (1888), and *Famous Vessels* (1890).

TERRESTRIAL WATERSPOUTS.

When a cloud is thick enough, tenacious enough, and, perhaps, when the air is sufficiently charged with moisture, the electric matter draws it toward the earth. It is no longer then a simple fulminating globe which precipitates itself with impetuosity toward us; it is a threatening column which descends from the skies. Sometimes this column progresses so slowly that a man can follow it on foot. But one must possess, it will be readily admitted, almost superhuman courage not to fly at once in an opposite direction. For these meteors sometimes break their connection with the earth, and the most frightful and incredible effects are the result. For instance, M. de Gasparin tells us that the waterspout of Courtizou overturned one of the walls of Orange. The extremity of this column of vapor having commenced whirling around like a sling hanging from the clouds, caused a breach in the mass of masonry, the opening of which was thirty-nine feet long, sixteen feet high, and four feet wide. This

species of bastard lightning tore up in an instant a mass of matter weighing at least 200 tons. . . .

It appears difficult to conceive a storm more favorable for observing the formation of these meteors than the frightful waterspout of Malaunay. Effectively, in the early part of the day, two storm-clouds approached, driven violently one toward the other by contrary currents. These two masses being charged with the same kind of electricity, doubtless positive electricity, could not amalgamate into one cloud, nor could they discharge each other by giving birth to a brilliant flash of lightning. The higher storm-cloud, which appeared the stronger of the two, managed, though not without difficulty, to push down the lower cloud. Who knows but that this happened by the intervention of the earth which, being powerfully electro-negative, attracted the vapor charged with positive electricity? As soon as the horn, pulled from the vanquished cloud, had approached to within a few yards of the earth, its fire was seen to flow from it like a stream which had just found an issue, for the point of the horn was perfectly incandescent.

Sometimes the electric tube rises from the earth; in this case it is not watery vapor which forms the threatening horn, but whirlwinds of dust which rise toward the clouds with a frightful gyratory motion.— *Thunder and Lightning.*

FOOTE, Mary Hallock, an American artist and novelist; born at Milton, N. Y., November 19, 1847. She studied art at the School of Design for Women in New York, and became an illustrator for several magazines. She soon began to write short stories, illustrating them with her own drawings. In 1876 she married Arthur D. Foote, a mining engineer; then went West and resided at various times in California, Colorado, and Idaho, where she wrote

romances depicting life and scenes on the American frontier. Among them are *Friend Barton's Concern* and *A Story of a Dry Season.* She also published *The Led-Horse Claim* (1882); *John Bodewin's Testimony* (1886); *The Last Assembly Ball* (1889); *The Chosen Valley* (1892); *Cœur d'Alene* (1894); *In Exile, and Other Stories* (1894); *The Cup of Trembling* (1895); *The Little Fig Tree Stories* (1900); and *The Prodigal* (1901).

Referring more especially to *John Bodewin's Testimony,* the London *Academy* says of her writings: "There is less of directly local coloring and dialect than is usual in American stories dealing with the classes here represented; and the reader is to expect his satisfaction to arise from carefully drawn types of character and dramatic fitness of detail — in which event he will not be disappointed." "Picturesque and graceful description," says the *Nation* in its review of *The Led-Horse Claim,* "is likely to be a woman's forte; but the fine balance which keeps Mrs. Foote's eye and hand true is a rare power."

COMING INTO CAMP.

Mr. Newbold and his daughter rode back to the camp in the splendor of a sunset that loomed red behind the skeleton pines. Josephine let her horse take his own way down the wagon-track, while she watched its dying changes. But she lost the last tints in her preoccupation with the dust and the strange meetings and partings on the broad and level road by which they approached the town. That quickening of the pulse which makes itself felt in every human community as day draws to a close had intensified the life of the camp. The sound of its voices and footsteps, the smoke of its fires, rose in the still, cool air.

Cradled between two ranges of the mother mountains

of the continent, the little colony could hardly have been more inland in its situation; it had, nevertheless, in many respects the characteristics of a seaport. It owed its existence to hazardous ventures from a distance. Its shops were filled, not with the fruits of its soil or the labor of its hands, but with cargoes that had been rocked in the four-wheeled merchantmen of the plains. Bronzed-faced, hairy-throated men occupied more than their share of its sidewalks, spending carelessly in a few days and nights the price of months of hardship and isolation. Its hopes and its capital were largely bound up in the fate of adventures into that unpeopled land which has no history except the records written in fire, in ice, and in water, on its rocks and river-beds; the voyage across that inland sea where the smoke of lonely camp-fires goes up from wagon-roads that were once hunter-trails, and trails that were once the tracks of buffalo. There were men seen at intervals of many months in its streets, whom the desert and the mountains called, as the sea calls the men of the coast towns. It was a port of the wilderness.

The arrivals due that Saturday night were seeking their dusty moorings. Heavily loaded freighters were lurching in, every mule straining in his collar, every trace taut and quivering. Express wagons of lighter tonnage took the dust of the freighters, until the width of the road gave their square-trotting draught-horses a chance to swing out and pass. In and out among the craft of heavier burden, shuffled the small, tough bronchos. Their riders were for the most part light-built like their horses, with a bearing at once alert and impassive. They were young men, notwithstanding the prevailing look of care and stolid endurance, due in some cases, possibly, to the dust-laden hollows under the sun-wearied eyes, and to that haggardness of aspect which goes with a beard of a week's growth, a flannel shirt loosely buttoned about a sunburned throat, and a temporary estrangement from soap and water. These were the doughty privateersmen, returning with a convoy of pack-animals from the valley of the Gunnison or the Clearwater, or the tragic hunting-grounds of the Indian Reservation. Taking the footpath way beside his loaded donkey trudged the humble "grub-

stake," or the haggard-eyed charcoal burner from his smoking camp in the nearest timber; while far up on the mountain, distinct in the reflected glow of sunset, a puff of white dust appeared from moment to moment, following the curves of the road, where the passenger-coach was making its best speed, with brakes hard down, on the home grade from the summit of the pass.—*John Bodewin's Testimony*

FOOTE, SAMUEL, an English actor and humorist; born at Truro, January 27, 1720; died at Dover, October 21, 1777. He studied for a while at Worcester College, Oxford, but was obliged to leave at the age of twenty. He afterward began the study of law; but in consequence of his dissolute habits soon lost two fortunes, one of which he inherited from his uncle, the other from his father. In 1744 he betook himself to the stage, attempting both tragedy and comedy with slight success. But his talent for imitation came to his aid. In 1747 he opened the Haymarket Theatre with a piece called *The Diversions of the Morning,* written by himself, and in which he was the principal actor. This was followed by *Mr. Foote Taking Tea with His Friends, The Auction of Pictures,* and other pieces, all of which were successful, the main reason for their success being Foote's exaggerated mimicry of any person of note whose appearance or manner was capable of being caricatured. For ten years he kept the theatre open, eluding all attempts of the dramatic licensers to close it. In 1767 a fall from his horse rendered necessary the amputation of one of his legs. The Duke of York,

who witnessed the accident, procured for him a regular patent to open a theatre. This he carried on for ten years, mainly producing his own pieces. During this period he made another fortune, which he contrived to squander. In 1777, broken in health, he set out upon a journey to France, but died before he had left the shores of England. Foote produced in all some twenty-five dramatic pieces, and several others have been attributed to him. The best of these are *The Minor,* satirizing the Methodists (1760); *The Mayor of Garratt* (1763); *The Devil upon Two Sticks* (1768); *The Lame Lover* (1770); *The Nabob* (1772), and *The Bankrupt* (1773). A selection from the plays of Foote, with an entertaining memoir, by William Cooke, in three volumes, was published in 1805.

CHARLOTTE, SERJEANT CIRCUIT, AND SIR LUKE LIMP.

Char.— Sir, I have other proofs of our hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serj.— Cite them.

Char.— The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj.— Titles! I don't understand you.

Char.— I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serj.— Keeping good company!—a laudable ambition!

Char.— True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

Serj.— Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

Char.— Sir!

Serj.— Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be

trifled with; why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

Char.— No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj.— For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honorable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char.— Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj.— Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char.—It occasions one evil at least, that when under its influence he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj.—Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char.— You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj.— Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is—

Char.— Nobody.

Serj.— Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propriâ personâ can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realties, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char.— But sir —

Serj.— Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease or to farm, let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever — and —

Char.— Without doubt, sir; but there are, notwithstanding, in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

[Sir Luke Limp *makes his appearance, and after a short dialogue, enter a* Servant, *who delivers a card to* Sir Luke.]

Sir Luke.— [*Reads.*] "Sir Gregory Goose desires the honor of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired." Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Serj.— What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir Luke.— Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle street; sorry can't wait upon him, and confined to my bed two days with the new influenza. [*Exit Servant.*

Char.— You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke.— What can a man do? These fellows — when one has the misfortune to meet them—take scandalous advantage: When will you do me the honor, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do yon name the day. They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other.

Serj.— True; and then for such a time, too — three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke.— Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than —

[*Enter a Servant who gives* Sir Luke *a letter.*] From whom?

Serv.— Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke.— Answer! By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads.*] "Taste for music — Mons. Duport — fail — dinner on table at five." Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant ain't gone.

Serv.— Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke.— Run after him as fast as you can — tell him quite in despair — recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant.

[*Exit Servant.*

Char.— You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir Luke.— No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte: you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang

it, no, it is not for the title: but to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char.— By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke.— You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit; you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would gladly excuse.

Serj.— What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary —

Sir Luke.— He knows that well enough, but for all that —

Serj.— Indeed, by a late act of his own House — which does them infinite honor — his goods or chattels may be —

Sir Luke.— Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj.— Nay, if the sheriff return "non inventus."

Sir Luke.— A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an *L?* It was with an *L,* indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often, indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an *L?* Always. That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an *F;* but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your *L.* Ha, ha, ha!

[*Enter a Servant.*

Serv.— There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke.— That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself.

[*Exit Servant.*

Serj.— Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke.— Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; I have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, posi-

tively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's office a coat-of-arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj.— True, true.

Sir Luke.— At your toilet to-morrow you may — [*Enter a Servant abruptly and runs against Sir Luke.*] Can't you see where you are running, you rascal?

Serv.— Sir, his Grace, the Duke of —

Sir Luke.— Grace! where is he? Where —

Serv.— In his coach at the door. If you ain't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke.— In his own coach, did you say?

Serv.— Yes, sir.

Sir Luke.— With the coronets — or —

Serv.— I believe so.

Sir Luke.— There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv.— He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke.— Then do you step into the knight — hey! — no — you must go into my lord's — hold, hold, no — I have it — step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv.— What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke.— Anything — what I told you before.

Serv.— And what to my lord?

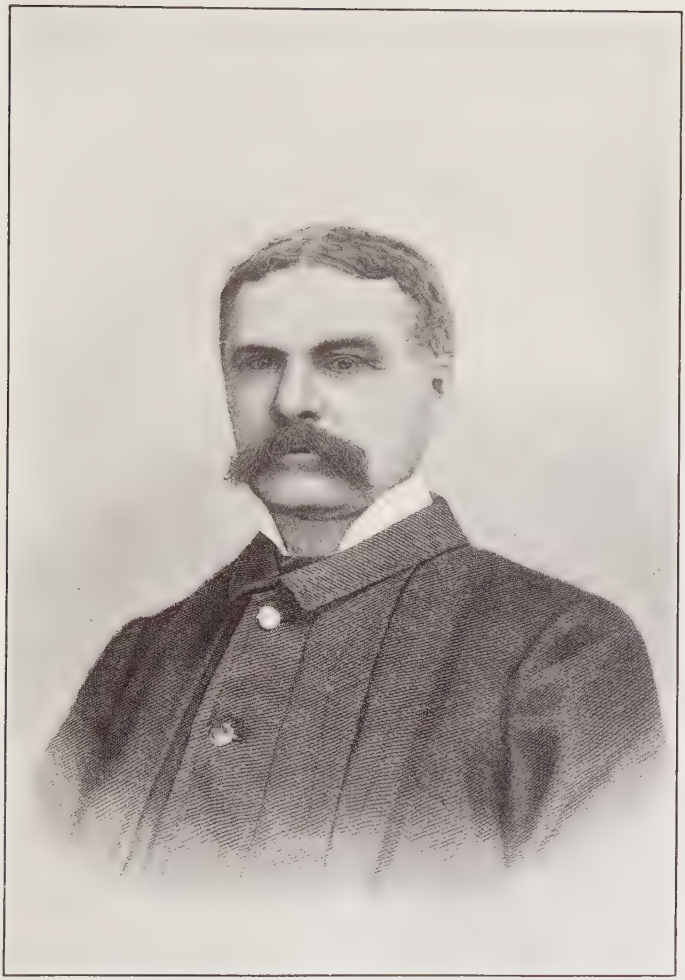
Sir Luke.— What! — tell him that my uncle from Epsom — no — that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him — hey? Why, tell him — hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney-coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his Grace wait, but his Grace knows my misfor —

[*Exeunt Sir Luke and Serv.*

Char.— Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj.— Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws; they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached.— *The Lame Lover.*

FORBES, ARCHIBALD, a British journalist and war-correspondent; born in Morayshire, Scotland, in 1838; died at London, March 30, 1900. He studied at the University of Aberdeen. After several years of service in the Royal Dragoons, which gave him practical knowledge of the details of military life, he became, in 1870, special correspondent for the London *Daily News,* and accompanied the German army throughout the Franco-German War. In the same capacity he accompanied the Prince of Wales in his tour through India, 1875–76; was with the Russian army in the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877, being on the field in all the severest engagements; accompanied the expedition to Afghanistan, 1878, and the British invasion of Zululand in South Africa, riding one hundred and twenty miles through a trackless country to reach a telegraph-station whence he sent the earliest tidings of the victory at Ulundi not only to the *Daily News,* but also to Sir Garnet Wolseley and to Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of the Cape. His message, transmitted by Sir Bartle to the government in London, was read in Parliament with acclamations. His health began to be seriously affected by his severe labors and he turned to lecturing, traveling in Great Britain, America, and Australia, recounting his ex-



ARCHIBALD FORBES.

periences before large audiences. Among his publications are *My Experiences of the War Between France* and *Germany* and *Glimpses Through the Cannon Smoke* (1880); *Soldiering and Scribbling* and *A Series of Sketches* (1882); *Life of Chinese Gordon* (1884); *Life of the Emperor William of Germany* (1889); *Havelock* (1890); *Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles* (1891); *The Afghan Wars* (1892); *Colin Campbell; Lord Clyde,* biography (1895); *Memoirs* and *Studies of War and Peace* (1895); *The Black Watch* (1896); and *Life of Napoleon III.* (1898).

MONT AVRON.

I am bound for Le Vert Galant, and should turn away from the front at Livry; but let me go a little farther southward, through the *col* of Bondy, to see what that old *bête noir* Mont Avron is like in the thickening gloom. The place is true to its established character. From the range of the fringe of felled forest through which I have penetrated, I can only faintly trace the familiar outlines, so rapidly has the darkness fallen. But — flash! up goes the electric light from Nogent and Rosny, and bang comes the first shell — the "top of the evening" from Avron. What a humbug, to be sure, is that same electric light. The French were always using it. You saw it scintillating on the summit of Valérien and flashing out toward Le Bourget from Montmartre. To the defenders of Paris all it could do is to make darkness visible; to its besiegers, if they had only been in the mind, it would have been a gratis illumination that would be worth any money. In the foreground of the electric flashes of the forts before me, lies Avron as clear as if it were noonday. But Chelles, Montfermeil, Noisy, or Villiers might have been swallowed up in an earthquake, so utterly invisible are they. Oh, for something else than the meagre walruses by the windmill and on the vineberg! Half-a-dozen hours' pelting with real artillery on those impudent batteries on the verge and crest of the plateau so brilliant under the

rays of the electric light — then in the small hours a storming party of one battalion of Saxons and another of Guardsmen; a bayonet fight on the summit — and then hurrah for the black, white and red flag to flaunt wherewithal the gunners of Nogent and Rosny. It would not be a light cause for which the Saxons, having once got a grip of the summit, would surrender it now. Well, let us live in hope, in early hope. How long? How long? I get angry as I look at the battery, made right in our faces, but the other day comparatively harmless, and at whose door, young as it is, lie the deaths of so many stalwart Saxons, whose corpses will fertilize next year's crops in the fatal horseshoe. I get angry and impatient when I think that this place, which our ground dominates so that not a gun could ever have been mounted but for unaccountable *laissez faire,* should test the elasticity of our forepost line in a direction that I am disgusted and savage to have the knowledge of. The *laissez faire* days were over; but there seldom comes an indulgence without a penalty, and on many graves around this side of Paris, the pioneers might have substituted for the "Hier ruhen in Gott" the words, "Here lie the consequences of vacillation."— *From My Experiences of the War Between France and Germany.*

FORBES, EDWARD, a British naturalist; born at Douglas, Isle of Man, February 12, 1815; died near Edinburgh, November 18, 1854. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, but devoted himself mainly to scientific pursuits and to literature. He was among the earliest to collect specimens in natural history by means of deep-sea dredging. In 1842 he became Professor of Botany in King's College, London, and shortly afterward was appointed Curator of the Museum of the Geological Society.

His scientific publications were very numerous. Among his more important works was the preparation of a palæontological and geographical map of the British Islands, with an explanatory dissertation upon the *Distribution of Marine Life.* In 1852 he was chosen President of the Geological Society, and in 1853 was made Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. A collection of his purely literary papers, with a Memoir by Professor Huxley, appeared soon after his death.

"Forbes was pre-eminently a naturalist," wrote Dr. W. A. Browne. "His attention had never been exclusively directed to any one of the natural sciences. He was equally a botanist, a zoologist, and a geologist from first to last. With a remarkable eye and tact for the discrimination of species and the allocation of natural groups, he combined the utmost delicacy in the perception of organic and cosmical relations. He possessed that rare quality so remarkable in the great masters of natural history, Linnæus and Cuvier — the power of availing himself of the labors of his brethren, not, as is too often the case, by appropriating their acquisitions, but by associating them voluntarily in the common labor. Entirely destitute of jealousy in scientific matters, he rather erred in overrating than in underrating the services of his friends. He was consequently as much beloved and confided in by his seniors in science as by the youngest naturalists of his acquaintance."

THE CATERPILLAR STATE OF MAN.

What is the peculiarity of bachelorhood? It is the yearning after love returned, the craving for marriage, the longing for woman's companionship. Surround a

bachelor with every possible comfort; give him the roomiest of bedchambers, the most refreshing of couches, the largest of sponging-baths; cover his breakfast with the whitest of tablecloths; make his tea with hottest of boiling water, envelop his body with the most comfortable of dressing-gowns, and his feet in the easiest of slippers; feed him among the luxuries and comforts of the snuggest of clubs; do all these things and more for him, and he will nevertheless be unhappy. He mopes and ponders and dreams about love and marriage. His imagination calls up shadow-wives, and he fancies himself a Benedict. In his dream he sees a fond and charming lady beside his solitary hearth, and prattling little ones climbing up his knees. He awakes to grow disgusted with his loneliness, and, despairing, vents his spleen in abuse of the very condition for which, waking and sleeping, he longs and pines.—*From Literary Papers.*

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF SCIENCE.

On Friday night I lectured at the Royal Institution. The subject was the bearing of submarine researches and distribution. I pitched into Government mismanagement pretty strong, and made a fair case of it. It seems to me that at a time when the country is starving, we are utterly neglecting, or grossly mismanaging, great sources of wealth and food. I have lately rummaged through every document, official and non-official, that can be laid hold of on this matter, and more wonderful blindness on the part of statesmen, etc., could not have been discovered. It happened that the night before my lecture the question rose accidentally in the House, and ministers and members displayed as much ignorance of the case as ever. Were I a rich man, I would make the subject a hobby, for the good of the country, and for the better proving that the true interests of government are those linked with and inseparable from science.—*From Letter to Professor Ramsay, May 17, 1847.*

DREDGING SONG.

Hurrah for the dredge, with its iron edge,
And its mystical triangle,
And its hided net with meshes set
Odd fishes to entangle!
The ship may move through the wave above,
Mid scenes exciting wonder,
But braver sights the dredge delights
As it roveth the waters under.
Then a-dredging we will go, wise boys!
Then a-dredging we will go.

Down in the deep, where the mermen sleep,
Our gallant dredge is sinking;
Each finny shape in a precious scrape
Will find itself in a twinkling!
They may twirl and twist, and writhe as they wist,
And break themselves into sections:
But up they all, at the dredge's call,
Must come to fill collections.
Then a-dredging we will go, wise boys!
Then a-dredging we will go.

The creatures strange the sea that range,
Though mighty in their stations,
To the dredge must yield the briny field
Of their loves and depredations.
The crab so bold, like a knight of old,
On scaly armor plated,
And the slimy snail, with a shell on his tail,
And the star-fish — radiated.
Then a-dredging we will go, wise boys!
Then a-dredging we will go.

FORD, JOHN, an English dramatist; born at Islington, Devonshire, April 6, 1586; died subsequent to 1639. He was of good family, his grandfather and father having attained legal eminence. At sixteen he was entered as a student at law at the Inner Temple, was called to the bar, and practised until past fifty, when he retired to his estate, and nothing further is recorded of him. He appears to have gained a competent fortune in his profession, so that he was able to write without regard to any pecuniary profit which he might gain from his dramas, and to disregard the prevailing taste of the theatre-goers of his time. Some of his dramas were produced in conjunction with others, especially with Rowley, Dekker, and Webster, and it is impossible to fix with certainty the respective shares of each. The titles of sixteen plays, wholly or in part by Ford, have been preserved, but several of these are not now known to be extant; some of them do not appear to have ever been printed. *Lover's Melancholy,* probably the earliest of Ford's dramas, was first acted in 1678; *'Tis Pity She's a Whore,* a powerful tragedy, was printed in 1633; *The Broken Heart,* upon the whole the best of Ford's dramas, was also printed in 1633, but both were probably produced upon the stage a little earlier; *The Lady's Trial* was acted in 1638, and printed in the following year. The first complete edition of Ford's works, edited by Weber, was published in 1811; in 1827 appeared an edition edited by Gifford; and in 1847 an expurgated edition was issued in "Murray's Family Library." Gifford's edition, revised by Dyce, with Notes and an Introduction (1869), is the

best. An Essay on Ford, by Algernon Charles Swinburne, was published among his *Notes and Essays* in 1875.

CALANTHA AND PENTHEA.

Cal.— Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.
Pen.— 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for.
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent:
For, by an inward messenger, I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.
Cal.— You feed too much your melancholy.
Pen.— Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length;
By varied pleasures sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue.
Cal.— Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?
Pen.— To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.
Cal.— Indeed,
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.
Pen.— That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.
Cal.— Speak, and enjoy it.
Pen.— Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix;
Heaven will reward your piety and thank it,

When I am dead: for sure I must not live.
Cal.—Now beshrew thy sadness;
Thou turn'st me too much woman.
Pen.— Her fair eyes
Melt into passion: then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was charactered; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
Cal.— Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.
Pen.— I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
Cal.— To whom that?
Pen.— To virgin wives; such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for ties of love
Rather than ranging of their blood; and next
To married maids; such as prefer the number
Of honorable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young.
Cal.— A second jewel
You mean to part?
Pen.— 'Tis my fame; I trust
By scandal yet untouched; this I bequeath
To Memory and Time's old daughter, Truth.
Cal.— How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.
Pen.— This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion, to employ
This gift as I intend it.
Cal.— Do not doubt me.
Pen.— 'Tis long ago, since first I lost my heart;
Long I have lived without it: but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love

Mine only brother Ithocles.
Cal.— What saidst thou?
Pen.— Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition,
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you!
Cal.— Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?
Pen.— First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will care, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption: as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service;
Yet this lost creature loves you.
Cal.— What new change
Appears in my behavior that thou darest
Tempt my displeasure?
Pen.— I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium; and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.
Cal.— You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.
Pen.— But remember
I am sister: though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, O most unkind.
Cal.— Christalla, Philema, where are ye? — Lady,
Your check lies in my silence. —*The Broken Heart.*

FORD, PAUL LEICESTER, an American novelist and historian; born at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 23, 1865; died at New York, May 8, 1902. He was privately educated, and in youth traveled in South America and in Europe. He edited *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson* (10 vols.); *The Writings of John Dickinson* (3 vols.) and other works relating to American history and bibliography. In 1894 he published *The Honorable Peter Stirling,* a novel of New York political life which became very popular. His subsequent works included *The True George Washington* (1896); *Bibliotheca Hamiltonia* (1897); *Franklin Bibliography* (1897); *The Story of an Untold Love* (1898); *Tattle Tales of Cupid* (1899); *Janice Meredith* (1899); *The Many-Sided Franklin* (1900); *Wanted — A Match Maker* (1901); *A Checkered Love Affair* (1902); and a posthumous work *Love Finds the Way* (1904). He also wrote *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery; The New England Primer; Wanted — A Chaperon;* and *Journals of Hugh Gaine: Printer.*

In 1898 Mr. Ford in an interview, told of the success of *Peter Stirling.* He said: "*Peter Stirling* was published late in the Fall of 1894. It lay on the shelves practically unsold for four months, and looked like a failure. One day I went into my publisher's, and, much to my surprise, he said: 'We're just getting ready to print a new edition of *Peter Stirling* and shall make a new set of plates.' 'I'm very glad to hear that,' I said. He went on: 'Look over these proofs and make any changes you want.' It was such a surprise to me that the next time I saw him I asked him

how it had happened that the book had jumped so suddenly in sales. And then it all came out. San Francisco was the place where *Peter Stirling* really started to sell. Without any warning an order came in from that city one day for 300 copies. The man that ordered them was A. M. Robertson, a bookseller of San Francisco, and they thought in the office that he must be crazy. (I remarked to my publisher when he told me this that that wasn't a high compliment for the book.) However, Robertson not only sold those 300 copies, but a little later ordered 300 more. It was afterward learned that he had happened to read the book and was so 'taken' with it that he made up his mind to sell those 300 copies before he did anything else in a business way. Then orders commenced to come in from Michigan and Wisconsin. Why from those States, no one knows to this day, but these are the facts. Meanwhile the book was not selling at all in Chicago or in New York. The demand in these and other cities did not start until *Peter Stirling* had pretty widely spread throughout the towns of the Middle West."

TALKATIVE MR. PIERCE.

Mr. Pierce was preparing to talk. Usually Mr. Pierce was talking. Mr. Pierce had been talking already, but it had been to single listeners only, and for quite a time in the last three hours Mr. Pierce had been compelled to be silent. But at last Mr. Pierce believed his moment had come. Mr. Pierce thought he had an audience, and a plastic audience at that. And these three circumstances in combination made Mr. Pierce fairly bubbling with words. No longer would he have to waste his precious wit and wisdom, *tête-à-tête,* or on himself.

At first blush, Mr. Pierce seemed right in his conjecture. Seated — in truth, collapsed, on chairs and

lounges, in a disarranged and untidy-looking drawing-room, were nearly twenty very tired-looking people. The room looked as if there had just been a free fight there, and the people looked as if they had been the participants. But the multitude of flowers and the gay dresses proved beyond question that something else had made the disorder of the room and had put that exhausted look upon the faces.

Experienced observers would have understood it at a glimpse. From the work and fatigues of this world, people had gathered for a little enjoyment of what we call society. It is true that both the room and its occupants did not indicate that there had been much recreation. But, then, one can lay it down as an axiom that the people who work for pleasure are the hardest-working people in the world; and, as it is that for which society labors, this scene is but another proof that they get very much fatigued over their pursuit of happiness and enjoyment, considering that they hunt for it in packs, and entirely exclude the most delicious intoxicant known — usually called oxygen — from their list of supplies from the caterer. Certainly this particular group did look exhausted far beyond the speech-making point. But this, too, was a deception. These limp-looking individuals had only remained in this drawing-room for the sole purpose of "talking it over," and Mr. Pierce had no walk-over before him.

Mr. Pierce cleared his throat and remarked: "The development of marriage customs and ceremonies from primeval days is one of the most curious and —"

"What a lovely wedding it has been!" said Dorothy, heaving a sigh of fatigue and pleasure combined.

"Wasn't it!" went up a chorus from the whole party, except Mr. Pierce, who looked eminently disgusted.

"As I was remarking —" began Mr. Pierce again.— *The Honorable Peter Stirling* (Copyright, 1894, by Henry Holt & Company.)

FORD, RICHARD, an English traveler and essayist; born at London in 1796; died at Heavitree, near Exeter, September 1, 1858. He was educated at Winchester and at Trinity College, Cambridge, studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar, but never entered into practice. In 1839 he went to Spain, where he resided several years. From 1836 to 1857 he was a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly Review,* his papers relating mainly to the life, literature, and art of Spain. He prepared Murray's *Hand-Book for Spain* (1845; rewritten and enlarged in 1855). He also wrote *Gatherings in Spain* (1848); and *Tauromachia, the Bull Fights of Spain* (1852). His descriptions of the country, people, and customs of Spain are the best extant works on the subject. He was well spoken of by his contemporaries.

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS IN 1840.

Since Spain appears on the map to be a square and most compact kingdom, politicians and geographers have treated it and its inhabitants as one and the same; practically, however, this is almost exclusively a geographical expression, as the earth, air, and morals of the different portions of this conventional whole are altogether heterogeneous. Peninsular man has followed the nature by which he is surrounded; mountains and rivers have walled and moated the dislocated land; mists and gleams have diversified the heavens; and differing like soil and sky, the *people,* in each of the once independent provinces, now bound loosely together by one golden hoop, the crown, has its own particular character. To hate his neighbor is a second nature to the Spaniard; no spick and span Constitution, be it printed on parchment or calico, can at once efface traditions and antipathies of a thousand

years; the accidents of localities and provincial nationalities, out of which they have sprung, remain too deeply dyed to be forthwith discharged by theorists.

The climate and productions vary no less than do language, costume, and manners; and so division and localism have, from time immemorial, formed a marked national feature. Spaniards may talk and boast of their *Patria,* as is done by the similarly circumstanced Italians, but like them and the Germans, they have the fallacy, but no real Fatherland; it is an aggregation rather than an amalgamation — every single individual in his heart really only loving his native province, and only considering as his fellow-countryman, *su paisano* — a most binding and endearing word — one born in the same locality as himself: hence it is not easy to predicate much in regard to "the Spains" and Spaniards in general which will hold quite good as to each particular portion ruled by the sovereign of *Las Espanas,* the plural title given to the chief of the federal union of this really little united kingdom. *Espanolismo* may, however, be said to consist in a love for a common faith and king, and in a coincidence of resistance to all foreign dictation. The deep sentiments of religion, loyalty and independence, noble characteristics indeed, have been sapped in our times by the influence of Trans-Pyrenean revolutions. Two general observations may be premised:

First, The people of Spain, the so-called lower orders, are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their betters, and in most respects are more interesting. The masses, the least spoilt and the most national, stand like pillars amid ruins, and on them the edifice of Spain's greatness is, if ever, to be reconstructed. This may have arisen, in this land of anomalies, from the peculiar policy of government in church and state, where the possessors of religious and civil monopolies, who dreaded knowledge as power, pressed heavily on the noble and rich, dwarfing down their bodies by intermarriages, and all but extinguishing their minds by inquisitions; while the people, overlooked in the obscurity of poverty, were allowed to grow out to their full growth like wild weeds of a rich soil. They, in fact, have long enjoyed,

under despotisms of church and state, a practical and personal independence, the good results of which are evident in their stalwart frames and manly bearing.

Secondly, A distinction must ever be made between the Spaniard in his *individual* and *collective* capacity, and still more in an *official* one. Taken by himself, he is true and valiant; the nicety of his *Pundonor,* or point of personal honor, is proverbial; to him, as an individual, you may safely trust your life; fair fame, and purse. Yet history, treating of these individuals in the collective, *juatados,* presents the foulest examples of misbehavior in the field, of Punic bad faith in the cabinet, of bankruptcy and repudiation on the exchange. This may be also much ascribed to the deteriorating influence of bad government, by which the individual Spaniard, like the monk in a convent, becomes fused into the corporate. The atmosphere is too infectious to avoid some corruption, and while the Spaniard feels that his character is only in safe keeping when in his own hands, and no man of any nation knows better then how to uphold it, when linked with others, his self-pride, impatient of any superior, lends itself readily to feelings of mistrust, until self-interest and preservation become uppermost. From suspecting that he will be sold and sacrificed by others, he ends by floating down the turbid stream like the rest: yet even official employment does not quite destroy all private good qualities, and the *empleado* may be appealed to as an individual.

FORSTER, JOHN, an English biographer, journalist, and historian; born at Newcastle, April 2, 1812; died at London, February 2, 1876. In 1828 he went to London and attended law classes, but devoted himself mainly to journalism and literary work, although he was formally called to the bar. He was successively editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Re-*

view, of the *Daily News,* succeeding Dickens, and of the *Examiner,* succeeding Fonblanque, holding this last position from 1847 to 1856. In 1861 he was appointed a Commissioner in Lunacy. In 1855 he married the wealthy widow of Henry Colburn, the publisher. For many years he was a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh, Quarterly,* and *Foreign Quarterly* Reviews. His biographical and historical works are numerous and valuable. The principal are *The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England* (1840); *Life of Goldsmith* (1848, greatly enlarged in 1854); *The Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.* and *Debates on the Great Remonstrance* (1860); *Sir John Eliot* (1864); *Life of Walter Savage Landor* (1868); *Life of Charles Dickens* (1871–74), and *Early Life of Jonathan Swift* (1875). This last work is the first volume of a complete biography of Swift, upon which he had been engaged for several years; but he died, leaving this work unfinished.

SWIFT AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his Deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of *Gulliver,* is broadly and intelligibly written. But as to all the rest, his life is a work unfinished; to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably required, where the whole of a career has to be considered to get at the proper comprehension of certain parts of it. The writers accepted as authorities for the obscurer portion of it are found to be practically worthless, and the defect is not supplied by the later and greater biographers. Johnson did him no kind of justice, because of too little liking for him; and Scott, with much hearty liking, as well as a generous admiration, had too much other work to do. Thus, notwithstanding noble passages in both memoirs, and Scott's pervading tone of healthy,

manly wisdom, it is left to an inferior hand to attempt to complete the tribute begun by these illustrious men.—*Preface to Life of Swift.*

THE LITERARY PROFESSION AND THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.

"It were well," said Goldsmith, on one occasion, with bitter truth, "if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy." The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith, after his fashion, very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that, on all occasions, to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it; but while Defoe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling Defoe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as *in forma pauperis* the rights of the English author.

Confiscation is a hard word, but after the decision of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne for encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name and the same inglorious meaning; for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Dr. Johnson argued, that it was to surrender a part for greater efficiency or protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every Continental country this

is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years; whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. The poet, the historian, the scientific investigator, do indeed find readers to-day; but if they have labored with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary, but the limited and constant nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public before they had the chance of remunerating the genius and the labor of their producers.

But though Parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress. There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which Parliament is but the inferior expression. The true remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim.—*Life of Goldsmith.*

FORSYTH, Joseph, a Scottish traveler and essayist; born at Elgin in 1763; died in 1815. He conducted for many years a classical seminary near London. In 1802 he set out upon a tour in Italy; in the next year he was arrested at Turin in pursuance of an order issued by Napoleon for the detention of all British subjects traveling in his dominions. He was not set at liberty until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. In the meantime he wrote

out the notes which he had prepared of his visit to Italy. This was published in 1812, under the title, *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters during an Excursion in Italy in the years 1802 and 1803.* The immediate object of the publication was to enlist the sympathies of Napoleon and of the leading members of the National Institute in his behalf. The effort was unsuccessful, and the author regretted that it had been made. The work has been several times reprinted; a fourth edition was issued in 1835, being brought down to that date by another hand.

THE ITALIAN VINTAGE.

The vintage was in full glow, men, women, children, asses, all were variously engaged in the work. I remarked in the scene a prodigality and negligence which I never saw in France. The grapes dropped unheeded from the panniers, and hundreds were left unclipped on the vines. The vintagers poured on us as we passed the richest ribaldry of the Italian language, and seemed to claim from Homer's old *vindemiator* a prescriptive right to abuse the traveler.

THE COLOSSEUM IN 1803.

A colossal taste gave rise to the Colosseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary; for though hundreds could enter at once and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for room, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* and *metopes,* and its arch is too

low for its columns; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric; the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants; the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third in pilasters; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Happily for the Colosseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring; popes widened the breach; and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana,* are already demolished; the *arena,* the *podium,* are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres.

Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says "No." Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash the blood which a few hours' sport shed in the imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave

the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, these ladies sat down in the wet and steaming *arenæ* to a luxurious supper! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands the Colosseum is a striking image of Rome itself — decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand — half-gray, and half-green — erect on one side, and falling on the other; with consecrated ground in its bosom — inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meeting here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. "In contemplating antiquities," says Livy, "the mind itself becomes antique." It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.

FORTUNE, ROBERT, an English naturalist and traveler; born near Berwick-on-Tweed, September 16, 1813; died in Scotland, April 16, 1880. He was trained as a horticulturist; was employed in the botanical gardens of Edinburgh, where he attended the lectures in the University. He was afterward employed in the botanical gardens at Chiswick, near London, and in 1843 was appointed by the London Horticultural Society to collect plants in China, the ports of which had just been thrown open to Europeans. Upon his return he published *Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China.* In 1848 he was sent to China by the East India Company to investigate the mode of cultivation of the tea plant, collect seeds, and introduce its culture into Northern India. Upon his return to Great Britain he published *Two Visits to the Tea Countries*

of China (1852). Subsequently he made a third visit to China, of which he gave an account in his *Residence Among the Chinese, Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea* (1857). In 1857 he was deputed by the United States Patent Office to visit China to collect seeds of the tea-shrub and other plants. He was absent two years, and collected and shipped to the United States the seeds of a large number of plants. In 1863 he published, in London, *Yeddo and Pekin.*

CHINESE THIEVES.

About two in the morning I was awakened by a loud yell from one of my servants, and I suspected at once that we had had a visit from thieves, for I had frequently heard the same sound before. Like the cry one hears at sea when a man has fallen overboard, this alarm can never be mistaken when once it has been heard. Before I had time to inquire what was wrong, one of my servants and two of the boatmen plunged into the canal and pursued the thieves. Thinking that we had only lost some cooking utensils, or things of little value that might have been lying outside the boat, I gave myself no uneasiness about the matter, and felt much inclined to go to sleep again. But my servant, who returned almost immediately, awoke me most effectually. "I fear," said he, opening my door, "the thieves have been inside the boat, and have taken away some of your property." "Impossible," said I; "they cannot have been here." "But look," he replied; "a portion of the side of your boat under the window has been lifted out."

Turning to the place indicated by my servant I could see, although it was quite dark, that there was a large hole in the side of the boat not more than three feet from where my head had been lying. At my right hand, and just under the window, the trunk used to stand in which I was in the habit of keeping my papers, money, and other valuables. On the first suspicion that I was the victim, I stretched out my hand in the dark to feel

if this was safe. Instead of my hand resting on the top of the trunk, as it had been accustomed to do, it went down to the floor of the boat, and then I knew for the first time that the trunk was gone. At the same moment, my servant, Tung-a, came in with a candle, and confirmed what I had just made out in the dark. The thieves had done their work well — the boat was empty. My money, amounting to more than one hundred Shanghæ dollars, my accounts, and other papers — all, all were gone. The rascals had not even left me the clothes I had thrown off when I went to bed.

But there was no time to lose; and in order to make every effort to catch the thieves, or at least get back a portion of my property, I jumped into the canal, and made for the bank. The tide had now risen, and instead of finding only about two feet of water — the depth when we went to bed — I now sank up to the neck, and found the stream very rapid. A few strokes with my arms soon brought me into shallow water and to the shore. Here I found the boatmen rushing about in a frantic manner, examining with a lantern the bushes and indigo vats on the banks of the canal, but all they had found was a few Manila cheroots which the thieves had dropped, apparently in their hurry. A watchman with his lantern and two or three stragglers, hearing the noise we made, came up and inquired what was wrong; but when asked whether they had seen anything of the thieves, shook their heads, and professed the most profound ignorance. I returned in no comfortable frame of mind to my boat.

It was a serious business for me to lose so much money, but that part of the matter gave me the least uneasiness. The loss of my accounts, journals, drawings, and numerous memoranda I had been making during three years of travel, which it was impossible for any one to replace, was of far greater importance. I tried to reason philosophically upon the matter; to persuade myself that as the thing could not be helped now, it was no use being vexed with it; that in a few years it would not signify much either to myself or any one else whether I had been

robbed or not; but all this fine reasoning would not do.—*Residence Among the Chinese.*

FOSCOLO, Niccolo Ugo, an Italian poet; born at Zante, January 26, 1778; died at Turnham Green, near London, October 10, 1827. Upon the death of his father, a physician at Spoleto, the family removed to Venice. Foscolo went to the University of Padua, where he made himself master of ancient Greek — modern Greek being his vernacular tongue. At the age of nineteen he produced his tragedy of *Tieste,* which was received with some favor at Venice. He had already begun to take part in the stormy political disputes growing out of the overthrow of the Venetian State. He addressed an adulatory Ode to Bonaparte, from whom he hoped not merely the overthrow of the Venetian oligarchy, but the establishment of a free Republic. Notwithstanding that in the autumn of 1797 Venice was by treaty made over to Austria, he adhered to the French side, and when the hostilities again broke out between France and Austria he joined the French army, and was among those who were made prisoners at the taking of Genoa in 1800. After his release he took up his residence at Milan, where in 1807 he wrote the *Carme mi Sepolcri,* the best of his poems, which reads like an effort to seek refuge in the past from the misery of the present and the darkness of the future. In 1809 he received the appointment of Professor of Italian Eloquence at the University of Pavia; but this professorship was before long abolished by Napoleon.

After many vicissitudes, in 1816 he went to England, which was thereafter his home. He entered upon a strictly literary life, contributed to reviews upon Italian subjects, and in 1821 wrote in English his essays upon Petrarch and Dante, which brought him fame and money; but his irregular way of life involved him in constant pecuniary straits. In 1871, forty-four years after his death, his remains were removed to Florence, and deposited in the magnificent church of Santa Croce, Italy's Westminster Abbey. Italians place the name of Foscolo high upon the list of their great writers. Next to Alfieri he has perhaps contributed more than any other Italian writer to free the literature of his language of the pedantries and affectations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THE SEPULCHRES.

Beneath the cypress shade, or sculptured urn
By fond tears watered, is the sleep of death
Less heavy? When for me the sun no more
Shall shine on earth, and bless with genial beams
This beauteous race of beings animate —
When bright with flattering hues, the future hours
No longer dance before me, and I hear
No more the magic of thy dulcet verse,
Nor the sad, gentle harmony it breathes —
When mute within my breast the inspiring voice
Of youthful Poesy and Love, sole light
To this my wandering life — what guerdon then
For vanished years will be the marble, reared
To mark my dust amid the countless throng
Wherewith Death widely strews the land and sea?
And thus it is! Hope, the last friend of man,
Flies from the tomb, and dim Forgetfulness
Wraps in its rayless night all mortal things.
Change after change, unfelt, unheeded, takes
Its tribute — and o'er man, his sepulchres,

His being's lingering traces, and the relics
Of earth and heaven, Time in mockery treads.
Yet why hath man, from immemorial years,
Yearned for the illusive power which may retain
The parted spirit on life's threshold still?
Doth not the buried live, e'en though to him
The day's enchanted melody is mute,
If yet fond thoughts and tender memories
He wake in friendly breasts? O, 'tis from heaven,
This sweet communion of abiding love!
A boon celestial! By its charm we hold
Full oft a solemn converse with the dead,
If yet the pious earth, which nourished once
Their ripening youth, in her maternal breast
Yielding a last asylum, shall protect
Their sacred relics from insulting storms,
Or step profane — if some secluded stone
Preserve their names, and flowery verdure wave
Its fragrant shade above their honored dust.
But he who leaves no heritage of love
Is heedless of an urn — and if he look
Beyond the grave, his spirit wanders lost
Among the wailings of infernal shores;
Or hides its guilt beneath the sheltering wings
Of God's forgiving mercy; while his bones
Moulder unrecked of on the desert sand,
Where never loving woman pours her prayer,
Nor solitary pilgrim hears the sigh
Which mourning Nature sends us from the tomb. . . .
From the days
When first the nuptial feast and judgment-seat
And altar softened our untutored race,
And taught to man his own and others' good,
The living treasured from the bleaching storm
And savage brute those sad and poor remains,
By Nature destined for a lofty fate.
Then tombs became the witnesses of pride,
And altars for the young: — thence gods invoked
Uttered their solemn answers; and the oath
Sworn on the father's dust was thrice revered.
Hence the devotion, which, with various rites,

The warmth of patriot virtue, kindred love,
Transmits through the countless lapse of years.
Not in those times did stones sepulchred pave
The temple floors — nor fumes of shrouded corpses,
Mixed with the altar's incense, smite with fear
The suppliant worshiper — nor cities frown,
Ghastly with sculptured skeletons — while leaped
Young mothers from their sleep in wild affright,
Shielding their helpless babes with feeble arm,
And listening for the groans of wandering ghosts,
Imploring vainly from their impious heirs
Their gold-bought masses. But in living green,
Cypress and stately cedar spread their shade
O'er unforgotten graves, scattering in air
Their grateful odors; — vases which received
The mourners' votive tears. Their pious friends
Enticed the day's pure gleam to gild the gloom
Of monuments; for man his dying eye
Turns ever to the sun, and every breast
Heaves its last sigh towards the departing light,
There fountains flung aloft their silver spray,
Watering sweet amaranths and violets
Upon the funeral sod; and he who came
To commune with the dead breathed fragrance round
Like bland airs wafted from Elysian fields. . . .
Happy, my friend, who in thine early years
Hast crossed the wide dominion of the winds!
If e'er the pilot steered thy wandering bark
Beyond the Ægean Isles, thou heardst the shores
Of Hellespont resound with ancient deeds;
And the proud surge exult, that bore of old
Achilles's armor to Rhæteum's shore,
Where Ajax sleeps. To souls of generous mould
Death righteously awards the meed of fame;
Not subtle wit, nor kingly favor gave
The perilous spoils to Ithaca, where waves,
Stirred to wild fury by infernal gods,
Rescued the treasures from the shipwrecked bark.
For me, whom years and love of high renown
Impel through far and various lands to roam,
The Muses, greatly waking in my breast

Sad thoughts, bid me invoke the heroic dead.
They sit and guard the sepulchres; and when
Time with cold wing sweeps tombs and fanes to ruin,
The gladdened desert echoes with their song,
And its loud harmony subdues the silence
Of noteless ages.
Yet on Ilium's plain,
Where now the harvest waves, to pilgrim eyes
Devout gleams star-like an eternal shrine —
Eternal for the Nymph espoused by Jove,
Who gave her royal lord the son whence sprung
Troy's ancient city, and Assaracus,
The fifty sons of Priam's regal line,
And the wide empire of the Latin race.
She, listening to the Fates' resistless call,
That summoned her from vital airs of earth
To choirs Elysian, of heaven's sire besought
One boon in dying: — "O, if e'er to thee,"
She cried, "this fading form, these locks were dear,
And the soft cares of Love — since Destiny
Denies me happier lot, guard thou at least
That thine Electra's fame in death survive!"
She prayed, and died. Then shook the Thunderer's throne,
And, bending in assent, the immortal head
Showered down ambrosia from celestial locks,
To sanctify her tomb — Ericthon there
Reposes — there the dust of Ilus lies.
There Trojan matrons, with dishevelled hair,
Sought vainly to avert impending fate
From their doomed lords. There, too, Cassandra stood,
Inspired with deity, and told the ruin
That hung o'er Troy — and poured her wailing song
To solemn shades — and led the children forth,
And taught to youthful lips the fond lament;
Sighing, she said —
"If e'er the Gods permit
Your safe return from Greece, where, exiled slaves,
Your hands shall feed your haughty conqueror's steeds,
Your country ye will seek in vain! Yon walls,
By mighty Phœbus reared, shall cumber earth,

In smouldering ruins. Yet the Gods of Troy
Shall hold their dwelling in these tombs; —
Heaven grants
One proud, last gift — in grief a deathless name.
Ye cypresses and palms, by princely hands
Of Priam's daughters planted! ye shall grow,
Watered, alas! by widows' tears. Guard ye
My slumbering fathers! He who shall withhold
The impious axe from your devoted trunks
Shall feel less bitterly *his* stroke of grief,
And touch the shrine with not unworthy hand.
Guard ye my fathers! One day shall ye mark
A sightless wanderer 'mid your ancient shades:
Groping among your mounds, he shall embrace
The hallowed urns, and question of their trust.
Then shall the deep and caverned cells reply
In hollow murmur, and give up the tale
Of Troy twice razed to earth and twice rebuilt,
Shining in grandeur on the desert plain,
To make more lofty the last monument
Raised for the sons of Peleus. There the bard,
Soothing their restless ghosts with magic song,
A glorious immortality shall give
Those Grecian princes, in all lands renowned,
Which ancient Ocean wraps in his embrace.
And thou, too, Hector, shalt the meed receive
Of pitying tears, where'er the patriot's blood
Is prized or mourned, so long as yonder sun
Shall roll in Heaven, and shine on human woe."

—*Translation in American Quarterly Review.*

FOSDICK, CHARLES AUSTIN ("HARRY CASTLEMON"), an American novelist and writer of juvenile books; born at Randolph, N. Y., September 6, 1842. From 1862 to 1865 he served in the Federal navy, and after the Civil War adopted

literature as a profession. Besides contributions to periodicals he published over 50 books for boys including *The Gunboat Series* (1864–8); *Rocky Mountain Series* (1868–71); *Rod and Gun Series* (1883–4); *The Buried Treasure; The Steel Horse; Jack the Trader; The Houseboat Boys; Joe Wayring at Home; The Sportsman's Club; Afloat and Ashore;* and *The Roughing It Series.*

OLD DURABILITY.

I am called "Old Durability"; but for fear my name may prove misleading, and cause those of my readers who are not acquainted with me to fall into the error of supposing that I am a very aged article, I desire to say, at the outset, that I am only four years old, and that I have been in active service just sixteen months. During that time I have seen a world of excitement and adventure, and have performed some exploits of which any fly-rod might be justly proud. I have hooked, at one cast, and successfully landed, two black bass, weighing together eight and a quarter pounds; I have so often been dumped in the cold waters of mountain lakes and streams that it is a wonder my ferrules were not rusted out long ago; I have been dragged about among snags and lily-pads, by enraged trout, pickerel and bass; I have been stolen from my lawful owner, been kept a prisoner by boys and tramps who either could not or would not take care of me, and one of my joints has been broken. Of course, I was skillfully patched up, but, like the man whose arm has been fractured, I am not quite as good as I used to be, and am reluctant to exert all my strength for fear that I shall break again in the same place. I can't throw a fly as far as I could when I took my finest string of trout in front of the "sportsmen's home" at Indian Lake, and when I am called upon to make the attempt, my ferrules groan and creak as if they were about to give away and let me fall to pieces. For this my master laid me up in ordinary (that is what sailors say of a war vessel when she goes out of commission,

and is laid up in port to remain idle there until her services are needed again), saying, as he did so, that my days of usefulness were over, but that he would keep me for the good I had done.

After having led an active life among the hills, lakes and forest streams almost ever since I could remember, you may be sure that I did not relish treatment of this sort. After doing my level best for my master, and landing more than one fish for him that he ought to have lost because he handled me so awkwardly — after going with him through some of the most exciting scenes of his life, and submitting to treatment that would have used up almost any other rod, must I be laid upon the shelf in a dark closet and left to my gloomy reflections, while a new favorite accompanied my master to the woods, caught the trout for his dinner, slept under his blanket, and listened to the thrilling and amusing stories that were told around the camp-fire? I resolved to prevent it, if I could; so when my master took me out of my case one day to assist him in catching a muskalonge he had seen in the lake back of his father's house, I nerved myself to do valiant battle, hoping to show him that there was plenty of good hard work left in me, if he only knew how to bring it out.

The muskalonge, which was lurking in the edge of the lily-pads ready to pounce upon the first unwary fish that approached his lair, took the frog that was on the hook at the very first cast, and then began the hardest struggle of my life. My rheumatic joints complained loudly as the heavy fish darted up and down the lake, and then dove to the bottom in his mad efforts to escape, but I held on the best I knew how until he leaped full length out of the water, and tried to shake the hook from his mouth; then I was ready to give up the contest. He was the largest fish I ever saw.

"Scotland's a burning!" exclaimed Joe. "Isn't he a beauty? If this old rod was as good as he used to be, wouldn't I have a prize in a few minutes from now?"

I ought to have told you before that my master's name is Joe Wayring; and a right good boy he is, too, as you will find before my story is ended. Nearly all

the young fellows of my acquaintance, and I know some of the best there are in the country, have some favorite word or expression which always rises to their lips whenever they are surprised, excited or angry, and the words I have just quoted are the ones Joe always used under such circumstances. No matter how exasperated he was you never could get anything stronger out of him.

I will not dwell upon the particulars of that fight (my joints ache yet whenever I think of it), for I set out to talk about other matters. It will be enough to say that I held fast to the fish until he became exhausted and was drawn through the lily-pads to the bank; then the gaff-hook came to my assistance, and he was safely landed. He was a monster. I afterward learned that he weighed a trifle over nineteen pounds. Wasn't that something of an exploit for an eight ounce rod who had been threatened with the retired list on account of supposed disability? I was so nearly doubled up by the long-continued strain that had been brought to bear upon me, that when my master threw me down on the ground while he gave his prize his quietus with the heavy handle of the gaff-hook, I could not immediately straighten out again, as every well-conditioned rod is expected to do under similar circumstances.

"Why, what in the world have you got there?" cried Joe's mother, as the boy entered the kitchen, carrying me in one hand and dragging the fish after him with the other. She seemed to be a little afraid of the young fisherman's prize, and that was hardly to be wondered at, for his mouth was open, and it was full of long, sharp teeth.

"It's the biggest muskalonge that was ever caught in this lake," replied Joe, as he laid me down upon a chair and took both hands to deposit his fish upon the table. "Didn't he fight, though? I say, Uncle Joe," he added, addressing himself to a dignified gentleman in spectacles, who just then came into the room with the morning's paper in his hand, "I shall not need that new split bamboo you promised me for my birthday, though I thank you for your kind offer, all the same. This old

rod is good for at least one more summer on Indian Lake. There is plenty of back-bone left in him yet."

Uncle Joe was a rich old bachelor and very fond of his namesake, Joe Wayring, on whom he lavished all the affection he would have given to his own children, if he had had any. He was an enthusiastic angler, a skillful and untiring bear and deer hunter, and he generally timed his trips to the woods and mountains so that Joe and some of his particular friends could go with him.

"He is the most durable rod I ever saw," added my master.

"Well, then, call him 'Old Durability,'" suggested Uncle Joe.

The boy said he thought that name would just suit me, and from that day to this I have been known by every one who is acquainted with me as "Old Durability."—*Joe Wayring at Home.*

FOSS, SAMUEL WALTER, an American poet and librarian; born at Candia, N. H., June 19, 1858. He was graduated from Brown University in 1882, and for some years engaged in journalism. In 1898 he was appointed librarian of the Public Library at Somerville, Mass. His published works include: *Back Country Poems* (1894); *Whiffs from Wild Meadows* (1895); *Dreams in Homespun* (1897); and *Songs of War and Peace* (1898). He contributed a large number of humorous verses to the *Yankee Blade,* a Boston newspaper; and these were widely quoted throughout the United States. He soon became known as one of the most popular of newspaper poets.

THE OX TEAM.

I sit upon my ox team, calm,
  Beneath the lazy sky,
And crawl contented through the land
  And let the world go by.
The thoughtful ox has learned to wait
  And nervous impulse smother
And ponder long before he puts
  One foot before the other.

And men with spanking teams pass by
  And dash upon their way
As if it were their hope to find
  The world's end in a day.
And men dash by in palace cars;
  On me dark frowns they cast
As the lightning driven Present frowns
  Upon the slow old Past.

Why do they chase, these men of steam,
  Their smoke flags wide unfurled,
Pulled by the roaring fire fiend
  That shakes the reeling world?
What do ye seek, ye men of steam,
  So wild and mad you press?
Is this — is this the railroad line
  That leads to happiness?

And when you've swept across the day
  And dashed across the night
Is there some station through the hills
  Where men can find delight?
Ah, toward the depot of Content,
  Where no red signals stream,
I go by ox team just as quick
  As you can go by steam!

CANADA AND UNCLE SAM.

Fair Canada, a maiden sweet,
As those with roses at their feet,
Stands half-reluctant — cold, but fair —
The gleaming snow-flakes in her hair,
Behind her stream in frosty nights
Her ribbons of the Northern Lights,
Her cape the winds flow free and far
Is fastened with the Polar Star;
The Pleiades are diamonds fair
With which she pins her streaming hair,
And thus with frost-kissed cheek of rose
Stands the fair Maiden of the Snows.

And Uncle Sam has turned his eyes
Toward those blushing northern skies,
And the coy, shivering beauty there
Seems very sweet and very fair.
But he is patient and will abide
Until she comes a willing bride.
And the old mother o'er the sea
Shall give her daughter willingly.
She need not through the coming years
Stand sobbing, weeping frozen tears,
But though she pouts and turns away
He'll wait for her to name the day.

— *Yankee Blade.*

LIFE.

And all lives are a poem; some wild and cyclonic,
With verses of cynical bluster Byronic;
And some still flow on in perpetual benison,
As perfect and smooth as a stanza of Tennyson;
And some find huge bowlders their currents to hinder,
And are broken and bent like the poems of Pindar;
And some a deep base of proud music are built on,
The calm ocean swell of the epic of Milton;
And some rollic on with a freedom completer

In Whitman's chaotic, tumultuous meter.
But most lives are mixed, like Shakespearean dramas,
Where the king speaks heroics, the idiot stammers,
Where the old man gives counsel, the young man loves hotly,
Where the king wears his crown and the fool wears his motley,
Where the lord treads his hall and the peasant his heather —
And in the fifth act they all exit together —
And the drama goes out with its pomp and its thunder,
And we weep, and we laugh, and we listen and wonder!

FOSTER, JOHN, an English essayist; born near Halifax, Yorkshire, September 17, 1770; died at Stapleton, October 15, 1843. In early life he was a weaver, but, having united with the Baptist Church at the age of seventeen, he studied for the ministry at the Baptist college at Bristol, and commenced his labors as a preacher in 1797. He preached lastly at Frome, where he went in 1804. Here he wrote his four notable essays, *On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself; On Decision of Character; On the Application of the Epithet Romantic;* and *On Some of the Causes by Which Evangelical Religion Has Been Rendered Less Acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste.* He became one of the principal contributors to the *Eclectic Review,* for which he wrote nearly two hundred articles during the ensuing thirteen years. In 1820 he wrote the last of his great essays, *On the Evils of Popular Ignorance.* For the last twenty-three years of his life, his labor was mainly that of preparing books for the press. Besides the writings al-

ready mentioned, Foster put forth two volumes of his *Contributions to the Eclectic Review.* After his death appeared two series of *Lectures Delivered at Bristol* (1844 and 1847), and an Introductory Essay to Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* (1847).

CHANGES IN LIFE AND OPINIONS.

Though in memoirs intended for publication a large share of incident and action would generally be necessary, yet there are some men whose mental history alone might be very interesting to reflective readers; as, for instance, that of a thinking man remarkable for a number of complete changes of his speculative system. From observing the usual tenacity of views once deliberately adopted in mature life, we regard as a curious phenomenon the man whose mind has been a kind of caravansary of opinions, entertained a while, and then sent on pilgrimage; a man who has admired and then dismissed systems with the same facility with which John Buncle found, adored, married, and interred his succession of wives, each one being, for the time, not only better than all that went before, but the best in the creation. You admire the versatile aptitude of a mind sliding into successive forms of belief in this intellectual metempsychosis, by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrines in their turn. And as none of those dying pangs which hurt you in a tale of India attend the desertion of each of these speculative forms which the soul has a while inhabited, you are extremely amused by the number of transitions, and eagerly ask what is to be the next, for you never deem the present state of such a man's views to be for permanence, unless perhaps when he has terminated his course of believing everything in ultimately believing nothing. Even then — unless he is very old, or feels more pride in being a skeptic, the conqueror of all systems, than he ever felt in being the champion of one — even then it is very possible he may spring up again, like a vapor of fire from a bog, and glimmer through new mazes, or retrace his course through half of those

which he trod before. You will observe that no respect attaches to this Proteus of opinion after his changes have been multiplied, as no party expect him to remain with them, or deem him much of an acquisition if he should. One, or perhaps two, considerable changes will be regarded as signs of a liberal inquirer, and therefore the party to which his first or second intellectual conversion may assign him will receive him gladly. But he will be deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason when it is found that he can adopt no principles but to betray them; and it will be perhaps justly suspected that there is something extremely infirm in the structure of that mind, whatever vigor may mark some of its operations, to which a series of very different, and sometimes contrasted theories, can appear in succession demonstratively true and which intimates sincerely the perverseness which Petruchio only affected, declaring that which was yesterday to a certainty the sun to be to-day as certainly the moon.

It would be curious to observe in a man who should make such an exhibition of the course of his mind the sly deceit of self-love. While he despises the system which he has rejected, he does not deem it to imply so great a want of sense in him once to have embraced it as in the rest who were then or are now its disciples and advocates. No; in him it was no debility of reason; it was at the utmost but a merge of it; and probably he is prepared to explain to you that such peculiar circumstances as might warp even a very strong and liberal mind attended his consideration of the subject, and misled him to admit the belief of what others prove themselves fools by believing.

Another thing apparent in a record of changed opinions would be, what I have noticed before, that there is scarcely any such thing in the world as simple conviction. It would be amusing to observe how reason had, in one instance, been overruled into acquiescence by the admiration of a celebrated name, or in another into opposition by the envy of it; how most opportunely reason discovered the truth just at the time that interest could be essentially served by avowing it; how easily the im-

partial examiner could be induced to adopt some part of another man's opinions after that other had zealously approved some favorite, especially if unpopular, part of his, as the Pharisees almost became partial even to Christ at the moment that he defended one of their doctrines against the Sadducees. It would be curious to see how a professed respect for a man's character and talents, and concern for his interests, might be changed, in consequence of some personal inattention experienced from him, into illiberal invective against him or his intellectual performances; and yet the railer, though actuated solely by petty revenge, account himself the model of equity and candor all the while. It might be seen how the patronage of power could elevate miserable prejudices into revered wisdom, while poor old Experience was mocked with thanks for her instruction; and how the vicinity or society of the rich and, as they are termed, great, could perhaps melt a soul that seemed to be of the stern consistence of early Rome into the gentlest wax on which Corruption could wish to imprint the venerable creed — "The right divine of Kings to govern wrong," with the pious inference that justice was outraged when virtuous Tarquin was expelled. I am supposing the observer to perceive all these accommodating dexterities of reason; for it were probably absurd to expect that any mind should in itself be able in its review to detect all its own obliquities, after having been so long beguiled, like the mariners in a story which I remember to have read, who followed the direction of their compass, infallibly right as they thought, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and doomed to slavery. It happened that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle.

On the notions and expectations of one stage of life I suppose all reflecting men look back with a kind of contempt, though it may be often with the mingling wish that some of its enthusiasm of feeling could be recovered — I mean the period between proper childhood and maturity. They will allow that their reason was then feeble, and they are prompted to exclaim: "What

fools we have been!" while they recollect how sincerely they entertained and advanced the most ridiculous speculations on the interests of life and the questions of truth; how regretfully astonished they were to find the mature sense of some of those around them so completely wrong; yet in numerous other instances what veneration they felt for authorities for which they have since lost all their respect; what a fantastic importance they attached to some most trivial things; what complaints against their fate were uttered on account of disappointments which they have since recollected with gaiety or self-congratulation; what happiness of Elysium they expected from sources which would soon have failed to impart even common satisfaction; and how certain they were that the feelings and opinions then predominant would continue through life.

If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest — where it had lain forgotten fifty years — a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would half lose the assurance of his identity under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.— *On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself.*

FOSTER, Stephen Collins, an American composer and song-writer; born at Allegheny, Penn., July 4, 1826; died at New York, January 13, 1864. His father was a merchant and served as Mayor of Allegheny City, and as a member of the

Pennsylvania State Legislature. His mother was a relative of President Buchanan. He received a fair education and at seventeen went to work in his brother's business house at Cincinnati. At thirteen he wrote *Sadly to My Heart Appealing,* and three years later, *Open Thy Lattice, Love,* which were much admired at the time. His next songs were *Old Uncle Ned* and *O Susannah,* for the latter of which he received $100. He then decided to adopt song-writing as a vocation, and produced a large number of simple melodies, the original words and harmonious music of which form a distinct type of ballad; and, while they do not entitle their author to high literary rank, they mark an epoch in popular music of a class that certainly possesses beauty and wholesome sentiment. About one-third of his one hundred and twenty-five songs are written in negro dialect, and his chief successes were songs written for negro minstrel shows. Foster's songs had a wide sale, *Old Folks at Home* alone bringing its author some $15,000. His later songs were characterized by a higher order of musical composition, and after his mother's death were tinged with melancholy. His most popular pieces were entitled *My Old Kentucky Home; Nellie Was a Lady; Old Folks at Home; Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground; Willie, We Have Missed You; Jennie With the Light Brown Hair; Gentle Annie; Old Dog Tray; Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming,* the latter one of the most pleasing quartets ever written.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'Way down upon de Swannee Ribber,
Far, far away —
Dar's whar my heart is turning ebber —
Dar's whar de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dare let me live and die!

One little hut among the bushes —
One dat I love —
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

FOTHERGILL, JESSIE, an English novelist; born at Manchester, June 7, 1856; died at London, July 30, 1891. She was privately educated and began writing short stories in her sixteenth year. In 1875 she published *Healey;* a romance, which was followed by *Aldyth* in 1876. Her first pronounced success in the field of fiction was *The First Violin* (1878); in which German life is most faithfully portrayed. Her later novels were: *Probation* (1879); *Kith and Kin* (1881); *Made or Married* (1882); *Borderland* (1886); *One of Three*

(1887); *The Peril* (1887); *Lasses of Laverhouse* (1888); *A March in the Ranks* (1890); and *Oriole's Daughter* (1891).

KAFFEEKLATSCH.

"*Phillis.* I want none o' thy friendship!
Lesbia. Then take my enmity!"

"When a number of ladies meet together to discuss matters of importance, we call it 'Kaffeeklatsch,'" Courvoisier had said to me on that never-forgotten afternoon of my adventure at Köln.

It was my first kaffeeklatsch which, in a measure, decided my destiny. Hitherto, that is, up to the end of June, I had not been at any entertainment of this kind. At last there came an invitation to Frau Steinmann and to Anna Sartorius, to assist at a "coffee" of unusual magnitude, and Frau Steinmann suggested that I should go with them and see what it was like. Nothing loath, I consented.

"Bring some work," said Anna Sartorius to me, "or you will find it *langweilig* — slow, I mean."

"Shall we not have some music?"

"Music, yes, the sweetest of all — that of our own tongues. You shall hear every one's candid opinion of every one else — present company always excepted, and you will see what the state of Elberthal society really is — present company still excepted. By a very strange chance the ladies who meet at a klatsch are always good, pious, virtuous, and, above all, charitable. It is wonderful how well we manage to keep the black sheep out, and have nothing but lambs immaculate."

"Oh, don't!"

"Oh, bah! I know the Elberthal *Klatscherei*. It has picked me to pieces many a time. After you have partaken to-day of its coffee and its cakes, it will pick you to pieces."

"But," said I, arranging the ruffles of my very best frock, which I had been told it was *de rigueur* to wear,

"I thought women never gossiped so much among men."

Fraulein Sartorius laughed loud and long.

"The men! *Du meine Güte!* Men at a kaffeeklatsch! Show me the one that a man dare even look into, and I'll crown you — and him too — with laurel, and bay, and the wild parsley. A man at a kaffee — *mag Gott es bewahren!*"

"Oh!" said I, half disappointed, and with a very poor, mean sense of dissatisfaction at having put on my pretty new dress for the first time only for the edification of a number of virulent gossips.

"Men!" she reiterated with a harsh laugh as we walked toward the Goldsternstrasse, our destination. "Men — no. We despise their company, you see. We only talk about them directly or indirectly from the moment of meeting to that of parting."

"I'm sorry there are no gentlemen," said I, and I was. I felt I looked well.

Arrived at the scene of the kaffee, we were conducted to a bedroom where we laid aside our hats and mantles. I was standing before the glass, drawing a comb through my upturned hair, and contemplating with irrepressible satisfaction the delicate lavender hue of my dress, when I suddenly saw reflected behind me the dark, harshly cut face of Anna Sartorius. She started slightly; then said, with a laugh which had in it something a little forced:

"We are a contrast, aren't we? Beauty and the Beast, one might almost say. *Na! 's schad't nix.*"

I turned away in a little offended pride. Her familiarity annoyed me. What if she were a thousand times cleverer, wittier, better read than I? I did not like her. A shade crossed her face.

"Is it that you are thoroughly unamiable?" said she, in a voice which had reproach in it, "or are all English girls so touchy that they receive a compliment upon their good looks as if it were an offense?"

"I wish you would not talk of my 'good looks' as if I were a dog or a horse!" said I, angrily. "I hate to be flattered. I am no beauty, and do not wish to be treated as if I were."

"Do you always hate it?" said she from the window,

whither she had turned. "*Ach!* there goes Herr Courvoisier!"

The name startled me like a sudden report. I made an eager step forward before I had time to recollect myself — then stopped.

"He is not out of sight yet," said she, with a curious look, "if you wish to see him."

I sat down and made no answer. What prompted her to talk in such a manner? Was it a mere coincidence?

"He is a handsome fellow, *nicht wahr?*" she said, still watching me, while I thought Frau Steinmann never would manage to arrange her cap in the style that pleased her. "But a *Taugenichts* all the same," pursued Anna as I did not speak. "Don't you think so?" she added.

"A *Taugenichts* — I don't know what that is."

"What you call a good-for-nothing."

"Oh."

"*Nicht wahr?*" she persisted.

"I know nothing about it."

"I do. I will tell you all about him some time."

"I don't wish to know anything about him."

"So!" said she, with a laugh.

Without further word or look I followed Frau Steinmann down-stairs.

The lady of the house was seated in the midst of a large concourse of old and young ladies, holding her own with a well-seasoned hardihood in the midst of the awful Babel of tongues. What a noise! It smote upon and stunned my confounded ear. Our hostess advanced and led me with a wave of the hand into the center of the room, when she introduced me to about a dozen ladies: and every one in the room stopped talking and working, and stared at me intently and unwinkingly until my name had been pronounced, after which some continued still to stare at me, and commenting openly upon it. Meanwhile I was conducted to a sofa at the end of the room, and requested in a set phrase, "*Bitte, fraulein, nehmen sie platz auf dem sofa,*" with which long custom has since made me familiar, to take my seat upon it. I humbly tried to decline the honor, but Anna Sartorius, behind me, whispered:

"Sit down, directly, unless you want to be thought an utter barbarian. The place has been kept for you."

Deeply impressed, and very uncomfortable, I sat down. First one and then another came and spoke and talked to me. Their questions and remarks were much in this style:

"Do you like Elberthal? What is your Christian name? How old are you? Have you been or are you engaged to be married? They break off engagements in England for a mere trifle, don't they? *Schrecklich!* Did you get your dress in Elberthal? What did it cost the *elle?* Young English ladies wear silk much more than young German ladies. You never go to the theater on Sunday in England — you are all *pietistisch.* How beautifully you speak our language! Really no foreign accent!" (This repeatedly and unblushingly, in spite of my most flagrant mistakes, and in the face of my most feeble, halting, and stammering efforts to make myself understood.) "Do you learn music? singing? From whom? Herr von Francius? *Ach, so!*" (Pause, while they all look impressively at me. The very name of Von Francius calls up emotion of no common order.) "I believe I have seen you at the proben to the 'Paradise Lost.' Perhaps you are the lady who is to take the solos? Yes! *Du lieber Himmel!* What do you think of Herr von Francius? Is he not nice?" (*Nett,* though, signifies something feminine and finikin.) "No? How odd! There is no accounting for the tastes of English women. Do you know many people in Elberthal? No? *Schade!* No officers? not Hauptmann Sachse?" (with voice growing gradually shriller), "nor Lieutenant Pieper? Not know Lieutenant Pieper! *Um Gotteswillen!* What do you mean? He is so handsome! such eyes! such a mustache! *Herrgott!* And you do not know him? I will tell you something. When he went off to the autumn maneuvers at Frankfort (I have it on good authority), twenty young ladies went to see him off."

"Disgusting!" I exclaimed, unable to control my feelings any longer. I saw Anna Sartorius malignantly smiling as she rocked herself in an American rocking-chair.

"How! disgusting? You are joking. He had dozens

of bouquets. All the girls are in love with him. They compelled the photographer to sell them his photograph, and they all believe he is in love with them. I believe Luise Breidenstein will die if he doesn't propose to her."

"They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"But he is so handsome, so delightful. He dances divinely, and knows such good riddles, and acts — *ach, himmlisch!*"

"But how absurd to make such a fuss of him!" I cried, hot and indignant. "The idea of going on so about a man!"

A chorus, a shriek, a Babel of expostulations.

"Listen, Thekla! Fraulein Wedderburn does not know Lieutenant Pieper, and does not think it right to *schwärm* for him."

"The darling! No one can help it who knows him!" said another.

"Let her wait till she does know him," said Thekla, a sentimental young woman, pretty in a certain sentimental way, and graceful too — also sentimentally — with the sentiment that lingers about young ladies' albums with leaves of smooth, various-hued note-paper, and about the sonnets which nestle within the same. There was a sudden shriek:

"There he goes! There is the Herr Lieutenant riding by. Just come here, *mein fraulein!* See him! Judge for yourself!"

A strong hand dragged me, whether I would or not, to the window, and pointed out to me the Herr Lieutenant riding by. An adorable creature in a Hussar uniform; he had pink cheeks and a straight nose, and the loveliest little model of a mustache ever seen; tightly curling black hair, and the dearest little feet and hands imaginable.

"Oh, the dear, handsome, delightful fellow!" cried one enthusiastic young creature, who had scrambled upon a chair in the background and was gazing after him while another, behind me, murmured in tones of emotion:

"Look how he salutes — divine, isn't it?"

I turned away, smiling an irrepressible smile. My musician, with his ample traits and clear, bold eyes, would have looked a wild, rough, untamable creature by the side

of that wax-doll beauty — that pretty little being who had just ridden by. I thought I saw them side by side — Herr Lieutenant Pieper and Eugen Courvoisier. The latter would have been as much more imposing than the former as an oak is more imposing than a spruce fir — as Glück than Lortzing. And could these enthusiastic young ladies have viewed the two they would have been true to their lieutenant; so much was certain. They would have said that the other was a wild man, who did not cut his hair often enough, who had large hands, whose collar was perhaps chosen more with a view to ease and the free movement of the throat than to the smallest number of inches within which it was possible to confine that throat; who did not wear polished kid boots, and was not seen off from the station by twenty devoted admirers of the opposite sex, was not deluged with bouquets. With a feeling as of something singing at my heart I went back to my place, smiling still.

"See! she is quite charmed with the Herr Lieutenant! Is he not delightful?"

"Oh, very; so is a Dresden china shepherd, but if you let him fall he breaks."

"*Wie komisch!* how odd!" was the universal comment upon my eccentricity. The conversation had wandered off to other military stars, all of whom were *reizend, hübsch,* or *nett.* So it went on until I got heartily tired of it, and then the ladies discussed their female neighbors, but I leave that branch of the subject to the intelligent reader. It was the old tune with the old variations, which were rattled over in the accustomed manner. I listened, half curious, half appalled, and thought of various speeches made by Anna Sartorius. Whether she were amiable or not, she had certainly a keen insight into the hearts and motives of her fellow-creatures. Perhaps the gift had soured her.

Anna and I walked home alone. Frau Steinmann was, with other elderly ladies of the company, to spend the evening there. As we walked down the Konigsallée — how well to this day do I remember it! the chestnuts were beginning to fade, the road was dusty, the sun setting gloriously, the people thronging in crowds — she

said suddenly, quietly, and in a tone of the utmost composure:

"So you don't admire Lieutenant Pieper so much as Herr Courvoisier?"

"What do you mean?" I cried, astonished, alarmed, and wondering what unlucky chance led her to talk to me of Eugen.

"I mean what I say; and for my part I agree with you — partly. Courvoisier, bad though he may be, is a man; the other a mixture of doll and puppy."

She spoke in a friendly tone; discursive, as if inviting confidence and comment on my part. I was not inclined to give either. I shrunk with morbid nervousness from owning to any knowledge of Eugen. My pride, nay, my very self-esteem, bled whenever I thought of him or heard him mentioned. Above all, I shrunk from the idea of discussing him, or anything pertaining to him, with Anna Sartorious.

"It will be time for you to agree with me when I give you anything to agree about," said I, coldly. "I know nothing of either of the gentlemen, and wish to know nothing."

There was a pause. Looking up, I found Anna's eyes fixed upon my face, amazed, reproachful. I felt myself blushing fierily. My tongue had led me astray; I had led to her: I knew it.

"Do not say you know nothing of either of the gentlemen. Herr Courvoisier was your first acquaintance in Elberthal."

"What?" I cried, with a great leap of the heart, for I felt as if a veil had suddenly been rent away from before my eyes and I shown a precipice.

"I saw you arrive with Herr Courvoisier," said Anna, calmly; "at least, I saw you come from the platform with him, and he put you into a drosky. And I saw you cut him at the opera; and I saw you go into his house after the general probe. Will you tell me again that you know nothing of him? I should have thought you too proud to tell lies."

"I wish you would mind your own business," said I,

heartily wishing that Anna Sartorius were at the antipodes."

"Listen!" said she, very earnestly, and, I remember it now, though I did not heed it then, with wistful kindness. "I do not bear malice — you are so young and inexperienced. I wish you were more friendly, but I care for you too much to be rebuffed by a trifle. I will tell you about Courvoisier."

"Thank you," said I, hastily, "I beg you will do no such thing."

"I know his story. I can tell you the truth about him."

"I decline to discuss the subject,' said I, thinking of Eugen, and passionately refusing the idea of discussing him, gossiping about him, with any one.

Anna looked surprised; then a look of anger crossed her face.

"You can not be in earnest," said she.

"I assure you I am. I wish you would leave me alone," I said, exasperated beyond endurance.

"You don't wish to know what I can tell you about him?"

"No, I don't. What is more, if you begin talking to me about him, I will put my fingers in my ears, and leave you."

"Then you may learn it for yourself," said she, suddenly, in a voice little more than a whisper. "You shall rue your treatment of me. And when you know the lesson by heart, then you will be sorry."

"You are officious and impertinent," said I, white with ire. "I don't wish for your society, and I will say good-evening to you."— *The First Violin.*

FOUQUÉ, Friedrich Heinrich Karl, Baron de la Motte, a German novelist, dramatist, and poet; born at Brandenburg, February 12, 1777; died at Berlin, January 23, 1843. Sprung from a noble family, he served in the wars of the French Republic and against Napoleon. Having been disabled for military service, he left the army in 1813, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. But before this he had been a voluminous author, writing mainly under the pseudonym of "Pellegrin." Toward the close of his life he lectured at Halle upon poetry and literature in general, and went to Berlin for the purpose of lecturing there, but died suddenly before commencing his lectures. His works in prose and verse, and dramas, are very numerous, the earliest appearing in 1804, and the latest being published in 1844 — the year after his death. Two years before his death he prepared a collection of his *Select Works* in twelve volumes. Of his tales, *The Magic Ring; Sintram;* and *Aslauga's Knight* have been translated into English, the last by Carlyle, in his *German Romance.* The most popular of Fouqué's works is *Undine,* first published in 1811, of which upward of twenty-five German editions have been published; and it has been translated into nearly every European language. Fouqué was thrice married.

HOW UNDINE CAME TO THE FISHERMAN.

It is now — the fisherman said — about fifteen years ago that I was one day crossing the wild forest with my goods, on my way to the city. My wife had stayed at home, as her wont is; and at this particular time for a very good reason, for God had given us in our tolerably

advanced age a wonderfully beautiful child. It was a little girl; and a question always arose between us whether for the sake of the new-comer we would not leave our lovely home that we might better bring up this dear gift of Heaven in some more habitable place. Well, the matter was tolerably clear in my head as I went along. This slip of land was so dear to me, and I shuddered when amid the noise and brawls of the city I thought to myself, "In such scenes as these, or in one not much more quiet, thou wilt soon make thy abode!" But at the same time I did not murmur against the good God; on the contrary, I thanked Him in secret for the new-born babe. I should be telling a lie, too, were I to say that on my journey through the wood, going or returning, anything befell me out of the common way; and at that time I had never seen any of its fearful wonders. The Lord was ever with me in those mysterious shades.

On this side of the forest, alas! a sorrow awaited me. My wife came to meet me with tearful eyes and clad in mourning. "Oh! good God," I groaned, "where is our dear child? Speak!" "With Him on Whom you have called, dear husband," she replied; and we entered the cottage together, weeping silently. I looked around for the little corpse, and it was then only that I learned how it had all happened.

My wife had been sitting with the child on the edge of the lake, and she was playing with it, free of all fear and full of happiness; the little one suddenly bent forward, as if attracted by something very beautiful on the water. My wife saw her laugh, dear angel, and stretch out her little hands; but in a moment she had sprung out of her mother's arms and sunk beneath the watery mirror. I sought long for our little lost one; but it was all in vain; there was no trace of her to be found.

The same evening we, childless parents, were sitting silently together in the cottage; neither of us had any desire to talk, even had our tears allowed us. We sat gazing into the fire on the hearth. Presently we heard something rustling outside the door; it flew open, and a beautiful little girl, three or four years old, richly

dressed, stood on the threshold smiling at us. We were quite dumb with astonishment, and I knew not at first whether it were a vision or a reality. But I saw the water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments, and I perceived that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and needed help. "Wife," said I, "no one has been able to save our dear child; yet let us at any rate do for others what would have made us so blessed." We undressed the little one, put her to bed, and gave her something warm. At all this she spoke not a word, and only fixed her eyes, that reflected the blue of the lake and of the sky, smilingly upon us.

Next morning we quickly perceived that she had taken no harm from her wetting, and I now inquired about her parents, and how she had come here. But she gave a confused and strange account. She must have been born far from here, not only because for the fifteen years I have not been able to find out anything of her parentage, but because she then spoke, and at times still speaks, of such singular things that such as we are cannot tell but that she may have dropped upon us from the moon. She talks of golden castles, of crystal domes, and heaven knows what besides. The story that she told with most distinctness was, that she was out in a boat with her mother on the great lake, and fell into the water; and that she only recovered her senses here under the trees, where she felt herself quite happy on the merry shore.

We had still a great misgiving and perplexity weighing on our hearts. We had indeed soon decided to keep the child we had found, and to bring her up in the place of our lost darling; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized or not? She herself could give us no information on the matter. She generally answered our questions by saying that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory, and that she was ready to let us do with her whatever would tend to His honor and glory.

My wife and I thought that if she were not baptized there was no time for delay, and that if she were a good thing could not be repeated too often. And in pursu-

ance of this idea we reflected upon a good name for the child, for we were often at a loss to know what to call her. We agreed at last that "Dorothea" would be the most suitable for her, for I had once heard that it meant a "gift of God," and she had been sent to us by God as a gift and comfort in our misery. She, on the other hand, would not hear of this, and told us that she thought she had been called Undine by her parents, and that Undine she wished still to be called. Now this appeared to me a heathenish name, not to be found in any calendar, and I took counsel therefore of a priest in the city. He also would not hear of the name Undine; but at my earnest request he came with me through the mysterious forest in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage. The little one stood before us so prettily arrayed, and looked so charming, that the priest's heart was at once moved within him, and she flattered him so prettily, and braved him so merrily, that at last he could no longer remember the objections he had ready against the name of Undine. She was therefore baptized "Undine," and during the sacred ceremony she behaved with great propriety and sweetness, wild and restless as she invariably was at other times, for my wife was quite right when she said that it has been hard to put up with her. — *Undine.*

The Knight Huldbrand, to whom the old fisherman told this story, was married to Undine, the Water-sprite. After a while he becomes wearied with the strange ways of his always loving wife; and is betrothed to the proud and selfish Bertalda — who turns out to be the long-lost daughter of the old fisherman, having been saved by the water-spirits, and adopted by a nobleman and his wife. Undine mysteriously disappears, only to reappear at the close of the story.

THE MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF HULDBRAND.

If I were to tell you how the marriage-feast passed at the castle, it would seem to you as if you saw a heap

of bright and pleasant things, but a gloomy veil of mourning spread over them all, the dark hue of which would make the splendor of the whole look less like happiness than a mockery of the emptiness of all earthly things. It was not that any spectral apparitions disturbed the festive company; for, as we have told, the castle had been secured from the mischief by the closing up by Undine of the fountain in the castle courtyard. But the knight and the fisherman and all the guests felt as if the chief personage were still lacking at the feast; and that this chief personage could be none other than the loved and gentle Undine. Whenever a door opened the eyes of all were involuntarily turned in that direction, and if it was nothing but the butler with new dishes, or the cupbearer with a flask of still richer wine, they would look down again sadly, and the flashes of wit and merriment which had passed to and fro would be extinguished by sad remembrances. The bride was the most thoughtless of all, and therefore the most happy; but even to her it sometimes seemed strange that she should be sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green wreath and gold-embroidered attire, while Undine was lying at the bottom of the Danube, a cold and stiff corpse, or floating away with the current into the mighty ocean. For ever since her father had spoken of something of the sort, his words were ever ringing in her ear; and this day especially they were not inclined to give place to other thoughts. The company dispersed early in the evening, not broken up by the bridegroom himself, but sadly and gloomily by the joyless mood of the guests and their forebodings of evil. Bertalda retired with her maidens, and the knight with his attendants. But at this mournful festival there was no laughing train of attendants and bridesmen.

Bertalda wished to arouse more cheerful thoughts; she ordered a splendid ornament of jewels which Huldbrand had given her, together with rich apparel and veils, to be spread out before her, that from these latter she might select the brightest and the best for her morning attire. But looking in the glass she espied some slight freckles on her neck, and remembering that the

water of the closed-up fountain had rare cosmetic virtues, she gave orders that the stone with which Undine had closed it should be removed, and watched the progress of the work in the moon-lit court of the castle.

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort; now and then, indeed, one of the number would sigh as he remembered that they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. But the labor was far lighter than they had imagined. It seemed as if a power within the spring itself were aiding them in raising the stone. "It is," said the workmen to each other in astonishment, "just as if the water within had become a springing fountain."

And the stone rose higher and higher, and almost without the assistance of the workmen it rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But from the opening of the fountain there rose solemnly a white column of water. At first they imagined that it had really become a springing fountain, till they perceived that the rising form was a pale female figure veiled in white. She was weeping bitterly, raising her hands wailingly above her head, and wringing them as she walked with a slow and serious step to the castle building. The servants fled from the spring; the bride, pale and stiff with horror, stood at the window with her attendants. When the figure had now come close beneath her room it looked moaningly up to her, and Bertalda thought she could recognize beneath the veil the pale features of Undine. But the sorrowing form passed on, sad, reluctant, and faltering, as if passing to execution.

Bertalda screamed out that the knight was to be called; but none of the maids ventured from the spot, and even the bride herself became mute, as if trembling at her own voice. While they were still standing fearfully at the window, motionless as statues, the strange wanderer had reached the castle, had passed up the well-known stairs and through the well-known halls, ever in silent tears. Alas! how differently had she once wandered through them.

The knight, partly undressed, had already dismissed his attendants, and in a mood of deep dejection he was

standing before a large mirror, a taper was burning dimly beside him. There was a gentle tap at his door. Undine used to tap thus when she wanted playfully to tease him. "It is all fancy," said he to himself; "I must seek my nuptial bed." "So you must, but it must be a cold one," he heard a tearful voice say from without; and then he saw in the mirror his door opening slowly — slowly — and the white figure entered, carefully closing it behind her. "They have opened the spring," said she softly, "and now you must die."

He felt, in his paralyzed heart, that it could not be otherwise; but, covering his eyes with his hands, he said, "Do not make me mad with terror in my hour of death. If you wear a hideous face behind that veil, do not raise it, but take my life, and let me see you not." "Alas!" replied the figure, "will you not look upon me once more? I am as fair as when you wooed me on the promontory." "Oh, that it were so!" sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die in your fond embrace!" "Most gladly, my loved one," said she; and throwing her veil back, her lovely face smiled forth, divinely beautiful.

Trembling with love and with the approach of death, she kissed him with a holy kiss! but, not relaxing her hold, she kissed him fervently to her, and wept as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, and seemed to surge through his heaving breast, till at length his breathing ceased, and he fell softly back from the beautiful arms of Undine, upon the pillows of his couch — a corpse. "I have wept him to death," said she to some servants who met her in the antechamber; and, passing through the affrighted group, she went slowly out toward the fountain.— *Undine.*

THE BURIAL OF HULDBRAND.

The knight was to be interred in a village churchyard which was filled with the graves of his ancestors; and this church had been endowed with rich privileges and gifts both by his ancestors and himself. His shield and helmet lay already on the coffin to be lowered with it into the grave; for Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten had

died in the last of his race. The mourners began their sorrowful march, singing requiems under the bright calm canopy of heaven. Father Heilmann walked in advance, bearing a high crucifix, and the inconsolable Bertalda followed, supported by her aged father.

Suddenly in the midst of the black-robed attendants in the widow's train, a snow-white figure was seen, closely veiled, and wringing her hands with fervent sorrow. Those near whom she moved felt a secret dread, and retreated either backward or to the side, increasing by their movements the alarm of the others near to whom the white stranger was now advancing; and thus a confusion in the funeral train was well-nigh beginning. Some of the military escort were so daring as to address the figure, and to attempt to move it from the procession; but she seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing with slow and solemn step. At length, in consequence of the continued shrinking of the attendants to the right and the left, she came close behind Bertalda. The figure now moved so slowly that the widow did not perceive it, and it walked meekly and humbly behind her undisturbed.

This lasted until they came to the church-yard, where the procession formed a circle around the open grave. Then Bertalda saw her unbidden companion, and starting up, half in anger and half in terror, she commanded her to leave the knight's last resting-place. The veiled figure, however, gently shook her head in refusal, and raised her hands as if in humble supplication to Bertalda, deeply agitating her by the action. Father Heilmann motioned with his hand, and commanded silence, as they were to pray in mute devotion over the body which they were now covering with the earth.

Bertalda knelt silently by, and all knelt, even the grave-diggers among the rest. But when they arose again, the white stranger had vanished. On the spot where she had knelt there gushed out of the turf a little silver spring, which rippled and murmured away till it had almost entirely encircled the knight's grave; then it ran farther, and emptied itself into a lake which lay by the side of the burial-place. Even to this day the inhabit-

ants of the village show the spring, and cherish the belief that it is the poor rejected Undine, who in this manner still embraces her husband in her loving arms. —*Undine.*

FOURIER, François Charles Marie, a French social economist; born at Besançon, Franche Comté, April 7, 1772; died at Paris, October 10, 1837. He was the son of a linen-draper, was educated in his native town, and when eighteen years old became a clerk in a mercantile house in Lyons. Later he obtained a position as traveling clerk in France, Germany, and Holland. In 1793 he commenced business in Lyons with the capital left him by his father; but when Lyons was pillaged by the army of the Convention he lost his property, and escaped death only by enlisting as a private soldier. At the end of two years he was discharged on account of ill health.

He had always disliked mercantile life, but there was no other way open to him, and he again became a clerk in a house, which employed him to superintend the destruction of a large quantity of rice that had been spoiled by being kept too long, in order to force prices up during a time of scarcity. This added to his disgust with commercial methods, and led him to devote himself to the study of social, commercial, and political questions, with a view to the prevention of abuses and the furtherance of human organization and progress. In 1799, believing that he had found a clew in "the universal laws of attraction," he applied himself to construct his theory of Universal Unity, on which he based his plans of practical association. His first

work, a general prospectus of his theory, was published in 1808 under the title of *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements et des Destinées Générales.* This theory, known as Fourierism, contemplates the organization of society into phalanxes or co-operative groups, each large enough for all social and industrial requirements, arranged according to occupations, capacities, and attractions, and living in common dwellings. It attracted little attention, and was soon withdrawn by its author from circulation. In 1822 he published two volumes of his work on Universal Unity, entitled *L'Association Domestique Agricole,* which appeared later as *La Théorie de l'Unité Universelle.* Besides containing a variety of speculations on philosophical and metaphysical questions, the work sets forth the author's theory and plans of association, involving many topics. The remaining seven volumes of the work were not then published. In 1829 Fourier issued an abridgment in one volume, entitled *Le Nouveau Monde Industrielle-et Sociétaire,* which attracted attention, and led to a negotiation with Baron Capel, Minister of Public Works, for an experiment of the plan of association. The revolution of 1830 destroyed Fourier's hopes in this direction, but his theories had gained numerous converts, and in 1832 *Le Phalanstère, ou La Reforme Industrielle,* a weekly journal, was established as an organ of the socialistic doctrines. A joint-stock company was formed, and an estate was purchased, with a view to a practical experiment of association. The community that had begun the experiment was soon dispersed for lack of money to carry it on. In 1835 Fourier published the first volume of a work entitled *False Industry, Fragmentary, Repulsive, and Lying, and the Antidote, a Natural,*

Combined, Attractive, and Truthful Industry, giving Quadruple Products. A second volume of this work was in press at the time of his death in 1837.

AFFINITIES IN FRIENDSHIP.

Affinities in friendship are then, it appears, of two kinds; there is affinity of character, and affinity of industry or action. Let us choose the word *action,* which is better suited to our prejudices, because our readers cannot conceive what is meant by an affinity in industry, nor how the pleasure of making clogs can give birth amongst a collection of men to a fiery friendship and a devotion without bounds. They will be able to form an idea of affinity of action, if we apply it to the case of a meal; this action makes men cheerful; but industrial action is much more jovial in harmony than a cheerful meal is with us. Numerous intrigues prevail in the most trifling labor of the harmonians; hence it comes that the affinity of action is to them as strong a friendly tie as the affinity of character. You will see the proof of this in the mechanism of the passional series, and you must admit provisionally this motive of the affinity of action, since we perceive even in the present day accidental proofs of it in certain kinds of work, where enthusiasm presides without any interested motive.

It seems, then, that Friendship, so extolled by our philosophers, is a passion very little known to them. They consider in Friendship only one of two springs — the spiritual, or the affinity of characters; and they regard even this only in its simple working, in the form of identity or accord of tastes. They forget that affinity of character is founded just as much upon contrast — a tie as strong as that of identity. An individual frequently delights us by his complete contrast to our own character. If he is dull and silent, he makes a diversion to the boisterous pastimes of a jovial man; if he is gay and witty, he derides the misanthrope. Whence it follows, that Friendship, even if we only consider one of its springs, is still of compound essence; for the single

spring of the affinity of character presents two diametrically opposite ties, which are: —

Affinity { *Spiritual, by identity.*
Spiritual, by contrast.

Characters that present the greatest contrasts become sympathetic when they reach a certain degree of opposition. . . . Contrast is as different from antipathy as diversity is from discord. Diversity is often a germ of esteem and friendship between two writers; it establishes between them a homogeneous diversity or emulative competition, which is in fact very opposite to what is called discord, quarreling, antipathy, heterogeneity. Two barristers, who have pleaded cleverly against each other in a striking cause, will mutually esteem each other after the struggle. The celebrated friendship of Theseus and Pirithous arose from a furious combat, in which they long fought together and appreciated each other's bravery.

The existing friendship has not, therefore, philosophical insipidities as its only source. If we may believe our distillers of fine sentiments, it appears that two men cannot be friends except they agree in sobbing out tenderness for the good of trade and the constitution. We see, on the contrary, that friendships are formed between the most contrasted as well as between identical characters. Let us remark on this head that contrast is not contrariety, just as diversity is not discord. Thus in Love, as in Friendship, contrast and diversity are germs of sympathy to us, whereas contrariety and discord are germs of antipathy.

The affinity of characters is, then, a compound and not a simple spring in Friendship, since it operates through the two extremes, through contrast or counter-accord as well as through identity or accord. This spring is therefore made up of two elements, which are identity and contrast.

If it can be proved (and I pledge myself to do it) that the other spring of Friendship, or affinity of industrial tastes, is in like manner composed of two elements which form ties through contrast and identity, it will re-

sult from it that Friendship, strictly analyzed, is composed of four elements, two of which are furnished by the spiritual spring in identity and contrast, and two furnished by the material spring in identity and contrast. Friendship is not, therefore, a passion of a compound essence, but of an essence bi-compounded of four elements.—*The Passions of the Human Soul.*

THE UNIVERSAL SIDEREAL LANGUAGE.

This is the place to usher on the stage the muse and the poetical invocations to the learned of all sizes. Come forth all ye cohorts, with all your -ologies and -isms — theologists of all degrees, geologists, archæologists, chronologists, psychologists and ideologists; you also natural philosophers, geometers, doctors, chemists, and naturalists; you, especially, grammarians, who have to lead the march figure in the advance guard, and sustain the first fire; for it will be necessary to employ exclusively your ministry during one year at least, in order to collect and explain the signs, the rudiments, and the syntax of the natural language that will be transmitted to us by the stars. Once initiated into this universal language of harmony, the human mind will no longer know any limits; it will learn more in one year of sidereal transmissions than it would have learnt in ten thousand years of incoherent studies. The gouty, the rheumatic, the hydrophobic, will come to the telegraph to ask for the remedy for their sufferings; one hour later, they will know it by transmission from those stars, at present the object of our jokes, and which will become shortly the objects of our idolatry. Each of the classes of *savans* will come in turn to gain the explanation of the mysteries which for three thousand years have clogged science, and all the problems will be solved in an instant.

The geometer who cannot pass beyond the problems of the fourth degree will learn the theory that gives the solutions of the twentieth and hundredth degrees. The astronomer will be informed of all that is going on in the stars of the vault, and of the milky way, and in the universes, whereof ours is only an individual. A hope-

less problem, like that of the longitudes, will be to him but the object of one hour's telegraphic communication; the natural philosopher will cause to be explained to him in a few moments his insoluble problems, such as the composition of light, the variations of the compass, etc.; he will be able to penetrate suddenly all the most hidden mysteries in organization and the properties of beings. The chemist, emancipated from his gropings, will know at the first onset all the sources and properties of gases and acids; the naturalist will learn what is the true system of nature, the unitary classification of the kingdoms in hieroglyphical relation with the passions. The geologist, the archæologist, will know the mysteries of the formation of the globe, of their anatomy and interior structure, of their origin and end. The grammarians will know the universal language, spoken in all the harmonized worlds, as well of the sidereal vault as of the planetary vortex which is its focus. The chronologist and the cosmogonist will know to a minute almost at what epoch the physical modifications took place. One morning of telegraphic sitting will unravel all the errors of Scaliger, of Buffon, and the rest. The poet, the orator, will have communicated to them the masterpieces that have been for thousands of years the admiration of those worlds refined in the culture of letters and of arts. Every one will see the forms and will learn the properties of the new animals, vegetables, and minerals that will be yielded to us in the course of the fourth and the following creations. Finally, the torrents of light will be so sudden, so immense, that the *savans* will succumb beneath the weight, as the blind man operated on for cataract flies for some days the rays of the star of which he was so long deprived.— *Passions of the Human Soul; translation of* MORELL.

FOWLER, Ellen Thorneycroft, an English novelist; born at Woodthorne, Wolverhampton, in 1869. She is a daughter of Sir Henry Hartley Fowler, formerly Secretary of State for India. She was educated in private schools, and began her literary career by writing poetry. She published *Verses Grave and Gay* in 1891, and *Verses Wise and Otherwise* (1895). She then wrote her first novel, *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* (1898), which met with immediate success. Over 50,000 copies of this book were sold in the United States within six months of its appearance. Her subsequent novels were: *A Double Thread* (1899); *The Farringdons* (1900); *Love's Argument* (1900); *Sirius, and Other Stories* (1901); *Fuel of Fire* (1902); *Peace and Power* (1903); and *Kate of Kate Hall* (1905). Miss Fowler's work is characterized by remarkable constructive skill and clear dramatic dialogue. She dedicates her first novel to her family thus:

> To Mine own People: meaning those within
> The magic ring of home — my kith and kin;
>
> And those with whom my soul delights to dwell —
> Who walk with me as friends, and wish me well;
>
> And lastly those — a large, unnumbered band,
> Unknown to me — who read and understand.

Miss Fowler's very successful novel, *Concerning Isabel Carnaby,* is a story of English society.

LORD ROBERT'S SHYNESS.

"You have no constitutional shyness to put aside, Lord Bobby," said Lady Farley; "so your sacrifice to the common weal is not so stupendous after all."

"How you misjudge me!" sighed Lord Robert. "It is ever my fate to be misjudged by my dearest and best! Shyness is my bane, my besetment; and it is only my exquisite unselfishness which enables me to overcome it as I do, in order to make other people happy by the uninterrupted flow of my improving conversation. And this is all the thanks I get."

"I suppose everybody feels shy sometimes," said Miss Carnaby.

"Not everybody," argued Lord Robert; "take my word for it, you never do."

"Yes I do, under certain circumstances."

"When? Do tell us," besought Violet Esdaile.

Isabel thought for a moment. "I am shy of people who make me feel things," she replied, slowly.

"Do you mean you feel shy of a man if you think he is going to make you an offer, or to pull one of your teeth out?" inquired Lord Robert, with friendly interest.

"Roughly speaking, yes."

"That's a pity! Because in either case it is sport to them, you see; so it is unfortunate if it is death to you."

Isabel smiled. "My dear Lord Bobby, how absurd you are! Now, perhaps, you will respond to my confidence, and tell us when you feel shy."

Bobby thought for a moment. "When my boots creak," he answered.

Everybody laughed. "It is no laughing matter, I can assure you," he continued. "I've got a pair now that make me feel as timid as an unfledged school-girl every time I put them on. I wore them to church only last Sunday, and they sung such a processional hymn to themselves all the way up the aisle, that by the time I reached our pew I was half dead with shame, and 'the beauty born of murmuring sound' had 'passed into my face;' but it wasn't the type of beauty that was becoming to me — it was too anxious and careworn for my *retroussé* style."

"Weren't your people awfully ashamed of you?" asked Isabel.

"There were none of them there except my mother, and she sat at the far end of the pew, and tried to look as if I were only a collateral."

"I wonder if your mother ever feels shy?" remarked Violet.

"Dreadfully, of her own maid. She has had her for a long time, and I believe that when a maid has had a right of way across your head for over seven years, she can do your hair in what style she likes and you may not interfere. That, I am told, is the law with regard to rights of way."

"Do you ever feel shy?" inquired Isabel of Mr. Kesterton.

"Only when I'm introduced to babies, and their mothers look as if they expected me to kiss them — to kiss the babies, I mean — not the mothers; that would not make me feel nearly so shy. I am always being godfather to the terrible little things, and giving them spoons; but I confine myself to the silver variety."

"Are you many godfathers?"

"That is what I am, Miss Carnaby. I am one husband, three fathers, nine grandfathers, and seventeen godfathers — thirty gentlemen in one, so ten times better than Cerberus. And what it costs me in presents is something fabulous."

Isabel turned to Lord Wrexham. "When are you shy?"

"Always. I invariably feel that I am boring people, and this makes me bore them all the more."

"And you, Uncle Benjamin?"

"When I go out shooting, my dear. I am a bad shot at best; and, knowing this, I am consequently generally at my worst."

"My governor is a first-rate shot," announced Lord Robert, proudly. "I know no young man who is equal to him; but I'm a poor hand at the job myself. Nowadays fathers shoot better than their sons, as a rule, I think — a proof of the decadence of the race. (That's a good sentence! I shall wait till you have all forgotten it, and then make use of it again.)—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

Joanna Seaton had an admirable sense of humor; and therefore always encouraged Martha when the latter was inclined, like the moon, to take up her wondrous tale, and relate the story of her earlier experiences.

"Your sister Eliza Ann must have been a woman of strong character," said Joanna, suggestively.

"Indeed she was, my dear, and no mistake. She was such a leading light in the Grampton circuit that it was considered due to her piety to ask her to do the cutting-out at the Dorcas meeting. But piety and cutting-out don't always go together, more's the pity!"

"I suppose they don't."

"Far from it. There was once great distress in Grampton, owing to bad trade coupled with a deep snow, and Brother Phipson gave a roll of cloth to make clothes for ragged little boys; Brother Phipson being a cloth merchant by nature and a circuit-steward by grace."

"It was very kind of him to give garments to the poor," said Joanna, approvingly.

"He was but an unprofitable servant, like the rest of us," sighed Martha. "When we have done all we can, our righteousness is but filthy rags hanging on barren fig-trees."

"Did your sister cut out all the little boys' clothes?"

"Well, it was in this way, miss. Eliza Ann was such a saint that it would not have been seemly for any other member of the congregation to do the cutting-out while she was present. So she was appointed to the work. But her mind was so full of the last Sunday evening's sermon, that she cut out all the trousers for the same leg."

Joanna laughed outright. "I suppose she was in a great way when she found out what she had done."

"Not she, my dear," replied Martha, somewhat reprovingly; "Eliza Ann was far too religious a woman to own to anybody but her Maker that she had been in the wrong."

"Then what did she do?"

"She said what she had done she had done for the best;

but it was always her fate to be misunderstood, so she supposed she must take it as her cross and not complain. She had endeavored not to let her left hand know what her right hand was doing, and this was the consequence. Oh! she was terribly hurt, was Eliza Ann — and no wonder! — when the young minister told her that, according to his ideas, trousers — like opinions — should not be one-sided. It was so painful, she said, when men reviled her and condemned her, after she had acted as she thought for the best."

"What was the end of it all?" Joanna asked.

"The end was, miss, that Brother Phipson heard what had happened, and gave another roll of cloth to make the other legs; so that all things worked together for good, and there was double the number of pairs that there would have been if the cutting-out had not been done by Eliza Ann."

"She really must have been a gifted person."

"Oh! Eliza Ann was a godly woman, and no mistake," confessed Martha, with pardonable pride; "and still is, I doubt not, a sea voyage having no power to change the human heart. But she was none too easy to get on with, when things were going smooth. Though I say it as shouldn't — being her sister — there were times when Eliza Ann's religion was trying to the flesh of them she had to do with."

"Did her husband think it so?" queried Joanna.

"Oh, my dear, what a question to ask! As if it mattered what he thought! Eliza Ann was far too sensible to allow him to give his opinion about anything. 'If you let a husband begin to pass remarks,' she used to say, 'it is the thin end of the wedge which in time will turn again and rend you.' So Eliza Ann avoided the first appearance of evil."

"But she was really good, you say?"

"Good, my dear? Of course she was good! Whoever thought anything different?" exclaimed Martha, who had never read Milton's line, "He for God only; she for God in him," and would have called it "rubbish" if she had. "I assure you, miss, Eliza Ann was not one to keep the outside of the cup and platter clean while the inside was

filled with ravening wolves and dead men's bones. Though she might be aggravating, as it were, in times of prosperity, in the day of adversity she never failed nor fell short."—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

FOX, CHARLES JAMES, an English statesman and orator; born at London, January 24, 1749; died at Chiswick, September 13, 1806. He was a son of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, who amassed a large fortune as Paymaster of the Forces, and showed himself the most indulgent of fathers. When the son was barely fourteen, his father took him to Bath, and was in the habit of giving him five guineas every night to play with. At this early age Fox contracted the habit of gambling, at which he made and lost several fortunes. After studying at Eton, he went to Oxford, but left College without taking a degree. He went to the Continent, in 1766. He returned to England in 1768, having been returned to Parliament for the "pocket borough" of Midhurst, and took his seat before he had attained his majority. Almost from the outset he assumed a prominent place in political affairs; and soon became acknowledged to be the most effective debater in Parliament, of which he was a member for one constituency or another during the remainder of his life. To write the life of Fox would be to write the political history of Great Britain for almost forty years. We touch only upon some of its salient points. He opposed the action of the Government toward the revolted American colonies; he supported proposals for Parliamentary reform; he

CHAS. JAMES FOX.

strove against the misgovernment of India, and was prominently associated with Burke in conducting the impeachment of Warren Hastings; he opposed the hostile attitude of Great Britain toward the French Revolution; he was for a score of years among the most earnest and persistent advocates of the abolition of the slave-trade.

Fox's fame rests mainly upon his unrivalled power as a Parliamentary orator and debater. A collection of his speeches in the House of Commons, in six volumes, was made in 1815. These, however, give no idea of his power as an orator. He never wrote his speeches, and rarely, if ever, even revised the reports made of them. The speeches, as published, are the abstracts made by the Parliamentary reporters without the aid of stenography. A great part of them profess to be only minutes of the leading points. Some of them — especially the later ones — seem to be tolerably full. The earliest of these parliamentary speeches was delivered January 9, 1770; the last June 10, 1806; the whole number is not less than five hundred. The last of these speeches, which is apparently reported nearly verbatim, is upon the Abolition of the Slave trade, which concludes thus:

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I do not suppose that there can be above one, or perhaps two, members of this House who can object to a condemnation of the nature of the trade; and shall now proceed to recall the attention of the House to what has been its uniform, consistent, and unchangeable opinion for the last eighteen years, during which we should blush to have it stated that not one step has yet been taken toward the abolition of the trade. If, then, we have never ceased to express our reprobation, surely the House must

think itself bound by its character, and the consistency of its proceedings, to condemn it now.

The first time this measure was proposed on the motion of my honorable friend [Mr. Wilberforce], which was in the year 1791, it was, after a long and warm discussion, rejected. In the following year, 1792, after the question had been during the interval better considered, there appeared to be a very strong disposition, generally, to adopt it to the full; but in the committee the question for its gradual abolition was carried. On that occasion, when the most strenuous efforts were made to specify the time when the total abolition should take place, there were several divisions in the House about the number of years, and Lord Melville, who was the leader and proposer of the gradual abolition, could not venture to push the period longer than eight years — or the year 1800 — when it was to be totally abolished. Yet we are now in the year 1806, and, while surrounding nations are reproaching us with neglect, not a single step has been taken toward this just, humane, and politic measure. When the question for a gradual abolition was carried, there was no one could suppose that the trade would last so long; and in the meantime we have suffered other nations to take the lead of us. Denmark, much to its honor, has abolished the trade; or, if it could not abolish it altogether, has at least done all it could, for it has prohibited its being carried on in Danish ships or by Danish sailors. I own that when I began to consider the subject, early in the present session, my opinion was that the total abolition might be carried this year; but subsequent business intervened, occasioned by the discussion of the military plan; besides which there was an abolition going forward in the foreign trade from our colonies, and it was thought right to carry that measure through before we proceeded to the other. That bill has passed into a law, and so far we have already succeeded; but it is too late to carry the abolition through the other House. In this House, from a regard to the consistency of its own proceedings, we can indeed expect no great resistance; but the impediments that may be opened in another would not leave sufficient time to accomplish it.

No alternative is therefore now left but to let it pass over for the present session; and it is to afford no ground for a suspicion that we have abandoned it altogether that we have recourse to the measure which I am about to propose. The motion will not mention any limitation, either as to the time or manner of abolishing the trade. There have been some hints, indeed, thrown out in some quarters that it would be a better measure to adopt something that must inevitably lead to an abolition; but after eighteen years of close attention which I have paid to the subject, I cannot think anything so effectual as a direct law for that purpose. The next point is as to the time when the abolition shall take place; for the same reasons or objections which led to the gradual measure of 1792 may occur again. That also I leave open; but I have no hesitation to state that with respect to that my opinion is the same as it is with regard to the manner, and that I think it ought to be abolished immediately. As the motion, therefore, which I have to make will leave to the House the time and manner of abolition, I cannot but confidently express my hope and confident expectation that it will be unanimously carried.

Mr. Fox, at the close of his speech, presented the following resolution. An extended debate ensued. Among those who spoke in favor of the motion were Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Windham. Among those who spoke against it were Lord Castlereagh, Sir William Young, and General Tarleton. The motion was carried, the vote being 114 yeas and 15 nays.

MR. FOX'S MOTION FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Resolved, That this House, conceiving the African slave-trade to be contrary to the laws of justice, humanity, and sound policy, will, with all practicable expedition, proceed to take effectual measures for abolishing the said trade, in such manner, and at such period, as may be deemed expedient.

This was the last public act performed by Charles James Fox. Within a week he became so seriously ill that he was forced to discontinue his attendance in Parliament.

Perhaps the best idea of Fox as an orator may be gained from his letter to the electors of Westminster, which, though not delivered orally, is in all respects a labored speech, prepared under circumstances which must have called forth his best powers. His course in 1792 in regard to the relations between the British Government and the French Republic occasioned bitter censures from almost every quarter. To explain his course, and to defend it, Fox addressed a long letter to his constituents, the electors of Westminster.

LETTER TO THE ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

To vote in small minorities is a misfortune to which I have been so much accustomed that I cannot be expected to feel it very acutely. To be the object of calumny and misrepresentation gives me uneasiness, it is true, but an uneasiness not wholly unmixed with pride and satisfaction, since the experience of all ages and countries teaches us that calumny and misrepresentation are frequently the most unequivocal testimonies of the zeal, and possibly the effect, with which he against whom they are directed has served the public. But I am informed that I now labor under a misfortune of a far different nature from these, and which can excite no other sensations than those of concern and humiliation. I am told that *you* in general disapprove of my late conduct; and that, even among those whose partiality to me was most conspicuous, there are many who, when I am attacked upon the present occasion, profess themselves neither able nor willing to defend me.

That your unfavorable opinion of me (if in fact you entertain such) is owing to misrepresentation, I can have no doubt. To do away with the effects of this misrep-

resentation is the object of this letter; and I know of no mode by which I can accomplish this object at once so fairly, and (as I hope) so effectually, as by stating to you the different motions which I made in the House of Commons in the first days of this session, together with the motives which induced me. [Here follow the statement and the justification.]

I have now stated to you fully, and I trust fairly, the arguments which persuaded me to the course of conduct which I have pursued. In these consists my defense, upon which you are to pronounce; and I hope I shall not be thought presumptous when I say that I expect with confidence a favorable verdict. If the reasonings which I have adduced fail of convincing you, I confess that I shall be disappointed, because to my understanding they appear to have more of irrefragable demonstration than can often be hoped for in political discussions. But even in this case, if you see in them probability strong enough to believe that, though not strong enough to convince you, they — and not any sinister or oblique motives — did in fact actuate me, I still have gained my cause; for in this supposition, though the propriety of my conduct may be doubted, the rectitude of my intentions must be admitted.

Knowing therefore the justice and candor of the tribunal to which I have appealed, I await your decision without fear. Your approbation I anxiously desire, but your acquittal I confidently expect. Pitied for my supposed misconduct by some of my friends, openly renounced by others, attacked and misrepresented by my enemies, to you I have recourse for refuge and protection. And conscious that if I had shrunk from my duty I should have merited your censure, I feel myself equally certain that by acting in conformity to the motives which I have explained to you, I can in no degree have forfeited the esteem of the City of Westminster, which it has so long been the first pride of my life to enjoy, and which it shall be my constant endeavor to preserve.

As an author, in the strict sense of the word, Fox is to be judged solely by his fragment of a *History of*

James II. This was written in 1797. He had evidently purposed to write a history of the entire reign of that monarch; but he brought it only through the first six months of that reign, ending with the execution (July 15, 1685) of the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II., and nephew of James. This fragment, must be regarded merely as an evidence of what Fox could have done as a historian.

EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

At ten o'clock on the 15th of July, 1685, Monmouth proceeded in a carriage of the Lieutenant of the Tower to Tower-Hill, the place destined for his execution. The two bishops [Turner and Kenn] were in the carriage with him, and one of them took the opportunity of informing him that their controversial altercations were not at an end; and that upon the scaffold he would again be pressed for explicit and satisfactory declarations of repentance. When arrived at the bar which had been put up for the purpose of keeping out the multitude Monmouth descended from the carriage, and mounted the scaffold with a firm step, attended by his spiritual assistants. The sheriffs and executioners were already there. The concourse of spectators was innumerable; and, if we are to credit traditional accounts, never was the general compassion more affectingly expressed. The tears, sighs, and groans which the first sight of this heart-rending spectacle produced were soon succeeded by an universal and awful silence; a respectful attention and affectionate anxiety to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the sufferer.

The Duke began by saying he should speak little; he came to die, and he should die a Protestant of the Church of England. Here he was interrupted by the assistants, and told that if he was of the Church of England he must acknowledge the doctrine of non-resistance to be true. In vain did he reply that if he acknowledged the doctrine of the Church in general, it included all. They insisted

he should own *that* doctrine particularly with respect to his case; and urged much more concerning their favorite point, upon which, however, they obtained nothing but a repetition in substance of former answers. He was then proceeding to speak of Lady Harriet Wentworth —of his high esteem for her, and of his confirmed opinion that their connection was innocent in the sight of God — when Goslin, the sheriff, asked him, with all the unfeeling bluntness of a vulgar mind, whether he was ever married to her. The Duke refusing to answer, the same magistrate, in the like strain, though changing his subject, said he hoped to have heard of his repentance for the treason and bloodshed which had been committed; to which the prisoner replied, with great mildness, that he died very penitent. Here the churchmen again interposed, renewing their demand of *particular* penitence and *public* acknowledgment upon public affairs. Monmouth referred them to the following paper, which he signed that morning: "I declare that the title of king was forced upon me, and that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world, I do declare that the late King told me he was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope the King who is now will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this fifteenth day of July, 1685.— Monmouth."

There was nothing, they said, in that paper about resistance; nor — though Monmouth, quite worn out with their importunities, said to one of them, in the most affecting manner, "I am to die, pray, my Lord, I refer to my paper"— would those men think it consistent with their duty to desist. There were only a few words they desired on one point. The substance of these applications on one hand, and answers on the other, was repeated over and over again, in a manner that could not be believed if the facts were not attested by the signatures of the persons principally concerned. If the Duke, in declaring his sorrow for what had passed, used the word *invasion*, "Give it the true name," said they, "and call it *rebellion*." "What name you please," replied the mild-tempered Monmouth. He was sure he

was going to everlasting happiness, and considered the serenity of his mind in his present circumstances as a certain earnest of the favor of his Creator. His repentance, he said, must be true, for he had no fear of dying; he should die like a lamb. "Much may come from natural courage," was the unfeeling and brutal reply of one of the assistants. Monmouth, with that modesty inseparable from true bravery, denied that he was in general less fearful than other men, maintaining that his present courage was owing to his consciousness that God had forgiven him his past transgressions, of all which generally he repented with all his soul.

At last the reverend assistants consented to join with him in prayer; but no sooner were they risen from their kneeling posture than they returned to their charge. Not satisfied with what had passed, they exhorted him to a *true* and *thorough* repentance: would he not pray for the King? and send a dutiful message to his Majesty to recommend the Duchess and his children? "As you please," was the reply; "I pray for him and for all men." He now spoke to the executioner, desiring that he might have no cap over his eyes, and began undressing. One would have thought that in this last sad ceremony the poor prisoner might have been unmolested, and that the divines might have been satisfied that prayer was the only part of their function for which their duty now called upon them.

They judged differently, and one of them had the fortitude to request the Duke, even in this stage of the business, that he would address himself to the soldiers then present, to tell them he stood a sad example of rebellion, and entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the King. "I have said I will make no speeches," repeated Monmouth, in a tone more peremptory than he had before been provoked to: "I will make no speeches: I come to die." "My Lord, ten words will be enough," said the persevering divine; to which the Duke made no answer, but turning to the executioner, expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russell. He then felt the axe, which he

apprehended was not sharp enough; but being assured that it was of proper sharpness and weight, he laid down his head. In the meantime many fervent ejaculations were used by the reverend assistants, who, it must be observed, even in these moments of horror, showed themselves not unmindful of the points upon which they had been disputing — praying God to accept his *imperfect* and *general* repentance.

The executioner now struck the blow, but so feebly or unskilfully, that Monmouth, being but slightly wounded, lifted up his head and looked him in the face, as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The two following strokes were as ineffectual as the first, and the headsman, in a fit of horror, declared that he could not finish his work. The sheriffs threatened him; he was forced again to make a further trial, and in two more strokes separated the head from the body. Thus fell, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, James, Duke of Monmouth, a man against whom all that has been said by the most inveterate enemies both to him and his party, amounts to little more than this — that he had not a mind equal to the situation in which his ambition, at different times, engaged him to place himself.— *History of James the Second.*

Besides the history as it thus concludes, there are a few short paragraphs evidently intended for a succeeding chapter. Of these the following is the longest:

PLANS OF JAMES II.

James was sufficiently conscious of the increased strength of his situation, and it is probable that the security he now felt in his power inspired him with the design of taking more decided steps in favor of the Popish religion and its professors than his connection with the Church of England party had before allowed him to entertain. That he from this time attached less importance to the support and affection of the Tories is evident from Lord Rochester's [Lawrence Hyde] observations, communicated afterwards to Burnet. This

nobleman's abilities and experience in business, his hereditary merit, as son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and his uniform opposition to the Exclusion Bill, had raised him high in the esteem of the Church party. This circumstance, perhaps, as much or more than the King's personal kindness to a brother-in-law, had contributed to his advancement to the first office in the state. As long, therefore, as James stood in need of the support of the party, as long as he meant to make them the instruments of his power and the channels of his favor, Rochester was in every respect the fittest person in whom to confide; and accordingly, as that nobleman related to Burnet, His Majesty honored him with daily confidential communications upon all his most secret schemes and projects. But upon the defeat of the rebellion an immediate change took place, and from the day of Monmouth's execution the King confined his conversation with the Treasurer to the mere business of his office.

In writing the *History of James II.*, Fox laid it down as a principle that he "would admit into the work no word for which he had not the authority of Dryden." Among the numerous works relating to Fox, the most notable is the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, edited by Lord John Russell (3 vols., 1854).

FOX, GEORGE, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers; born at Drayton-in-the-Clay, Leicestershire, England, in July, 1624; died at London, January 13, 1691. His father was a pious weaver, but too poor to give his son any education beyond reading and writing. He was apprenticed

to a shoemaker, but at the age of nineteen he abandoned this occupation, and for some years led a solitary and wandering life, preparing himself for the mission to which he believed himself divinely called. In his *Journal* he thus describes some of the visions which marked his spiritual career:

FOX'S VISIONS.

One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, "All things come by nature;" and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sat still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried: "There is a living God who made all things." And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it, and all my heart was glad, and I praised the living God. . . . Afterwards the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.

Fox made his first public appearance as a preacher at Manchester in 1648, and was put in prison as a disturber of the peace. He was subsequently for nearly forty years beaten and imprisoned times almost without number. He thus describes one of the earliest of these experiences:

MALTREATMENT AT ULVERSTONE.

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his [Justice Sawrey's] face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great

was the uproar that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying: "Knock the teeth out of his head." When they had hauled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and, stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice: "Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!" Then they began to fall out among themselves.— *Journal.*

In 1655 Fox was sent up as a prisoner to London, where he had an interview with the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, which he thus describes:

INTERVIEW WITH OLIVER CROMWELL.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon

against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a "carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, and to turn people from darkness to light; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to." When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did.

After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among Friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say: "Peace be in this house;" and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from Him; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him "I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the Apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds as the prophets, Christ, and the Apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit." Then I showed him that the prophets, Christ and the Apostles declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous

and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the Apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was the truth. I told him: "That all Christendom, so called, had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another."

Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he catched me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said: "Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other; adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul." I told him, if he did, he wronged his own soul, and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true.

Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me he told me the Lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this he said: "Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win, either with gifts, honors, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can." It was told him again "That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him."—*Journal.*

Three years later Fox had one more brief meeting with Oliver, not many days before his death:

A WAFT OF DEATH.

The same day, taking boat, I went down to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him: and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court to speak further with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.— *Journal.*

After the restoration of Charles II., Fox was subjected to repeated imprisonments. In 1669 he married Margaret Fell, the widow of a Welsh judge, who had been among his earliest converts. Soon afterward he set out upon a missionary tour to the West Indies and North America. In his later years he seems to have encountered little annoyance from the Government.

FOX, JOHN WILLIAM, an American novelist; born in Bourbon County, Ky., in 1863. He was graduated from Harvard in 1883. His first book of short stories *Hell for Sartain, and other Stories,* appeared in 1897. This was followed by *A Mountain Europa* (1899); *The Kentuckians* (1898); *Crittenden* (1900); *Blue Grass and Rhododendron* (1901); *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* (1903); *Christmas Eve at Lonesome* (1904); and *Following the Sun-Flag* (1905). The latter volume is the result of Mr. Fox's experience as a war correspondent in Japan. In the book he tells of "a vain pursuit through Manchuria." These are first-hand impressions of the scenes of some of the actions of the Russo-Japanese war in the Far East. The author recounts some experiences in Tokio while waiting for permission to go to the front.

The fiction written by Mr. Fox depicts the life of the Kentuckian among his native hills. In an extended review of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* a writer in the New York *Times* says:

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEERS.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come is a tale throwing much light upon the traditions and characteristics of those unique folk, the Kentucky mountaineers. It is an admirable and sympathetic study of ambitious boyhood. It makes one realize as never before the peculiarly agonizing effects of the civil war in a border State, the line of cleavage parting parent from child, brother from brother, friend from friend. It celebrates the dash and derring-do of Morgan's men, and it tenderly touches not only the master passion but many other emotions of the human — and canine — heart. For a boy and a dog take hold of us

in the beginning, and do not let us go until the last page is reached. There is a little lapse into the improbably romantic in the satisfactory clearing up of mysteries and leveling of obstacles in the hero's path, but we are too grateful for a happy ending, albeit with a shadow upon it, to be hypercritical. The story is told with the simplicity of the highest art and with a sincerity that carries the reader along with it to an unusual degree. The "lift" and beauty of the style give distinction to the book, and should place it outside the category of ephemeral novels. Mr. Fox treats of the civil war with the large comprehension more and more apparent in Southern writers, hence his book makes for that sectional harmony which only a complete understanding of each other's point of view can achieve. The lover of romance pure and simple, the student of character, the searcher for historic truth, all will find much to delight him in this novel.

FOXE, JOHN, an English martyrologist; born at Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1516; died at London April 18, 1587. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1543 was elected a Fellow of Magdalen College, but having embraced the principles of the Reformation, he was two years afterward deprived of his Fellowship; his stepfather also succeeded in depriving him of his patrimony. Subsequently we find him acting as tutor to the children of Sir James Lucy (Shakespeare's "Justice Shallow"). In 1550 he was ordained as deacon by Bishop Ridley, and settled at Reigate. After the accession of Queen Mary Tudor he was obliged to seek refuge on the Continent, taking up his residence at Basel, Switzerland, where he maintained himself as a corrector of the press for the printer Oporinus.

At the suggestion of Lady Jane Grey he had already begun the composition of his *Acta et Monumenta Ecclesia,* commonly known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs,* in which he received considerable assistance from Grindal, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, and from Aylmer, afterward Bishop of London, who became one of the most zealous opponents of the Puritans. He returned to England soon after the accession of Elizabeth, and rose into favor with the new Government, to which he had rendered notable service by his pen. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, made him a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral, and for a short time he held the living of Cripplegate, London; but, true to his Puritan principles, he refused to subscribe to the Articles, and declined to accept further preferments.

The first outline of the *Acta* appeared at Basel in 1554, and the first complete edition five years later. The first English edition was printed in 1563. The book became highly popular with a people who had just gone through the horrors of the Marian persecution; and Government directed that a copy should be placed in every parish church. The title of the work will best set forth its scope and design.

ORIGINAL TITLE OF THE "BOOK OF MARTYRS."

Acts and Monuments of these latter and perilous Dayes, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great Persecutions and horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romishe Prelates, especiallye in this Realme of England and Scotland, from the yeare of our Lorde a thousand to the time now present. Gathered and collected according to the true Copies and Wrytinges certificatorie as well of the Parties themselves that Suffered,

as also out of the Bishop's Registers, which were the doers thereof, by John Foxe.

One of the most notable of the martyrdoms recorded by Foxe is prefaced by the following heading: "A Notable History of William Hunter, a Young Man of nineteen years, pursued to death by Justice Brown, for the Gospel's Sake, Worthy of all Young Men and Parents to be read:"

THE MARTYRDOM OF WILLIAM HUNTER.

In the meantime, William's father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end in that good way which he had begun; and his mother said to him that she was glad that ever she was so happy to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name sake.

Then William said to his mother: "For my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a short braid, Christ hath promised me, mother," said he, "a crown of joy: may you not be glad of that, mother?" With that, his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying: "I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end: yea, I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bare."

At the which words, Master Higbed took her in his arms, saying: "I rejoice" (and so said the others) "to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoice." And his father and mother both said that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. William's father said: "I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him." But William confessed after a month that his father was charged with his board, that he lacked nothing, but had meat and clothing enough, yea, even out of the court, both money, meat, clothes, wood, and coals, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inn, being the Swan in Bruntwood, in a parlour, whither resorted many people of the country, to see those good men which were there; and many of William's acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abomination of popish superstition and idolatry.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, on Monday, at night, it happened that William had a dream about two of the clock in the morning, which was this: how that he was at the place where the stake was pight, where he should be burned, which (as he thought in his dream) was at the town's end where the butts stood, which was so indeed; and also he dreamed that he met with his father, as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his dream), how that he bade him away — false prophet — and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was; which things came to pass indeed. It happened that William made a noise to himself in his dream, which caused M. Higbed and the others to wake him out of his sleep, to know what he lacked. When he awakened, he told them his dream in order as is said.

Now, when it was day, the sheriff, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriff's son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arm, saying: "William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned." To whom William answered: "I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my count what it will cost me, already." Then the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, and stepped over the parlor grounsel, and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by another; and thus going in the way, he met with his father, according to his dream, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying: "God be with thee, son

William;" and William said: "God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry." His father said: "I hope so, William," and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dream, whereas all things were very unready. Then William took a wet broom fagot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st psalm till he came to these words: "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Then said Master Tyrell of the Bratches, called William Tyrell: "Thou liest," said he; "thou readest false, for the words are, 'an humble spirit.'" But William said: "The translation saith 'a contrite heart." "Yes," quoth Mr. Tyrell, "the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics." "Well," quoth William, "there is no great difference in those words." Then said the sheriff: "Here is a letter from the queen; if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned." "No," quoth William," I will not recant, God willing." Then William rose, and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard Pond, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William.

Then said Master Brown: "Here is not wood enough to burn a leg of him." Then said William: "Good people, pray for me; and make speed, and despatch quickly; and pray for me while ye see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise." "How!" quoth Master Brown, "pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog." To whom William answered: "Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day; howbeit, I forgive you." Then said Master Brown: "I ask no forgiveness of thee." "Well," said William, "if God forgive you not, I shall require my blood at your hands."

Then said William: "Son of God, shine upon me!" and immediately the sun in the element shone out of a

dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way; whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore. Then William took up a fagot of broom, and embraced it in his arms.

Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a popish book to carry to William, that he might recant; which book his brother would not meddle withal. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have shewed him the book, said: "Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues." Then quoth the priest: "Look how thou burnest here; so shalt thou burn in hell." William answered: "Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet! away!"

Then there was a gentleman which said: "I pray God have mercy upon his soul." The people said: "Amen, Amen."

Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said: "William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death." And William answered: "I am not afraid." Then lift he up his hands to Heaven, and said: "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" And casting down his head again into the smothering smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.—*Book of Martyrs.*

THE BOOK OF ANNE BOLEYN.

And this was the end of that godly lady and queen. Godly I call her, for sundry respects, whatever the cause was, or quarrel objected against her. First, her last words, spoken at her death, declared no less her sincere faith and trust in Christ than did her quiet modesty utter forth the goodness of the cause and matter, whatsoever it was. Besides that, to such as can wisely judge upon cases occurrent, this also may seem to give a great clearing unto her, that the king, the third day after, was married unto another. Certain this was that for the rare

and singular gifts of her mind, so well instructed, and given toward God with such a fervent desire unto the truth, and setting forth of sincere religion, joined with like gentleness, modesty and pity toward all men, there have not many such queens before her borne the Crown of England. Principally this one commendation she left behind her, that during her life the religion of Christ most happily flourished, and had a right prosperous course. —*Book of Martyrs.*

FRANCILLON, Robert Edward, an English novelist; born at Gloucester, March 25, 1841. He was educated at Cheltenham College and at Oxford, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. In 1867 he edited the *Law Magazine.* The next year his first work of fiction, *Grace Owen's Engagement,* was published in *Blackwood's Magazine.* He has contributed many novelettes and short stories and articles to magazines; written songs for music, and served on the editorial staff of the *Globe* newspaper. Among his novels are *Earl's Dene* (1870); *Pearl and Emerald* (1872); *Zelda's Fortune* (1873); *Olympia* (1874); *A Dog and His Shadow* (1876); *Rare Good Luck* and *In the Dark* (1877); *Strange Waters* and *Left-Handed Elsa* (1879); *Queen Cophetua; Under Slieve Ban* (1881); *Quits at Last; By Day and Night* (1883); *A Real Queen; Jack Doyle's Daughter* (1884); *Face to Face; Ropes of Sand* 1885); *Golden Bells; Christmas Rose; King or Knave* (1888); *Romances of the Law* (1892); and *Gods and Heroes* (1895).

A PERSISTENT LOVER.

Things happened slowly at Dunmoyle. Even the harvest was later there than elsewhere. But still the harvest did come — sometimes; and things did happen now and then. Everything had gone wrong since Phil Ryan was drowned. And now Kate's grandmother, who had been nothing but a burden to all who knew her for years, fell ill, and became what most people would have called a burden upon Kate also. But as for Kate, she bore it bravely; and not even her poet lover had the heart to call her dull any more. He did not help her much, but he sat a great deal on the three-legged stool, and discoursed to the old woman so comfortably and philosophically when Kate happened to be absent, that the familiar ecclesiastical sound of his profane Latin often deceived her into crossing herself devoutly at the names of Bacchus and Apollo. Grotesque enough was the scene at times when, in the smoky twilight, the schoolmaster sat and spouted heathen poetry to the bedridden old peasant woman, looking for all the world like a goblin who had been sent expressly to toremnt the deathbed of a sinner. And no impression could have been more untrue. For a too intimate knowledge of how potheen may be made and sold without enriching the King is scarcely a sin, and had it not been for the goblin, Kate would never have been able to go outside the door.

Father Kane, too, came often, and discoursed a more orthodox kind of learning. But Michael Fay came nearly every day; and whenever he and Kate were in the room together, the goblin would creep out and leave them by themselves. Michael was indeed of unspeakable help to her in those days. The shyness that Denis Rooney had planted left her, and she was not afraid to tell herself that she looked up to Michael as to a brother — and in that at least there was no treason to Phil. But at last all was over, and Kate was alone in the world — not less the great world, cold and wide, though it was only Dunmoyle.

"Kate," said Michael, at the end of about a week after the funeral. It is not much of a speech to write,

but her name was always a great thing for him to say. They were in the cabin where her grandmother had died, and it had become a more desolate place than ever. She had gone back to her spinning. But he did not occupy the three-legged stool — not, by any means, because he was afraid of losing dignity, but simply because his weight would most inevitably have changed its three legs into two.

He was leaning against the wall behind her, so that he could see little of her through the darkness — there was no smoke to-day because there was no fire — except her cloaked shoulders and coil of black hair, and she saw nothing of him at all. She did not hear, even in his "Kate," more than a simple mention of her name. "Kate" certainly did not seem to call for an answer. But it was some time before he said anything more. To his own heart he had already said a great deal.

"Kate," he said again at last, "there's something I've had in my heart to tell ye for a long while. . . . 'Tis this, ye see. . . . Ye're all alone by yourself now, and so am I. Not one of us has got a living soul but our own to care for: all of my kin are dead and gone, and there's none left of yours. . . . Why wouldn't we — why wouldn't we be alone together, Kate, instead of being alone by ourselves? I don't ask for more than ye've got to give me. 'Tis giving, I want to be, not taking, God knows. I've always loved ye — from the days when ye weren't higher than that stool; and I've never seen a face to come between me and yours, and I never will. But I've never loved ye like now. And I wouldn't spake while ye weren't alone; but now I want to give ye my hands and my soul and my life, to keep ye from all harm. It's not for *your* love I'm askin'; it's to let *me* love *you*."

The passion in his voice had deepened and quickened as he went on. But he did not move. He was still leaning against the wall, when she turned round and faced him — a little pale, but unconfused.

"And are ye forgettin'!" she said, quietly and sadly, "that I'm the widow of Phil Ryan that's drowned?"

"And if — if ye were his real widow — if ye wore his

ring — would ye live and die by yourself, and break the heart of a livin' man for the sake of one that's gone?"

"Not gone to me," said she. "Oh, Michael, why do ye say such things? Aren't we own brother and sister, as if we'd been in the same cradle, and had both lost the same kin? Would ye ask me to be false to the boy I swore to marry, and none but him? Why will ye say things that'll make me go away over the hills and never see ye again?"

It was not in human nature, however patient, to hear her set up the ghost of this dead sailor lad, drowned years ago, as an insuperable barrier between her and her living lover, without some touch of jealous anger. Have I not, felt Michael, served my time for her, and won her well? Could that idle vagabond have given her half the love in all her life that I'm asking her to take this day? But he said nothing of his feeling. He thought; and he could find no fault with what was loyal true.

"I'm the last to blame ye for not forgettin', Kate," said he. "It's what I couldn't do myself. But I'm not askin' ye to forget — I'm askin' ye to help a livin' man live, and that doesn't want ye to give him your life, but only to give you his own. Ye can feel to me like a sister, Kate, if ye plase, till the time comes for better things, as maybe it will, and as it will if I can bring it anyhow. If ye were my own sister, wouldn't ye come to me? And why wouldn't ye come now, when ye say your own self ye're just the same as if ye were? It's for your own sake I'm askin' ye — but it's for my own, too. Live without ye? Indeed, I won't know how."

His last words were to the purpose; for it is for his own sake that a woman, as well in Dunmoyle as elsewhere, would have a man love her, and not for hers. But she only said, as she bent over her wheel:

"It can't be, Michael. Don't ask me again."

So finely and yet so tenderly she said it that he felt as if he had no more to say. He could only leave her then; though he no more meant to give up Kate than he meant to give up Rathcool.— *Under Slieve Ban.*

FRANCIS OF SALES, Saint, a French theologian; born at Sales, near Annecy, August 27, 1567; died at Lyons, November 22, 1622. He at first studied law in Paris under Guy Pancirola, but in 1593 he exercised his office as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, when he tried to convert the patriarch, Theodore Beza, of Protestantism, but without success. In 1602, Francis was appointed Bishop of Geneva, an office, however, without practical control over the immediate Genevese district. The same year, he went to Paris and preached acceptably at the court of Henry IV. At Dijon, two years later, he met Madame de Chantal, with whom he subsequently founded the Order of Visitation. Henri IV. offered Francis the highest dignities to remain in France, but he refused, although his visits to Paris were renewed. In 1608, his *Introduction to a Holy Life* appeared. This book, which is still a Roman Catholic manual of devotion, saw several editions. His *Treatise on the Love of God* (1614) was still more popular. "The contemporary of Montaigne, Saint Francis has been compared to that great writer for originality of style and charm of diction, although from his mystical tendencies and evangelical fervor and simplicity, it would be more correct to compare him to Fénelon. Selections from his works are common, and no doubt, from the beauty of his character, the opulence of his genius, his insinuating and invincible unction, he is one of the men of whom the Roman Catholic Church has most reason to be proud." Even in childhood, he would save portions of his food for the poor, and enjoyed visits of charity which he made with his mother. At

the age of eleven, after having finished his studies at Rocheville and Annecy, he was priested. He travelled later in Paris with his tutor and studied in the Jesuit schools. His teachers in divinity were Genebrard and Maldonatus. About eighteen, he became very ill, and on his recovery visited the shrines and antiquities of Italy, Rome, Ferrara, Loretto, and Venice. In 1591, he established at Annecy, a confraternity of the Holy Cross, whose object was the aid of the sick, ignorant, and prisoners. Lawsuits were forbidden. From his pen we have *The Invention of the Cross; Preparation for Mass; Instructions for Confessors; Entertainments to Nuns of the Visitation.* His corpse was embalmed and buried with great pomp at Annecy. It was laid in a magnificent tomb near the high altar in the church of the first monastery of the Visitation. After his beatification by Alexander VII. in 1661, it was placed upon the altar in a rich silver shrine. He was canonized in 1665 by the same Pope, and his feast set for January 29th, on which day he was conveyed to Annecy. His heart was kept in a leaden case in the Church of the Visitation at Lyons; it was afterward exposed in a silver one, and lastly in one of gold, the gift of Louis XIII.

MEEKNESS.

Truth must be always charitable, for bitter zeal does harm instead of good. Reprehensions are a food of hard digestion, and ought to be dressed on a fire of burning charity so well, that all harshness be taken off; otherwise, like unripe fruit, they will only produce gripings. Charity seeks not itself nor its own interests, but purely the honor and interest of God: pride, vanity, and passion cause bitterness and harshness. A remedy inju-

diciously applied may be a poison. A judicious silence is always better than a truth spoken without charity.

The most powerful remedy against sudden starts of impatience is a sweet and amiable silence; however little one speaks, self-love will have a share in it, and some word will escape that may sour the heart, and disturb its peace for a considerable time. When nothing is said, and cheerfulness preserved, the storm subsides, anger and indiscretion are put to flight, and nothing remains but a joy, pure and lasting. The person who possesses Christian meekness, is affectionate and tender toward everyone; he is disposed to forgive and excuse the frailties of others; the goodness of his heart appears in a sweet affability that influences his words and actions, and presents every object to his view in the most charitable and pleasing light; he never admits in his discourse any harsh expression, much less any term that is haughty or rude. An amiable serenity is always painted on his countenance, which remarkably distinguishes him from those violent characters who, with looks full of fury, know only how to refuse; or who, when they grant, do it with so bad a grace, that they lose all the merit of the favor they bestow. If there was anything more excellent than meekness, God would have certainly taught it us; and yet there is nothing to which he so earnestly exhorts us as to be "meek and humble of heart." If Saul had been cast off, we would never have had a St. Paul.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI, Saint (Giovanni Francesco Bernardone), a celebrated Italian monk and ecclesiastic; born at Assisi in 1182; died there, October 4, 1226. He was the founder of the Order of Franciscans or mendicant friars. His father was a merchant, who bought goods in the south

of France and sold them in Italy. It was while on one of his journeys that the son was born, and called by his father Francesco and by his mother Giovanni. In boyhood he was merry, light-hearted, and careless, with a decided fondness for amusements and fine clothes, and little given to study. When about twenty years old he was taken with a severe illness, and on his sick-bed indulged in deep reflection. When he recovered he was a changed man. "Thenceforward," says one of his biographers, "he held that in contempt which he had hitherto held in admiration and love." He began to speak of poverty as his bride, and the poor, the sick, and the leprous became objects of his especial attention. He made a pilgrimage to Rome and in his zeal for the Church threw all his worldly goods upon the altar of St. Peter's, joined a troop of beggars, and gave himself up to a life of charity and alms-giving.

Such conduct could not fail to meet with severe reproof at the hands of his industrious father. The rupture between them is usually said to have taken place as follows: The young visionary was wont to resort to the ruined church of St. Damian, near Assisi, for the purpose of meditation and prayer. One day the mysterious voice that has cried out to so many enthusiasts, and inflamed the zeal of so many devoted reformers, spoke from the crumbling walls, saying "Francis, seest thou not that my house is in ruins; go and restore it for me." To hear was to obey. The young man went home, saddled his horse, took a bale of his father's goods and rode to Foligno, sold both horse and goods, and hastened with the money thus obtained to the priest of St. Damian, and offered to repair the church. For this conduct the indignant father inflicted blows and curses and the young man

was imprisoned. On his release he renounced all dependence on his father, and gave himself up to poverty and a life of devotion to his Father in Heaven. He organized a small band of fanatics, who took for their incentive to wandering about living on charity the literal interpretation of the words of Jesus: "Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat." The band grew in numbers and influence, and received the sanction of Pope Innocent III. about 1210. They were forbidden to own property, and were bound to preach and labor without fixed salaries, living only on charity. In 1223 Pope Honorius III. published a bull confirming the verbal sanction of Pope Innocent. Francis also founded an order of poor sisters, known by the name of Poor Claras or Clarisses. Francis was unceasing in his labors. He made long journeys to Spain, Illyria, and even to the East to preach to the Mahometans. He is said to have gained access to the Sultan and endeavored to convert him to the doctrine of poverty. It is impossible at this late day to separate the real events of Francis's life from the legends and stories of miracles that have been related by his followers. He was a troubadour as well as preacher — a sort of spiritual minstrel. Much of his preaching was chanted in a sort of rugged rhyme, which could scarcely be called poetry from a technical point of view, but which was full of that intense fervor of the devotee, and the tenderness of feeling born of a true love for every living thing. The birds, the beasts, the flowers and trees, were alike objects of his gentle compassion. His most characteristic song has been translated by Mrs. Olyphant under the title of Song of the

Creation *(Cantico delle Creature)*. Ozanam says in his *Les Poetes Franciscains:* "In him the troubadour inspiration, dying out in its original seat, was transmuted into a spiritual minstrelsy, hardly poetry so imperfect is its form, but a lyrical cry, the first broken utterance of a new voice which was soon to fill the world." Francis was canonized by Gregory IX. in 1228, and is commemorated October 4.

HYMN OF THE CREATION.

Blessed be God, the father
Of everything that lives,
Most blessed for our Lord the Sun
Who warmth and daylight gives.
The sun is bright and radiant,
He sheds his beams abroad,
But all his glory witnesseth
To what Thou art, my God.

Then, for our sister Moon, O Lord,
Our hearts bless Thee again;
And for the brilliant, beauteous stars
That glitter in her train.
We thank Thee also for the Winds,
Our brothers, too, are they;
For air, and clouds, and pleasant days,
When all the earth seems gay.

But no less would we praise Thy name
For any kind of weather,
Knowing that rain, and frost, and snow
All work for good together.
Thanks for our sister Water, too,
Pure Water, cool and chaste,
Precious to everything that lives,
With powers of cleansing graced.

And for Thine other mighty gift,
  Our brother Fire, whose flame
By Thy command is sent to light,
  With beams unquenchable and bright,
The solemn darkness of the night,
  We bless Thy holy name.

And lastly for our Mother Earth,
  That goodness we adore,
She feeds us; she brings precious fruits
  Out of her bounteous store;
And lovely flowers through the grass
  She scatters full and free.
For all these things we bless Thee, Lord,
  For all proceed from Thee.

— *Translation of* MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

TO THE ELEVEN AT RIVO TORTO.

Take courage, and shelter yourselves in God. Be not depressed to think how few we are. Be not alarmed either at your own weakness, or at mine. God has revealed to me that He will diffuse through the earth this our little family, of which He is Himself the father. I would have concealed what I have seen, but love constrains me to impart it to you. I have seen a great multitude coming to us, to wear our dress, to live as we do. I have seen all the roads crowded with men traveling in eager haste towards us. The French are coming. The Spaniards are hastening. The English and the Germans are running. All nations are mingling together. I hear the tread of the numbers who go and come to execute the commands of holy obedience. We seem contemptible and insane. But fear not. Believe that our Saviour, who has overcome the world, will speak effectually to us. If gold should lie in our way, let us value it as the dust beneath our feet. We will not, however, condemn or despise the rich who live softly, and are arrayed sumptuously. God, who is our master, is theirs also. But go and preach repentance for the remission of sins. Faithful men, gentle, and full of charity, will receive you and

your words with joy. Proud and impious men will condemn and oppose you. Settle it in your hearts to endure all things with meekness and patience. The wise and the noble will soon join themselves to you, and, with you, will preach to kings, to princes, and to nations. Be patient in tribulation, fervent in prayer, fearless in labor, and the kingdom of God, which endures forever, will be your reward.— *From His Life, by* BONAVENTURA.

TO THE BIRDS.

My little brothers, you should love and praise the Author of your being, who has clothed you with plumage, and given you wings with which to fly where you will. You were the first created of all animals. He preserved your race in the ark. He has given the pure atmosphere for your dwelling-place. You sow not, neither do you reap. Without any care of your own, He gives you lofty trees to build your nests in, and watches over your young. Therefore give praise to your bountiful Creator.— *From* BONAVENTURA'S *Account.*

FRANCIS, SIR PHILIP, a British statesman; born at Dublin, October 22, 1740; died at London, December 23, 1818. He was a son of the Rev. Philip Francis, one of the best of the English translators of Horace, who left Ireland for England in 1750. The elder Francis was a protegé of Henry Fox, then Secretary of State, by whom the son was brought into office. In 1773 he was sent to India as one of the Council of State, with a salary of £10,000 a year. He remained in India six years, when he became involved in a quarrel with Warren Hastings, which resulted in a duel in which Francis was severely

wounded. Returning to England he entered into politics; became a member of Parliament, but gained no commanding position in public life, from which he retired in 1807, having been knighted the preceding year.

Francis was the acknowledged author of some thirty political pamphlets; but his only claim to remembrance rests upon his supposed authorship of the *Letters of Junius,* a series of brilliant newspaper articles which appeared at intervals in the *Public Advertiser* between January, 1769, and January, 1772. In the first authorized collection of these letters there were forty-four bearing the signature of "Junius," and fifteen signed "Philo-Junius." Besides these appeared from time to time more than one hundred others under various signatures, which, with more or less probability, were attributed to "Junius." These letters assailed the Government with such audacity that every effort was made to discover who was the writer. But the secret was never certainly discovered, and there is no probability that it will ever be divulged. The authorship has been claimed by or for not less than forty persons, among whom are Edmund Burke, Lord Chatham, Edward Gibbon, John Horne Tooke, and John Wilkes. Macaulay was clearly convinced that Francis was the author. He says: "The case against Francis — or, if you please, in favor of Francis — rests on coincidences sufficient to convict a murderer." One significant fact is that these letters ceased not long before the appointment of Francis to the lucrative position in India; and it has been imagined that this appointment was the price paid by Government for the future silence of the author; and there is nothing in the character of Francis to render it improbable that he could be thus bought off. If this were the case,

he would never directly avow the authorship; but it is certain that he was nowise averse to having it whispered that he was the writer. One of the most spirited and audacious of these letters was a long one addressed to the King, George III., December 19, 1769:

JUNIUS TO GEORGE THE THIRD.

Sir — When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideraton must yield to the security of the sovereign and to the general safety of the State. There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affection to his king and country; and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect:

Sir — It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard

it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, "that the king can do no wrong," is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth, by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as they are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared — and, I doubt not, a sincere — resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your

reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind these unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconsistent; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding. . . .

While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affection for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favor. To honor them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects — who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it, upon the throne — is a mistake to gross for even the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonored by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. . . .

Without consulting your ministers, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people; lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived: the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man that does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions: and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king forbade you to have a friend; it is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the House of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for English-

men to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible: armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example, and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, an American statesman and philosopher; born at Boston, January 17, 1706; died at Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. His father was originally a dyer, and subsequently a tallow-chandler. At the age of twelve the son was apprenticed to his elder brother, a printer and publisher of a newspaper, the *New England Courant,* for which Benjamin wrote much. In consequence of a quarrel between the brothers, Benjamin went, at the age of seventeen, to Philadelphia, where he obtained employment at his trade. The Governor of the Province discovered his abilities, promised to set him up in business, and induced him to go to England to purchase the necessary printing material. The Governor, however, failed to supply the necessary funds, and Franklin went to work as a printer in London. After eighteen months he returned to Philadelphia. Before long he established himself as a printer, and set up a newspaper, called the Philadelphia *Gazette.* In 1732, under the assumed name of "Richard Saunders," he commenced the issue of *Poor Richard's Almanac,* which he continued for twenty-five years.

By the time he had reached his fortieth year he had acquired a competence sufficient to enable him to withdraw from active business, and devote himself to philosophical research, for which he had already manifested marked capacity. Just before this several European philosophers had noticed some points of resemblance between electricity and lightning. Franklin was the first (about 1750) to demonstrate the identity of the two phenomena, and to propound the idea of the lightning-rod, as a safeguard from lightning.

Of the public career of Franklin it is necessary here to give merely a bare outline. He was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1750; was made Deputy Postmaster-General in 1753; and the next year, the French and Indian War impending, he was sent as delegate to a general Congress convened at Albany, where he drew up the plan of a union between the separate colonies. This was unanimously adopted by the Congress, but was rejected by the Board of Trade in England. Disputes having arisen in 1757 between the Pennsylvania "Proprietors" and the inhabitants, Franklin was sent to England as agent to represent the cause of the people of the colony of Pennsylvania; the people of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia also constituted him their agent in Great Britain. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1762; but was sent back to London two years after to remonstrate against the proposed measure for taxing the American colonies. When the war of the Revolution was on the point of breaking out, Franklin left Great Britain, reaching his home sixteen days after the battle of Lexington. As a member of the first American Congress he was one of the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of

Independence. Shortly after this he was sent to France as one of the Commissioners Plenipotentiary from the American States. In 1782 he signed the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, and subsequently concluded treaties with Sweden and Prussia. He returned to America in 1785, after more than fifty years spent in the public service. He was immediately elected President of Pennsylvania, his adopted State. Three years afterward, at the age of eighty-two, he was appointed a delegate to the Convention for framing the Federal Constitution, in which he took an active part and lived long enough to see it adopted by the several States, and so become the supreme law of the land. A few months before his death he wrote to Washington: "For my personal ease I should have died two years ago; but though those years have been spent in excruciating pain, I am glad to have lived them, since I can look upon our present situation."

A partial collection of the works of Franklin was published (1816–19) by his grandson, William Temple Franklin. A tolerably complete edition, in ten volumes, edited, with a *Memoir,* by Jared Sparks, appeared in 1836–40. In 1887 some additional writings were discovered, which were edited by Edward Everett Hale, under the title *Franklin in Paris.* Franklin's *Autobiography,* bringing his life down to his fifty-seventh year, ranks among the foremost works of its class. The history of the book is curious. It was first published in a French translation in 1791; two years afterward this French version was retranslated into English, and in 1798 this English translation was rendered back into French. The earliest appearance of the work as written by the author was in

1817 in the edition prepared by his son. In 1868 John Bigelow, lately United States Minister to France, came upon an original autograph of the *Autobiography*, which he published with notes. The *Life of Franklin* has been written by many persons, notably by James Parton (2 vols., 1864.)

EARLY PRACTICE IN COMPOSITION.

About this time [at about fifteen] I met with an odd volume of *The Spectator*. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by for a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults and corrected them. . . . Sometimes I had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted to writing exercises and for reading was at night or before work began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care. — *Autobiography, Chap. I.*

FIRST ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA.

I was [then aged seventeen] in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out

with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed, but I insisted on their taking it. I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston. That sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made — as I certainly did — a most ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed I walked up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile, and hearing nothing said, and being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meet-

ing broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.— *Autobiography, Chap. II.*

TEETOTALISM IN LONDON.

At my first admission [aged nineteen] into the printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where press-work is mixed with the composing. I drank only water; the other workmen — near fifty in number — were great drinkers of beer. On one occasion I carried up and down stairs a large form of type in each hand, when the others carried only one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the "Water American," as they called me, was stronger than themselves, who drank strong beer. We had an ale-house boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could be only in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.— *Autobiography, Chap. III.*

RELIGIOUS VIEWS AT ONE-AND-TWENTY.

My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood in the Dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen when, after doubting by turns several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of the Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of the sermons which had been preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them. For the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than theirs; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but each of these having wronged me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting my own conduct, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful. . . . My own pamphlet [printed two years before], in which I argued from the attributes of God, his infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world — and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions — no such things existing — appeared now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself unperceived into my argument, so as to infect all that followed, as is common in metaphysical reasonings.

I became convinced that *truth, sincerity,* and integrity in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and I formed written resolutions to practise them ever while I lived.

Revelation had indeed no weight with me as such; but I entertained an opinion that, though certain actions might not be bad *because* they were forbidden by it, or good *because* it commanded them; yet probably those actions might be forbidden *because* they were bad for us, or commanded *because* they were beneficial to us, in their own natures, all the circumstances of things considered.

And this persuasion — with the kind hand of Providence, or some guardian angel, or accidental favorable circumstances and situations, or all together — preserved me through this dangerous time of youth, and the hazardous situations I was sometimes in among strangers, remote from the eye and advice of my father, free from any *wilful* gross immorality or injustice, that might have been expected from my want of religion. I say *wilful,* because the instances I have mentioned had something of *necessity* in them, from my youth, inexperience, and the knavery of others. I had therefore a tolerable character to begin the world with; I valued it properly, and determined to preserve it.— *Autobiography, Chap. IV.*

When this Autobiography was written Franklin was verging upon threescore and ten, and was recalling his young days. It is certain that the feeling of an overruling and protecting Deity was predominant at least during his mature years. At the Constitutional Convention of 1787 he moved that the daily proceedings should be opened by prayers.

SPEECH IN FAVOR OF DAILY PUBLIC PRAYERS.

In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, Sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind of Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten this powerful friend? or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time [eighty-one years], and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth: that God governs in the affairs of man. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an

empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the Sacred Writings that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this. I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing human government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, or conquest. I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

Many years before his death Franklin wrote the following epitaph for his own tombstone:

FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

The Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding,) lies here food for worms. Yet the Work itself shall not be lost; for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful Edition, corrected and amended by the Author.

Franklin, when near the close of his life, wrote to Thomas Paine, who was proposing the publication of the *Age of Reason,* the manuscript of which appears to have been submitted to his perusal: "I would advise you not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person. If men are so wicked *with* religion, what would they

be without it?" Six weeks before his death he wrote to the Rev. Dr. Stiles:

HIS DYING OPINION OF CHRISTIANITY.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals, and His religion, as He left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes; and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to His Divinity.

Poor Richard's Almanac in its day was a power in the land. Franklin himself thus speaks of the work:

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

In 1732 [at the age of twenty-seven] I first published my *Almanac,* under the name of "Richard Saunders." It was continued by me about twenty-five years, and commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac.* I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read — scarce any neighborhood in the Province being without it — I considered it a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the Calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the *Almanac* of 1757, as the

harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing of all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece being universally approved was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent, reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper to be stuck up in houses. Two translations were made of it in France; and great numbers of it were bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable several years after its publication.— *Autobiography, Chap. VII.*

This Collection of Poor Richard's Sayings was published under the title of *The Way to Wealth.* The brochure thus begins:

THE CHIEF TAX-GATHERERS.

I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks; "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough,* as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by

our folly; and from these taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves,* as Poor Richard says."—*The Way to Wealth.*

SLOTH AND INDUSTRY.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,* as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality;* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough.* Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy,* and *he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;* while *Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;* and *Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,* as Poor Richard says."—*The Way to Wealth.*

FRUGALITY.

"So much for industry and attention to one's business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will;* and

Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting.

The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her income. Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

Women and wine, game and deceit,

Make the wealth small and the want great.
And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a mickle makes a muckle.* Beware of little expenses; *A small leak will sink a great ship,* as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them."—The Way to Wealth.*

BUYING SUPERFLUITIES.

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them 'goods'; but if you do not take care, they will prove 'evils' to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.* And again, *At a great pennyworth pause a little.* He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or, the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.* Again, *it is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;* and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,* as Poor Richard says. *A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,* as Poor Richard says. *Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,* as Poor Richard says; and then, *When the well is dry they know the worth of water.* But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. And again Poor Dick says, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine thing,

you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, *It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.* And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox."— *The Way to Wealth.*

CHARACTER OF WHITEFIELD.

He had a loud and clear voice, and articulated his words so perfectly that he might be heard and understood at a great distance; especially as his auditors observed the most perfect silence. . . . [On one particular occasion when he heard Whitefield preach in the open air] I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconciled me to the newspaper accounts of his having preached to twenty-five thousand. By hearing him often, I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed and those which he had often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned and well placed that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse.— *Autobiography, Chap. VIII.*

PAYING TOO DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE.

In my opinion, we might all draw more good from the world than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles.* You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself:

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle,* but disturbing all the family. My brothers and

sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for their whistles:*

When I saw one too ambitious of Court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man,* said I, *you are providing much pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to

an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity, say I, that she should pay so much for a whistle.*

In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by *their giving too much for their whistles.— Letter to Madame Brillon. 1779.*

PAPER: A POEM.

[*This poem is attributed to Franklin; but it is not altogether certain that it was written by him. No other authorship, however, has been assigned to it.*]

Some wit of old — such wits of old there were —
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind;
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair Virtue put a *seal,* or Vice a blot.
The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I, (can you pardon my presumption?) I —
No wit, no genius — yet for once will try: —

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various; and if right I scan,
Each sort of Paper represents some Man.
Pray note the Fop — half powder and half lace —
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place.
He's the *Gilt Paper,* which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, Servants, Farmers, and so forth,
Are *Copy-Paper* of inferior worth;
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom Avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *Brown Paper;* such as pedlers choose
To wrap up wares which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast: who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys;

Will any Paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *Sinking Paper,* past all doubt.
The retail Politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught;
He foams with censure; with applause he raves —
A dupe to rumors, and a tool to knaves:
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *Foolscap* has a name.
The Hasty Gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest or hint or look endure —
What's he? What? *Touch-Paper,* to be sure.
What are our Poets, take them as they fall —
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *Waste-Paper* of mankind.
Observe the Maiden, innocently sweet;
She's fair *White Paper* — an unsullied sheet,
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his name, and take her for his pains.
One instance more, and only one, I'll bring:
'Tis the Great Man who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own —
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone:
True, genuine *Royal Paper* is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

Probably the last thing written by Franklin was a parody on a speech delivered in Congress in defence of the slave-trade. It purports to be a reproduction of a speech made by Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim, a member of the Divan of Algiers, in opposition to granting the petition of the sect called *Eriki,* who asked for the abolition of Algerine piracy. This paper is dated March 23, 1790, twenty-four days before the death of Franklin.

SIDI MEHEMET ON ALGERINE PIRACY.

Have these *Erika* considered the consequences of granting their petition? If we cease our cruises against the Christians, how shall we be furnished with the commodities their countries produce, and which are so necessary for us? If we forbear to make slaves of their people, who in this hot climate are to cultivate our lands? Who are to perform the common labors of our city and in our families? We have now above fifty thousand slaves in and near Algiers. This number, if not kept up by fresh supplies, will soon diminish, and be gradually annihilated. If we then cease taking and plundering the infidel ships, and making slaves of the seamen and passengers, our lands will become of no value for want of cultivation; the rents of houses in the city will sink one half; and the revenue of government arising from its share of prizes be totally destroyed! And for what? To gratify the whims of a whimsical sect who would have us not only forbear making more slaves, but even manumit those we have.

But who is to indemnify their masters for the loss? Will the State do it? Is our treasury sufficient? Will the *Erika* do it? Can they do it? And if we set our slaves free, what is to be done with them? Few of them will return to their countries; they know too well the greater hardships they must there be subject to. They will not embrace our holy religion; they will not adopt our manners; our people will not pollute themselves by intermarrying with them. Must we maintain them as beggars in our streets, or suffer our properties to be the prey of their pillage? For men accustomed to slavery will not work for a livelihood when not compelled.

And what is there so pitiable in their present condition? Were they not slaves in their own countries? Are not Spain, Portugal, France, and the Italian States governed by despots who hold their subjects in slavery without exception? Even England treats its sailors as slaves; for they are, whenever the government pleases, seized, and confined in ships of war; condemned not only to work, but to fight, for small wages or a mere subsistence, not better

than our slaves are allowed by us. Is their condition then made worse by falling into our hands? No; they have only exchanged one slavery for another, and, I may say, a better; for here they are brought into a land where the sun of Islamism gives forth its light, and shines in full splendor; and thus have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the true doctrine, and thereby saving their immortal souls. Sending the slaves home, then, would be sending them out of light into darkness.

I repeat the question, what is to be done with them? I have heard it suggested that they may be planted in the wilderness, where there is plenty of land for them to subsist on, and where they may flourish as a Free State. But they are, I doubt, too little disposed to labor without compulsion, as well as too ignorant to establish a good government; and the wild Arabs would soon molest and destroy or again enslave them. While serving us, we take care to provide them with everything, and they are treated with humanity. The laborers in their own country are, as I am well informed, worse fed, lodged, and clothed. The condition of most of them is therefore already mended, and requires no further improvement. Here their lives are in safety. They are not liable to be impressed for soldiers, and forced to cut one another's Christian throats, as in the wars of their own countries. If some of the religion-mad bigots, who now tease us with their silly petitions, have in a fit of blind zeal freed their slaves, it was not generosity, it was not humanity, that moved them to the action. It was from the conscious burthen of a load of sins, and a hope, from the supposed merits of so good a work, to be excused from damnation.

How grossly are they mistaken to suppose slavery to be disallowed by the *Alcoran!* Are not the two precepts — to quote no more —" Masters, treat your slaves with kindness;" " Slaves, serve your masters with cheerfulness and fidelity," clear proofs to the contrary? Nor can the plundering of Infidels be in that sacred book forbidden; since it is well known from it that God has given the world, and all that it contains, to his faithful Mussulmans, who are to enjoy it of right as fast as they conquer it. Let

us then hear no more of this detestable proposition — the manumission of Christian slaves — the adoption of which would, by depreciating our lands and houses, and thereby depriving so many good citizens of their properties, create universal discontent, and provoke insurrections, to the endangering of government, and producing general confusion. I have, therefore, no doubt but this wise Council will prefer the comfort and happiness of a whole nation of True Believers to the whim of a few *Erika,* and dismiss their petition.

FRASER, JAMES BAILLIE, a Scottish traveler and novelist; born at Reelick, Inverness-shire, June 11, 1783; died there in January, 1856. He was the eldest of four brothers, all of whom found their way to the Orient and earned distinction in one way or another. He was in 1836 sent on a diplomatic mission to Persia, making a remarkable horseback journey through Asia Minor to Teheran. His health having been impaired by his exposures, he retired to his estate in Scotland, where the remainder of his life was passed. He is said to have displayed great skill in water-colors. He also made some valuable astronomical observations during his journeyings in Asia. Among his numerous books of travels are *Journal of a Tour Through Part of the Snowy Range of the Himalaya Mountains* (1820); *Narrative of a Journey Into Khorassan* (1825); *A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Teheran* (1838); *Travels in Koordistan and Mesopotamia* (1840). He also wrote for "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library" *The History of Mesopotamia and Assyria;* and a *History of Persia* (1847.

The London *Athenæum* says his account of a winter journey from Constantinople to Teheran "can hardly be surpassed in lively delineations and rapid but graphic sketches."

A PERSIAN TOWN.

Viewed from a commanding situation, the appearance of a Persian town is most uninteresting; the houses, all of mud, differ in no respect from the earth in color, and, from the irregularity of their construction, resemble inequalities on its surface rather than human dwellings. The houses, even of the great, seldom exceed one story; and the lofty walls which shroud them from view, without a window to enliven them, have a most monotonous effect. There are few domes or minarets, and still fewer of those that exist are either splendid or elegant. There are no public buildings but the mosques and medresses; and these are often as mean as the rest, or perfectly excluded from view by ruins. The general *coup d'œil* presents a succession of flat roofs and long walls of mud, thickly interspersed with ruins; and the only relief to its monotony is found in the gardens adorned with chinar, poplars, and cypresses, with which the towns and villages are often surrounded and intermingled.

Mr. Fraser wrote *The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorassan* (1828). The word *Kuzzilbash* means simply "Red-head," and is used to designate a soldier; in 1830 he published a continuation of this novel under the title *The Persian Adventurer.*

MEETING OF WARRIORS IN THE DESERT.

By the time I reached the banks of this stream the sun had set, and it was necessary to seek some retreat where I might pass the night and refresh myself and my horse without fear of discovery. Ascending the river-bed, therefore, with this intention, I soon found a recess where

I could repose myself, surrounded by green pasture in which my horse might feed. Permitting him to pasture at will until dark, after a moderate meal, I commended myself to Allah and lay down to rest.

The loud neighing of my horse awoke me with a start, as the first light of dawn broke in the east. Quickly springing on my feet, and grasping my spear and scimitar, which lay under my head, I looked around for the cause of alarm. Nor did it long remain doubtful; for at the distance of scarce two hundred yards, I saw a single horseman advancing. Fitting an arrow to my bow, I placed myself upon guard, and examined him narrowly as he approached. He was a man of goodly stature and powerful frame; his countenance, hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick, black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good humor and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely gashed and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound round a red cloth cap that rose in four peaks high above the head. His *oemah* or riding coat, of crimson cloth, much stained and faded, opening at the bosom showed the links of a coat-of-mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding trousers, of thick fawn-colored Kerman woolen stuff, fell in folds over the large, red leather boots in which his legs were cased; by his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt-ends of a pair of pistols — weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already traveled far.

When the striking figure had approached within thirty yards, I called out in the Turkish language, commonly used in the country: "Whosoever thou art, come no nearer on thy peril, or I shall salute thee with this arrow from my bow!" "Why, boy," returned the stranger in a deep manly voice, and speaking in the same tongue, "thou art

a bold lad, truly! but set thy heart at rest, I mean thee no harm." "Nay," rejoined I, "I am on foot and alone. I know thee not, nor thy intentions. Either retire at once, or show thy sincerity by setting thyself on equal terms with me; dismount from thy steed, and then I fear thee not, whatever be thy designs. Beware!" And so saying I drew my arrow to the head, and pointed it towards him. "By the head of my father!" cried the stranger, "thou art an absolute youth! but I like thee well; thy heart is stout, and thy demand is just; the sheep trusts not the wolf when it meets him in the plain, nor do we acknowledge every stranger in the desert for a friend. See," continued he, dismounting actively, yet with a weight that made the turf ring again —"see, I yield my advantage; as for thy arrows, boy, I fear them not."

With that he slung a small shield, which he bore at his back, before him, as if to cover his face, in case of treachery on my part, and leaving his horse where it stood, he advanced to me. Taught from youth to suspect and guard against treachery, I still kept a wary eye on the motions of the stranger. But there was something in his open though rugged countenance and manly bearing that claimed and won my confidence. Slowly I lowered my hand, and relaxed the still drawn string of my bow, as he strode up to me with a firm, composed step.

"Youth," said he, "had my intentions been hostile, it is not thy arrows or thy bow, no, nor thy sword and spear, that could have stood thee much in stead. I am too old a soldier, and too well defended against such weapons, to fear them from so young an arm. But I am neither enemy nor traitor to attack thee unawares. I have traveled far during the past night, and mean to refresh myself awhile in this spot before I proceed on my journey; thou meanest not," added he, with a smile, "to deny me the boon which Allah extends to all his creatures? What, still suspicious? Come, then, I will increase thy advantage, and try to win thy confidence." With that he unbuckled his sword and threw it, with his matchlock, upon the turf a little way from him. "See me now unarmed; wilt thou yet trust me?" Who could have doubted longer? I

threw down my bow and arrows: "Pardon," cried I, "my tardy confidence; but he that has escaped with difficulty from many perils fears even their shadow."— *The Kuzzilbash.*

FRÉCHETTE, Louis Honoré, a French-Canadian poet, journalist, and statesman; born at Point Levis, Quebec, November 16, 1839. He studied at Nicolet and at Laval University, and was called to the bar in 1864. He was already engaged in literature, having edited for a time *Le Journal de Quebec,* and having published, in 1862, a volume of poems entitled *Mes Loisirs.* In 1864 he founded, in his native town, *Le Journal de Levis,* a partisan paper through which he drew upon himself such a storm of persecution that in 1866 he thought it best to leave the country. Issuing a severe satire, entitled *La Voix d'un Exilé,* he removed to Chicago, where he resided until 1871, being engaged as foreign correspondent in the land department of the Illinois Central Railroad. Here he founded *L'Observateur,* and in 1868 became editor of *L'Amérique,* which quickly acquired a great influence among the numerous Canadian-French in Illinois. Returning to Canada, he published, in 1872, a satirical novel entitled *Les Lettres à Basile,* and from 1874 to 1879 he represented his native county in the Dominion Parliament. He now began to give himself more exclusively to literature; and in 1877 he issued a volume of poems entitled *Péle Méle.* The following year he settled at Montreal, and within two years had given to the public

two works which had the honor of being crowned successively by the French Academy: *Les Oiseaux de Neige* (1879), a volume of sonnets; and *Les Fleurs Boréales* (1880). He edited *La Patrie* for a time; but in 1885 he left Montreal and went to live at Nicolet, where he wrote *Poésies Canadiennes: la Légende d' un Peuple* (1887). The last three of these books made their author famous among the French of France, and he received the Montyon prize not only in 1880, when the former two were "crowned," but again in 1888, upon the appearance of the latter. Other works, besides innumerable periodical contributions, are *Papineau,* a drama replete with patriotic sentiment; *Félix Poutré,* a historical drama; *The Thunderbolt; Un Dimanche Matin à l' Hotel du Canada; Petite Histoire des Rois de France;* a poem on *Jean Baptiste de la Salle;* and another volume of poems entitled *Les Feuilles Volantes.* Among his translations from English into French the principal are Howell's *Chance Acquaintance* and Cable's *Old Creole Days.* The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by several universities, and in 1890 he was made clerk of the legislative council of the Province of Quebec.

A writer in the *Catholic World* says: "The English-speaking world has lately come to know more about Louis Fréchette than it ever knew before, although he is by no means a Marsyas, young and inexperienced, in the art of poetry. The Forty Immortals who dwell in Paris, and who occasionally permit a gleam from Olympus to fall on some favored man of the French nation, have cast their eyes toward New France and have made a new departure. They have set the seal of their approbation on the work of a foreigner, and, in spite of M. Camille

Doucet's apology to the effect that Canada had been French and was still French at heart, the fact is undeniable that the Academy has crowned the work of an American who is a British subject; the Academy which, in spite of the inroads of the Romantic school into its severe and chaste halls, seldom crowns anything that is not what Louis Veuillot calls in derision 'ciselé.' Fréchette's lyrics and short poems are 'ciselé' after the best French models. If anything, he is too dainty in his treatment of themes. In his workmanship he is more like Cellini than Michelangelo, though he has been compared to Hugo, more probably because it is the regular thing to do than because there is any resemblance.

"The prose writings of Fréchette are numerous. They have been compared to the letters of Junius and to the writings of Louis Veuillot. They are generally fiery arraignments of somebody that differs from him in politics, and some of his letters are vigorous in style, but utterly without interest to the reader who does not care to follow the intricacies, past, present, and future, of Canadian politics. The world at large has reason to be most interested in his poetry; and the French Academy has earned the gratitude of all lovers of poetry by bringing to light a poet who deserved recognition from that catholic family long ago."

"His poems," says Paul Lafleur, writing for the *Atlantic Monthly,* "fall naturally into two classes: one treating of national, that is French Canadian subjects; and the other consisting of verses which might have been written in any country, with due regard to local color. The former are found most entirely in *Légende d' un People,* to the contents of which must

be added two or three from *Les Fleurs Boréales.* They perpetuate the remembrance of the nobler days of our country, when patriotism had not degenerated into mere provincial sentiment and race hatred, when the antagonism between English and French was as legitimate a feeling in Canada as on the battle-fields of Blenheim and Ramillies."

SURSUM CORDA.

Warm was the sun, and, the mild breeze caressing,
Low hung the branches with leaves and with flowers;
Clear sang the linnet in outburst of blessing,
While slept her wee birds in their soft, mossy bowers.

To care then we never will open our doors;
The winter soon past, then the May-time we greet;
And oft with illusions from memory's shores,
The heart builds a nest for itself far more sweet.

THE LAMENT OF THE EXILE.

Adieu, flowery meadows, and dear, shady vale;
Adieu, purple mountains, and great prairies pale
O, musical stream; sky where sweetest scents dwell: —
In cities so great, in the woods, on the strand,
Thine image shall with me e'en float in dreamland,
O, my Canada, loved so well!

In forest's deep haunts I shall linger no more,
Nor hear the waves break on thy green, weedy shore;
Thy voices! — my heart wildly beats at their name! —
But, afar, I shall not hear the mirth, boist'rous, loud,
As up village streets march the soldiers so proud,
As they barter away our fame.

And when on a soil far from home I shall sleep,
Alas! I know well, not a soul will e'er keep
Love's vigil by dusk or kneel o'er me in prayer: —

But I shall not see, to make greater my pain,
A false, coward race snatch all innocent gain,
Leaving ruined, each spot, once fair.
— *Translation of* DOROTHEA SHEPPERSON.

FREDERIC, HAROLD, an American novelist and journalist; born at Utica, N. Y., August 19, 1856; died at Kenley, Surrey, England, October 19, 1898. He began his literary career as a contributor to the Utica *Herald;* of which he became, in 1881, the editor-in-chief. He was afterward editor of the Albany *Evening Journal;* which position he resigned to become the London correspondent of the New York *Times.* His first novel, *Seth's Brother's Wife,* was selected out of many as the serial with which *Scribner's Magazine* was started in January, 1887. *In the Valley,* a story of Colonial life in the Mohawk country, was begun in the same monthly in the latter part of 1889. *Scribner* was also the medium of publication, in 1893, of *The Copperhead.* Other popular novels include *The Lawton Girl; The Return of the O'Mahoney,* besides, as he expresses it, "a batch of shorter stories." *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (1896) was republished in England under the title *Illuminations,* and was followed in the same year by *Mrs. Albert Grundy,* which the author describes as "observations in Philistia." *March Hares,* which was characterized as a "sentimental farce" appeared in 1897. This was followed by *Gloria Mundi* (1898); which was the last story Mr. Frederic published. A few days before his last illness he completed the

manuscript for his latest work, *In the Market Place.*

"Perhaps what is most surprising in his works," says the *Nation,* "is their variety. No one of his books in the least resembles another, except in neatness of execution and marked absence of the subjective note." The *Critic,* in a review of *The Damnation of Theron Ware,* calls it the story of a little earthenware pot that goes to swim gaily among stronger vessels, and is broken by the way. The brave, honest, outspoken woman who has the saving of the pieces, puts the whole story and the forecast of the future in a few plain words: "When pressure was put upon him, it found out his weak spot like a shot, and pushed on it, and — well, it came near smashing him, that's all. He isn't going to be an angel of light, or a saint, or anything of that sort, and it's no good expecting it. But he'll be just an average kind of man — a little sore about some things, a little wiser than he was about some others." Certain theological features of this work have led to much comment; and several reviewers have thought it necessary to explain that the purpose of the tale has nothing to do with a comparison of the Catholic and Protestant aspects of Christianity, and that Theron "is not converted from the latter to the former, though for a few chapters that may seem a not improbable outcome, and though his strict Methodist friends might not have considered *damnation* too strong a word to apply to such an apostasy."

CELIA'S DESCRIPTION OF THE YOUNG PREACHER.

You impressed us as an innocent, simple, genuine young character, full of mother's milk. It was like the smell of early spring in the country to come in contact

with you. Your honesty of nature, your sincerity in that absurd religion of yours, your general *naïveté* of mental and spiritual get-up, all pleased a great deal. We thought you were going to be a real acquisition. Instead, we find you inflating yourself with all sorts of egotisms and vanities. Your whole mind became an unpleasant thing to contemplate. You thought it would amuse and impress us to hear you ridiculing and reviling the people of your church, whose money supports you, and making a mock of the things they believe in, and which for your life you wouldn't dare let them know you didn't believe in. What were you thinking of not to comprehend that that would disgust us? You showed me once — do you remember? — a life of George Sand that you had just bought — bought because you had just discovered that she had an unclean side to her life. You churckled as you spoke to me about it, and you were for all the world like a little, nasty boy, giggling over something dirty that older people had learned not to notice. What you took to be improvement was degeneration. When you thought that you were impressing us most by your smart sayings and doings, you were reminding us most of the fable about the donkey trying to play lap-dog. And it wasn't even an honest, straightforward donkey at that.— *The Damnation of Theron Ware.*

AT THE DEATH-BED.

The door opened, and Theron saw the priest standing in the doorway with an uplifted hand. He wore now a surplice with a purple band over his shoulders, and on his pale face there shone a tranquil and tender light. One of the workmen fetched from the stove a brand, lighted the two candles, and bore the table with its contents into the bedroom. The young woman plucked Theron's sleeve, and he dumbly followed her into the chamber of death, making one of the group of a dozen, headed by Mrs. MacEnvoy and her children, which filled the little room, and overflowed now outward to the street-door. He found himself bowing to receive the sprinkled holy water from the priest's white fingers; kneel-

ing with the others for the prayers; following in impressed silence with the others the strange ceremonial by which the priest traced crosses of holy oil with his thumb upon the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips, hands, and feet of the dying man, wiping off the oil with a piece of cotton batting each time after he had repeated the invocation to forgiveness for that particular sense. But most of all he was moved by the rich, novel sound of the Latin as the priest rolled it forth in the *Asperges me, Domine,* and *Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus,* with its soft Continental vowels and liquid *r*'s. It seemed to him that he had never really heard Latin before. Then the astonishing young woman with the red hair declaimed the *Confiteor* vigorously, and with a resonant distinctness of enunciation. It was a different Latin, harsher and more sonorous, and while it still dominated the murmured undertone of the other's prayers the last moment came.

Theron had stood face to face with death at many other bedsides; no other final scene had stirred him like this. It must have been the girl's Latin chant, with its clanging reiteration of the great names, *beatum Michaelem Archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos apostolos Petrum et Paulum,* invoked with such proud confidence in this squalid little shanty, which so strangely affected him.— *The Damnation of Theron Ware.*

FREEMAN, Edward Augustus, an English historian; born at Harborne, Staffordshire, in 1823; died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, of which he was elected Scholar in 1841, Fellow in 1845, and Honorary Fellow in 1880. He filled the office of Examiner in the School of Law and Modern History

E. A. FREEMAN

in 1857–58 and in 1863–64, and in the School of Modern History in 1873. He received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1870, and that of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge in 1874, was an honorary member of numerous learned societies in Europe and America, and received honorary decorations from several European powers. His writings, mainly upon historical and architectural subjects, are very numerous. Among them are *History of Architecture* (1849); *Essays on Window Tracery* (1850); *The History and Conquests of the Saracens* (1856); *History of the Federal Government* Vol. I., 1863); *History of the Norman Conquest* (5 vols., 1867–76); *Old English History* (1869); *Growth of the English Constitution* (1872); *General Sketch of European History* (1872); *Historical Essays* (3 vols., 1872–79); *Historical and Architectural Sketches, chiefly Italian* (1876); *The Ottoman Power in Europe* (1877); *The Historical Geography of Europe* (1881); *The Reign of William Rufus and Henry I.* (1882); *Introduction to American Institutional History* (1882); *Lectures to American Audiences* (1882); *English Towns and Districts* and *Some Impressions of the United States* (1883); *The Methods of Historical Study* (1886); *The Chief Periods of European History,* and, in the series of *Historic Towns,* edited by himself, *Exeter* (1887); *Fifty Years of European History* and *William the Conqueror,* in the *English Statesmen* series (1888), and the third volume of the *History of Sicily from the Earliest Times* (1891). He also contributed largely to periodicals upon kindred subjects.

His work is characterized by a strict adherence to truth and an undisguised contempt for those of his

contemporaries who were inclined to subordinate cold facts to picturesque expression. He exerted a strong Teutonic influence on English history.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

The Norman Conquest is the great turning-point in the history of the English nation. Since the first settlement of the English in Britain, the introduction of Christianity is the only event which can compare with it in importance. And there is this wide difference between the two: The introduction of Christianity was an event which could hardly fail to happen sooner or later; in accepting the Gospel the English only followed the same law, which, sooner or later, affected all the Teutonic nations. But the Norman Conquest is something which stands without a parallel in any other Teutonic land. If that Conquest be looked on in its true light, it is impossible to exaggerate its importance. And there is no event whose true nature has been more commonly and more utterly misunderstood. No event is less fitted to be taken, as it so often has been, for the beginning of the national history. For its whole importance is not the importance which belongs to a beginning, but the importance which belongs to a turning-point. The Norman Conquest brought with it a most extensive foreign infusion, which affected our blood, our language, our laws, our arts; still, it was only an infusion; the older and stronger elements still survived, and in the long run they again made good their supremacy. So far from being the beginning of our national history, the Norman Conquest was the temporary overthrow of our national being. But it was only a temporary overthrow. To a superficial observer the English people might seem for a while to be wiped out of the roll-call of the nations, or to exist only as the bondmen of foreign rulers in their own land. But in a few generations we led captive our conquerors; England was England once again, and the descendants of the Norman invaders were found to be among the truest

of Englishmen. England may be as justly proud of rearing such step-children as Simon of Montfort and Edward the First as of being the natural mother of Alfred and of Harold.

In no part of history can any event be truly understood without reference to the events which went before it and which prepared the way for it. But in no case is such reference more needful than in dealing with an event like that with which we are now concerned. The whole importance of the Norman Conquest consists in the effect which it had on an existing nation, humbled indeed, but neither wiped out nor utterly enslaved; in the changes which it wrought in an existing constitution, which was by degrees greatly modified, but which was never either wholly abolished or wholly trampled under foot. William, King of the English, claimed to reign as the lawful successor of the kings of the English who had reigned before him. He claimed to inherit their rights, and he professed to govern according to their laws. This position, therefore, and the whole nature of the great revolution which he wrought, are utterly unintelligible without a full understanding of the state of things which he found existing. Even when one nation actually displaces another, some knowledge of the condition of the displaced nation is necessary to understand the position of the displacing nation. The English Conquest of Britain cannot be thoroughly understood without some knowledge of the earlier history of the Celt and the Roman. But when there is no displacement of a nation, when there is not even the utter overthrow of a constitution, when there are only changes, however many and important, wrought in an existing system, a knowledge of the earlier state of things is an absolutely essential part of any knowledge of the latter. The Norman Conquest of England is simply an insoluble puzzle without a clear notion of the condition of England and the English people at the time when the Conqueror and his followers set foot on our shores.—*The Norman Conquest, Introduction.*

COMPARATIVE MAGNITUDE OF THE CONQUEST.

The Norman Conquest, again, is an event which stands by itself in the history of Europe. It took place at a transitional period in the world's development. Those elements, Roman and Teutonic, Imperial and Ecclesiastical, which stood, as it were, side by side in the system of the early middle age, were then being fused together into the later system of fuedal, Papal, crusading Europe. The Conquest was one of the most important steps in the change. A kingdom which had hitherto been purely Teutonic was brought within the sphere of the laws, the manners, the speech of the Romanic nations. At the very moment when Pope and Cæsar held each other in the death-grasp, a Church which had hitherto maintained a sort of insular and barbaric independence was brought into a far more intimate connection with the Roman See. And as a conquest, compared with earlier and with later conquests, the Norman Conquest of England holds a middle position between the two classes, and shares somewhat of the nature of both. It was something less than such conquests as form the main subject of history during the great Wandering of the Nations. It was something more than those political conquests which fill up too large a space in the history of modern times. It was much less than a natural migration; it was much more than a mere change of frontier or dynasty. It was not such a change as when the first English conquerors slew, expelled, or enslaved the whole nation of the vanquished Britons. It was not even such a change as when the Goths or Burgundians sat down as a ruling people, preserving their own language and their own law, and leaving the language and law of Rome to the vanquished Romans. But it was a far greater change than commonly follows on the transfer of a province from one sovereign to another, or even the forcible acquisition of a crown by an alien dynasty.

The Conquest of England by William wrought less immediate change than the Conquest of Africa by Genseric; it wrought a greater immediate change than the

Conquest of Sicily by Charles of Aragon. It brought with it not only a new dynasty, but a new nobility; it did not expel or transplant the English nation, or any part of it, but it gradually deprived the leading men and families of England of their lands and offices and thrust them down into a secondary position under alien intruders. It did not at once sweep away the old laws and liberties of the land; but it at once changed the manner and spirit of their administration, and it opened the way for endless later changes in the laws themselves. It did not abolish the English language; but it brought in a new language by its side, which for a while supplanted it as the language of polite intercourse, and which did not yield to the surviving elder speech till it had affected it by the largest infusion that the vocabulary of one European tongue ever received from another. The most important of the formal changes in legislation, in language, in the system of government, were no immediate consequences of the Conquest, no mere innovations of the reign of William. They were the gradual developments of later times, when the Norman as well as the Englishman found himself under the yoke of a foreign master. But the reign of William paved the way for all the later changes which were to come, and the immediate changes which he himself wrought were, after all, great and weighty. They were none the less great and weighty because they affected the practical condition of the people far more than they affected its written laws and institutions. When a nation is driven to receive a foreigner as its King, when that foreign King divides the highest offices and the greatest estates of the land among his foreign followers, though such a change must be carefully distinguished from changes in the written law, still the change is, for the time, practically the greatest which a nation and its leaders can undergo.— *The Norman Conquest, Introduction.*

DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence which we

may trust was more than formal. The English Chronicler, William of Malmesbury, after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance, late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes. He made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and the churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes, and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank. He then spoke of his own life and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race; but they needed the curb of a strong and a righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest born; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor; he could only leave the disposal of the island realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had

won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword. The harrying of Northumberland now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry the Clerk. "And what dost thou give to me, my father?" said the youth. "Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard," was the Conqueror's answer. "But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?" "Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee." It is perhaps by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and mightier than either of them. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was

left to him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety. And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer. . . .

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects whom he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the Church of our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words: "To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that, by her holy prayers, she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. Till a new king was chosen and crowned, there was no longer a power in the land to protect or to chastise. All bonds were loosed: all public authority was in abeyance; each man had to look to his own as he best might. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither. The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was

no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoil of the royal chamber. Weapons, clothes, vessels, the royal bed and its furniture, were carried off, and for a whole day the body of the Conqueror lay well-nigh bare on the floor of the room in which he had died.— *The Norman Conquest.*

THE STUDY OF GREEK AND LATIN.

The weak side of the old study of Greek and Latin lay in this, that they were studied apart from other languages. They were supposed to have some mysterious character about them, some supreme virtue peculiar to themselves, which made it needful to look at them all by themselves, and made it in a manner disrespectful to class any other languages with them. This belief, or rather feeling, grew naturally out of the circumstances of what is called the revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The learning then revived was an exclusively Greek and Latin learning, and it could hardly have been otherwise. And besides this, the error, like other errors, contains a certain measure of truth; it is a half-truth thrust out of its proper place. For purposes purely educational the Greek and Latin tongues have something which is peculiar to themselves, something which does set them apart from all others. That is, they are better suited than any other languages to be the groundwork of study.— *Essay on Language and Literature.*

FREEMAN, Mary Eleanor Wilkins, an American novelist; born at Randolph, Mass., in 1862. She was educated at Mount Holyoke Seminary. After residing some years at Brattleboro, Vt., she returned in 1883 to Randolph, which remained her home until her marriage to Charles Free-

man in January, 1902, when she removed to his home at Metuchen, N. J. She began her literary career by writing short stories for the magazines in 1886, her work being largely the delineation of New England life and character. Her subsequent novels attracted much attention and in England she is regarded as the foremost woman writer in America. Her published works include *The Adventures of Ann* (1886); *A Humble Romance and Other Stories* (1887); *A New England Nun and Other Stories* (1888); *Young Lucretia* (1891); *Giles Corey, Yeoman,* a drama (1893); *Jane Field,* a novel (1893); *Pembroke* (1894); *The Long Arm* (1895); *Jerome; A Poor Man* (1896); *Silence and Other Stories* (1897); *The People of Our Neighborhood* (1898); *Understudies* (1899); *Madelon* (1900); *The Love of Parson Lord* (1901); *The Portion of Labor* (1902); *Evelina's Garden* (1902); *The Wind in the Rose Bush* (1903); and *Six Trees* (1904).

Mrs. Freeman's stories are character studies of unusual power. Her groups consist of few persons, her plots are simple, and her action slight, but the whole scene is often animated by passion the most intense, emotion the most subtle. She has been the Jane Austen of the lonely households and sequestered communities of her native New England; but she lacks the genial humanity of her English prototype. There is more than a tinge of morbid feeling in her most ambitious productions. She frequently stirs the humorous appreciation of her readers; she seldom or never gives way to her own. She has frequently contributed verse to the magazines. One of her best known poems *It Was a Lass* has been widely quoted.

IT WAS A LASS.

It was a lass, for love a-seeking,
In every heavy red rose peeking —
Ah, well-a-day! —
To see if there he might be hiding;
And all the while herself a-chiding
For shame, that she desired him so,
And sought him if she would or no.
Ah, well-a-day!

And when by chance a laddie meeting,
She'd blush, and give him trembling greeting —
Ah, well-a-day!
And shyly in his eyes be peeping,
To see if Love lay in them sleeping;
And if to wake he 'gan to stir,
And dazzle at the sight of her —
Ah, well-a-day!

It was a lass, for love a-hunting,
So still, for fear of him affronting —
Ah, well-a-day!
At last, one eve, with tears and sighing,
She spied him in her own heart lying,
And nowhere else, fore'er and aye —
Ah, well-a-day,
Ah, well-a-day!

THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR.

Letitia lived in the same house where her grandmother and her great grandmother had lived and died. Her own parents died when she was very young. And she had come to live there with her great-aunt Peggy. Great-aunt Peggy was her grandfather's sister, and was a very old woman. However, she was very active and bright, and good company for Letitia. That was fortunate, because there were no little girls of Letitia's age nearer than a mile. The one maid-servant whom Aunt Peggy kept was older than she, and had chronic rheumatism in

the right foot and the left shoulder-blade, which affected her temper.

Letitia's Great-aunt Peggy used to play grace hoops with her, and dominoes and checkers, and even dolls. Sometimes it was hard for Letitia to realize that she was not another little girl. Her Aunt Peggy was very kind to her and fond of her, and took care of her as well as her own mother could have done. Letitia had all the care and comforts and pleasant society that she really needed, but she was not a very contented little girl. She was naturally rather idle, and her Aunt Peggy, who was a wise old woman and believed thoroughly in the proverb about Satan and idle hands, would keep her always busy at something.

If she was not playing, she had to sew or study or dust, or read a stent in a story-book. Letitia had very nice story-books, but she was not particularly fond of reading. She liked best of anything to sit quite idle, and plan what she would do some other time, and think what she would like to have if she could have her wish — and that her Aunt Peggy would not allow.

Letitia was not satisfied with her dolls and little treasures. She wanted new ones. She wanted fine clothes like one little girl, and plenty of candy like another. When Letitia went to school in pleasant weather, she always came home more dissatisfied. She wanted her room newly furnished, and thought the furniture in the whole house very shabby. She disliked to rise so early in the morning. She did not like to take a walk every day, and besides everything else to make her discontented, there was the little green door, which she must never open and pass through.

This house where Letitia lived was, of course, a very old one. It had a top roof, saggy and mossy, gray shingles in the walls, lilac bushes half hiding the great windows, and a well-sweep in the yard. It was quite a large house, and there were sheds and a great barn attached to it, but they were all on the south side. At the back of the house the fields stretched away for acres, and there were no outbuildings. The little green door was at the

very back of the house, toward the fields, in a room opening out of the kitchen. It was called the cheese-room, because Letitia's grandmother, who made cheeses, used to keep them there. She fancied she could smell cheese, though none had been kept there for years, and it was used now only for a lumber-room. She always sniffed hard for cheese, and then she eyed the little green door with wonder and longing. It was a small green door, scarcely higher than her head. A grown person could not have passed through without stooping almost double. It was very narrow, too, and no one who was not slender could have squeezed through it. In this door there was a little black keyhole, with no key in it, but it was always locked. Letitia knew that her Aunt Peggy kept the key in some very safe place, but she would never show it to her, nor unlock the door.

"It is not best for you, my dear," she always replied, when Letitia teased her; and when Letitia begged only to know why she could not go out of the door, she made the same reply: "It is not best for you, my dear."

Sometimes, when Aunt Peggy was not by, Letitia would tease the old maid-servant about the little green door, but she always seemed both cross and stupid, and gave her no satisfaction. She even seemed to think there was no little green door there; but that was nonsense, because Letitia knew there was. Her curiosity grew greater and greater; she took every chance she could get to steal into the cheese-room and shake the door softly, but it was always locked. She even tried to look through the keyhole, but she could see nothing. One thing puzzled her more than anything, and that was that the little green door was on the inside of the house only, and not on the outside. When Letitia went out in the field behind the house, there was nothing but the blank wall to be seen. There was no sign of a door in it. But the cheese-room was certainly the last room in the house, and the little green door was in the rear wall. It was very strange. When Letitia asked her Great-aunt Peggy to explain that, she only got that same answer:

"It is not best for you to know, my dear."

Letitia studied the little green door more than she

studied her lesson-books, but she never got any nearer the solution of the mystery, until one Sunday morning in January. It was a very cold day, and she had begged hard to stay home from church. Her Aunt Peggy and her maid-servant, old as they were, were going, but Letitia shivered and coughed a little and pleaded, and finally had her own way.

"But you must sit down quietly," charged Aunt Peggy, "and you must learn your texts, to repeat to me when I get home."

After Aunt Peggy and the old servant, in their great cloaks and bonnets and fur tippets, had gone out of the yard and down the road, Letitia sat quiet for fifteen minutes or so, hunting in the Bible for four easy texts; then suddenly she thought of the little green door, and wondered, as she had done so many times before, if it could possibly be opened. She laid down her Bible and stole out through the kitchen to the cheese-room and tried the door. It was locked just as usual. "Oh, dear!" sighed Letitia, and was ready to cry. It seemed to her that this little green door was the very worst of all her trials; that she would rather open that and see what was beyond than have all the nice things she wanted and had to do without.

Suddenly she thought of a little satin-wood box with a picture on the lid which Aunt Peggy kept in her top bureau drawer. Letitia had often seen this box, but had never been allowed to open it.

"I wonder if the key can be in that box?" said she.

She did not wait a minute. She was so naughty that she dared not wait, for fear she should remember that she ought to be good. She ran out of the cheese-room, through the kitchen and the sitting-room, to her aunt's bedroom, and opened the bureau-drawer, and then the satin-wood box. It contained some bits of old lace, an old brooch, a yellow letter, some other things which she did not examine, and, sure enough, a little black key on a green ribbon. Letitia had not a doubt that it was the key of the little green door. She trembled all over, she panted for breath, she was so frightened, but she did not

hesitate. She took the key and ran back to the cheese-room. She did not stop to shut the satin-wood box or the bureau-drawer. She was so cold, and her hands shook so that she had some difficulty in fitting the key into the lock of the little green door; but at last she succeeded, and turned it quite easily. Then, for a second, she hesitated; she was almost afraid to open the door; she put her hand on the latch and drew it back. It seemed to her, too, that she heard strange, alarming sounds on the other side. Finally, with a great effort of her will, she unlatched the little green door, and flung it open and ran out.

Then she gave a scream of surprise and terror, and stood still, staring. She did not dare stir nor breathe. She was not in the open fields which she had always seen behind the house. She was in the midst of a gloomy forest of trees so tall that she could just see the wintry sky through their tops. She was hemmed in, too, by a wide, heaping undergrowth of bushes and brambles, all stiff with snow. There was something dreadful and ghastly about this forest, which had the breathless odor of a cellar. And suddenly Letitia heard again those strange sounds she had heard before coming out, and she knew that they were the savage whoops of Indians, just as she had read about them in her history-book, and she saw also dark forms skulking about behind the trees, as she had read.

Then Letitia, wild with fright, turned to run back into the house through the little green door, but there was no little green door, and, more than that, there was no house. Nothing was to be seen but the forest and a bridle-path leading through it.

Letitia gasped. She could not believe her eyes. She plunged out into the path and down it a little way, but there was no house. The dreadful yells sounded nearer. She looked wildly at the undergrowth beside the path, wondering if she could hide under that, when suddenly she heard a gun-shot and the tramp of a horse's feet. She sprang aside just as a great horse, with a woman and two little girls on his back, came plunging down the

bridle-path and passed her. Then there was another gun-shot, and a man, with a wide cape flying back like black wings, came rushing down the path. Letitia gave a little cry, and he heard her.

"Who are you?" he cried breathlessly. Then, without waiting for an answer, he caught her up and bore her along with him. "Don't speak!" he panted in her ear. "The Indians are upon us, but we're almost home!"

Then all at once a log-house appeared beside the path, and some one was holding the door ajar, and a white face was peering out. The door was flung open wide as they came up, the man rushed in, set Letitia down, shut the door with a crash, and shot some heavy bolts at top and bottom.

Letitia was so dazed that she scarcely knew what happened for the next few minutes. She saw there was a pale-faced woman and three girls, one about her own age, two a little younger. She saw, to her great amazement, the horse tied in the corner. She saw that the door was of a mighty thickness, and, moreover, hasped with iron and studded with great iron nails, so that some rattling blows that were rained upon it presently had no effect. She saw three guns set in loopholes in the walls, and the man, the woman and the girl of her own age firing them, with great reports which made the house quake, while the younger girls raced from one to the other with powder and bullets. Still, she was not sure she saw right, it was all so strange. She stood back in a corner, out of the way, and waited, trembling, and at last the fierce yells outside died away, and the firing stopped.

. . . . . .

"They have fled," said the woman, with a thankful sigh.

"Yes," said the man. "We are delivered once more out of the hands of the enemy."

"We must not unbar the door or the shutters yet," said the woman anxiously. "I will get supper by candlelight."

Then Letitia realized what she had not done before, that all the daylight was shut out of the house; that they had for light only one tallow candle and a low hearth fire. It was very cold then. Letitia began to shiver with cold as well as fear.

Suddenly the woman turned to her with motherly kindness and curiosity:

"Who is this little damsel whom you rescued, husband?" said she.

"She must speak for herself," replied her husband, smiling.

"I thought at first she was neighbor Adam's Phebe, but I see she is not."

"What is your name, child?" asked the woman, while the three little girls looked wonderingly at the newcomer.

"Letitia Hopkins," replied Letitia, in a small, scared voice.

The others started.

"Letitia Hopkins, did you say?" said the woman, doubtfully.

"Yes, ma'am."

They all stared at her, then at one another.

"It is very strange," said the woman, finally, with a puzzled, half-alarmed look. "Letitia Hopkins is my name."

"And it is mine, too," said the eldest girl.

Letitia gave a great jump. There was something very strange about this. Letitia Hopkins was her family name. Her grandmother, her father's mother, had been Letitia Hopkins, and she had always heard that the name could be traced back in the same order for generations, as the Hopkinses had intermarried. She looked up, trembling, at the man who had saved her from the Indians.

"Will you please tell me your name, sir?" she said.

"John Hopkins," replied the man, smiling kindly at her.

"Captain John Hopkins," corrected his wife.

Letitia gasped. That settled it. Captain John Hopkins was her great-great-great-grandfather. Great-aunt Peggy had often told her about him. He had been a

notable man in his day, among the first settlers, and many a story concerning him had come down to his descendants. A queer little miniature of him, in a little gilt frame, hung in the best parlor, and Letitia had often looked at it. She had thought from the first that there was something familiar about the man's face, and now she recognized the likeness to the miniature.

It seemed awful, and impossible, but the little green door had led into the past, and Letitia Hopkins was visiting her great-great-great-grandfather and grandmother, her great-great-grandmother and her two great-great-aunts.

Letitia looked up in the faces, all staring wonderingly at her, and all of them had that familiar look, though she had no miniatures of the others. Suddenly she knew that it was a likeness to her own face which she recognized, and it was as if she saw herself in a fivefold looking-glass. She felt as if her head was turning round and round, and presently her feet began to follow the motion of her head, then strong arms caught her, or she would have fallen.

When Letitia came to herself again, she was in a great feather-bed, in the unfinished loft of the log-house. The wind blew in her face, a great star shone in her eyes. She thought at first she was out of doors, then she heard a kind but commanding voice repeating: "Open your mouth," and stared up wildly into her great-great-great-grandmother's face, then around the strange little garret, lighted with a wisp of rag in a pewter dish of tallow, and the stars shining through the crack in the logs. Not a bit of furniture was there in the room, besides the bed and an oak chest. Some queer-looking garments hung about on pegs and swung in the draughts of the wind. It must have been snowing outside, for the little piles of snow were scattered here and there about the room.

"Where — am — I?" Letitia asked, feebly, but no sooner had she opened her mouth than her great-great-great-grandmother, Goodwife Hopkins, who had been

watching her chance, popped in the great pewter spoon full of some horribly black and bitter medicine.

Letitia nearly choked.

"Swallow it," said Goodwife Hopkins. "You swooned away, and it is good physic. It will soon make you well."

Goodwife Hopkins had a kind and motherly way, but a way from which there was no appeal.

Letitia swallowed the bitter dose.

"Now, go to sleep," ordered Goodwife Hopkins.

Letitia went to sleep. There might have been something quieting to the nerves in the good physic.

She was awakened a little later by her great-great-grandmother, and her two great-great-aunts coming to bed.

They were to sleep with her. There were only two beds in Captain John Hopkins's house.

Letitia had never slept four in a bed before. There was not much room. She had to turn herself about crosswise, and then her toes stuck out into the icy air, unless she kept them well covered up. But soon she fell asleep again.

About midnight she was awakened by wild cries in the woods outside, and lay a minute numb with fright before she remembered where she was. Then she nudged her great-great-grandmother Letitia, who lay next her.

"What's that?" she whispered, fearfully.

"Oh, it's nothing but a catamount. Go to sleep again," said her great-great-grandmother, sleepily. Her great-great-aunt Phyllis, the youngest of them all, laughed on the other side.

"She's afraid of a catamount," said she.

Letitia could not go to sleep for a long while, for the wild cries continued, and she thought several times that the catamount was scratching up the walls of the house. When she did fall asleep it was not for long, for the fierce yells she had heard when she had first opened the green door sounded again in her ears.

This time she did not need to wake her great-great-

grandmother, who sat straight in the bed at the first sound.

"What's that?" Letitia whispered.

"Hush!" replied the other. "Injuns!"

Both the great-great-aunts were awake; they all listened, scarcely breathing. The yells came again, but fainter; then again, and fainter still. Then they were heard no more. Letitia's great-great-grandmother settled back in bed again.

"Go to sleep now," said she, "they've gone away."

But Letitia was weeping with fright.

"I can't go to sleep," she sobbed. "I'm afraid they'll come again."

"Very likely they will," replied the other Letitia, coolly. "They come most every night."

The little Great-great-aunt Phyllis again laughed.

"She can't go to sleep because she heard Injuns," she tittered.

"Hush," said her older sister; "she'll get accustomed to them in time."

But poor Letitia slept no more till four o'clock. Then she had just fallen into a sweet doze when she was pulled out of bed.

"Come, come," said the great-great-great-grandmother, Goodwife Hopkins, "we can have no lazy damsels here."

Letitia found that her bedfellows were up and dressed and downstairs. She heard a queer buzzing sound from below, as she stood on her bare feet on the icy floor and gazed about her, dizzy with sleep.

"Hasten and dress yourself," said Goodwife Hopkins; "here are some of Letitia's garments I have laid out for you. Those which you wore here I have put away in the chest. They are too gay, and do not befit a sober, God-fearing damsel."

With that, Goodwife Hopkins descended to the room below, and Letitia dressed herself. It did not take her long. There was not much to put on beside a coarse wool petticoat and a straight little wool gown, rough yarn stockings, and such shoes as she had never seen. "I couldn't run from Injuns in these," thought Letitia,

miserably. When she got downstairs she discovered what the buzzing noise was. Her great-great-grandmother was spinning. Her great-great-aunt Candace was knitting, and little Phyllis was scouring the hearth. Goodwife Hopkins was preparing breakfast.

"Go to the other wheel," said she to Letitia, "and spin until the porridge is done. We can have no idle hands here."

Letitia looked helplessly at a spinning-wheel in the corner, then at her great-great-great-grandmother.

"I don't know how!" she faltered.

Then all the great-grandmothers and the aunts cried out with astonishment.

"She doesn't know how to spin!" they said to one another.

Letitia felt dreadfully ashamed.

"You must have been strangely brought up," said Goodwife Hopkins. "Well, take this stocking and mend the toe. There will be just about time enough for that before breakfast."

"I dont know how to knit," stammered Letitia.

Then there was another cry of astonishment. Goodwife Hopkins cast about in her mind for another task for this ignorant guest.

"Explain the doctrine of predestination," she said suddenly.

Letitia jumped and stared at her with scared eyes.

"Don't you know what predestination is?" demanded Goodwife Hopkins.

"No, ma'am!" half sobbed Letitia.

Her great-great-grandmother and her great-great-aunts made shocked exclamations.

And her great-great-great-grandmother looked at her with horror. "You have been brought up as one of the heathen," said she. Then she produced a small book, and Letitia was bidden to seat herself upon a stool and learn the doctrine of predestination before breakfast.

The kitchen was lighted only by one tallow candle and the firelight, for it was still far from dawn. Letitia drew her little stool close to the hearth, and bent anxiously

over the fire-lit page. She committed to memory easily, and repeated the text like a frightened parrot when she was called upon.

"The child has good parts, though she is woefully ignorant," Goodwife Hopkins said aside to her husband. "It shall be my care to instruct her."

. . . . . .

Letitia, having completed her task, was given her breakfast. It was only a portion of corn-meal porridge in a pewter plate. She had never had such a strange breakfast in her life, and she did not like corn-meal. She sat with it untasted before her.

"Why don't you eat?" asked her great-great-great-grandmother, severely.

"I — don't — like — it," faltered Letitia.

If possible, they were all more shocked by that than they had been by her ignorance.

"She doesn't like the good porridge," the little great-aunts said to each other.

"Eat the porridge," commanded Captain John Hopkins, sternly, when he had gotten over his surprise.

Letitia ate the porridge, every grain of it. After breakfast the serious work of the day began. Letitia had never known anything like it. She felt like a baby who had just come into a new world. She was ignorant of everything that these strange relatives knew. It made no difference that she knew some things which they did not, some advanced things. She could, for instance, crochet, if she could not knit. She could repeat the multiplication-table, if she did not know the doctrine of predestination; she had also all the States of the Union by heart. But advanced knowledge is of no more value in the past than past knowledge in the future. She could not crochet, because there were no crochet needles; there were no States of the Union, and it seemed doubtful if there was a multiplication-table, there was so little to multiply.

So Letitia had to set herself to acquiring the wisdom

of her ancestors. She learned to card, and hatchel, and spin and weave. She learned to dye cloth, and make coarse garments, even for her great-great-great-grandfather, Captain John Hopkins. She knitted yarn stockings, she scoured brass and pewter, and, more than all, she learned all the catechism. Letitia had never before known what work was. From long before dawn until long after dark, she toiled; she was not allowed to spend one idle moment. She had no chance to steal out and search for the little green door, even had she not been so afraid of wild beasts and Indians.

She never went out of the house except on the Sabbath day. Then, in fair or foul weather, they all went to meeting, ten miles through the dense forest. Captain John Hopkins strode ahead, his gun over his shoulder. Goodwife Hopkins rode the gray horse, and the girls rode by turns, two at a time, clinging to the pillion at her back. Letitia was never allowed to wear her own pretty plaid dress, with the velvet collar, even to meeting. "It would create a scandal in the sanctuary," said Goodwife Hopkins. So Letitia went always in the queer little coarse and scanty gown, which seemed to her more like a bag than anything else; and for outside wraps she had, of all things, a homespun blanket pinned over her head. Her great-great-grandmother and her great-great-aunts were all fitted out in similar fashion. Goodwife Hopkins, however, had a great wadded hood and a fine red cloak.

There was never any fire in the meeting-house, and the services lasted all day — with a short recess at noon — during which they went into a neighboring house, sat round the fire, warmed their half-frozen feet, and ate cold corn-cakes and pan-cakes for luncheon. There were no pews in the meeting-house, nothing but hard benches without backs. If Letitia fidgeted, or fell asleep, the tithing-man rapped her.

Letitia would never have been allowed to stay away from meeting, had she begged to do so, but she never did. She was afraid to stay alone in the house because of Indians.

Quite often there was a rumor of hostile Indians in the

neighborhood, and twice there were attacks. Letitia learned to load the guns and hand the powder and bullets.

She grew more and more homesick as the days went on. They were all kind to her, and she became fond of them, especially of the great-great-grandmother of her own age, and the little great-aunts, but they had seldom any girlish sports together. Goodwife Hopkins kept them too busy at work. Once in a while, as a great treat, they were allowed to play bean porridge hot for fifteen minutes. They were not allowed to talk after they went to bed, and there was also little opportunity for girlish confidences.

However, there came a day at last when Captain Hopkins and his wife were called away to visit a sick neighbor, some twelve miles distant, and the four girls were left in charge of the house. At seven o'clock at night the two youngest went to bed, and Letitia and her great-great-grandmother remained up to wait for the return of their elders, as they had been instructed. Then it was that the little great-great-grandmother showed Letitia her treasure. She had only one, and was not often allowed to look at it, lest it wean her heart away from more serious things. It was kept in a secret drawer of the great chest for safety, and was nothing but a little silver snuff-box with a picture on the top. It contained a little flat glass bottle, about an inch and a half long.

"The box belonged to my grandfather, and the bottle to his mother. I have them because I am the eldest, but I must not set my heart on them unduly," said Letitia's great-great-grandmother.

Letitia tried to count how many greats belonged to the ancestors who had first owned these treasures, but it made her dizzy. She had never told the story of the little green door to any of them. She had been afraid to, knowing how shocked they would be at her disobedience. Now, however, when the treasure was replaced, she was moved to confidence, and told her great-great-grandmother the story.

"That is very strange," said her great-great-grand-

mother, when she had finished. "We have a little green door, too; only ours is on the outside of the house, in the north wall. There's a spruce tree growing close up against it that hides it, but it is there. Our parents have forbidden us to open it, too, but we have never disobeyed."

She said the last with something of an air of superior virtue. Letitia felt terribly ashamed.

"Is there any key to your little green door?" she asked, meekly.

For answer, her great-great-grandmother opened the secret drawer of the chest again, and pulled out a key, with a green ribbon in it, the very counterpart of the one in the satin-wood box.

Letitia looked at it wistfully.

"I should never think of disobeying my parents, and open the little green door," remarked her great-great-grandmother, as she put back the key in the drawer. "I should think something dreadful would happen to me. I have heard whispered that the door opened into the future. It would be dreadful to be all alone in the future without one's kinsfolk."

"There may not be any Indians or catamounts there," ventured Letitia.

"There might be something a great deal worse," returned her great-great-grandmother, severely.

After that there was silence between the two, and possibly also a little coldness.

Letitia sat gazing forlornly into the fire, thinking that it would be much more comfortable to be alive in the future than in the past, and her great-great-grandmother sat stiffly on her opposite stool, knitting with virtuous industry, until she began to nod.

Suddenly Letitia looked up, and she was fast asleep. Then, in a flash, she thought of the key and the little green door. It might be her only chance, for nobody knew how long. She pulled off her shoes, tiptoed in her thick yarn stocking-feet up to the loft, got her own clothes out of the chest and put them on instead of her homespun garb. The little great-aunts did not stir. Then

she tiptoed down, got the key out of the secret drawer, gave a loving farewell look at her great-great-grandmother, and was out of the house.

It was broad moonlight outside. She ran around to the north wall of the house, pressed in under the low branches of the spruce tree, and there was the little green door. Letitia gave a sob of joy and thankfulness. She fitted the key in the lock, turned it, opened the door, and there she was, back in the cheese-room.

She shut the door hard, locked it and carried the key back to its place in the satin-wood box. Then she looked out of the window, and there were her great-aunt Peggy and the old maid-servant just coming home from church.

Letitia that afternoon confessed what she had done to her aunt, who listened gravely.

"You were disobedient," said she, when she had finished. "But I think your disobedience brought its own punishment, and I hope now you will be more contented."

"Oh, Aunt Peggy," sobbed Letitia, "everything I've got is so beautiful, and I love to study and crochet and go to church."

"Well, it was a hard lesson to learn, and I hoped to spare you from it, but perhaps it was for the best," said her great-aunt Peggy.

"I was there a whole winter," said Letitia, "but when I got back you were just coming home from church."

"It doesn't take as long to visit the past as it did to live it," replied her aunt.

Then she sent Letitia into her room for the satin-wood box, and, when she brought it, took out of it a little parcel, neatly folded in white paper, tied with a green ribbon.

"Open it," said she.

Letitia untied the green ribbon and unfolded the paper, and there was the little silver snuff-box which had been the treasure of her great-great-grandmother, Letitia Hopkins. She raised the lid, and there was also the little glass bottle.— Copyright 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson and Bacheller.

FREILIGRATH, FERDINAND, a German poet; born at Detmold, June 17, 1810; died at Cannstatt, Würtemberg, March 18, 1876. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a grocer at Soest, and was subsequently employed in mercantile clerkships at various places. While serving his apprenticeship he mastered the English, French, and Italian languages, and began to write verses for newspapers. His first book, a series of translations from the Odes and Songs of Victor Hugo, appeared in 1836. This was followed two years later by his first original volume of *Gedichte.* In 1842 he endeavored to establish a periodical to be called *Britannica: für Englisches Leben und Englische Literatur,* and received promises of contribution from Bulwer and Dickens; and in that year he received a pension of 300 thalers from King William IV. of Prussia. Up to this time he had taken no part in political agitations; but about 1844 he threw up his pension, identified himself with the Liberal party in Germany, published *Mein Glaubensbekentniss* (My Creed), and on account of the sentiments therein expressed was forced to leave the country. In 1848 he was on the point of emigrating to America. The amnesty of 1849 permitted him to return to Germany, taking up his residence at Düsseldorf; but he was soon after prosecuted on account of a poem entitled *Die Todten on die Lebenden;* he was acquitted by the jury; but new prosecutions drove him to London in 1851, where he became a clerk in a banking establishment, at the same time making admirable translations into German from British poets. A volume of these translations ap-

peared in 1854 under the title of *The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock*. Among his numerous translations from the English into German are Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale,* Longfellow's *Hiawatha,* and nearly all of the poems of Burns. He resided in England until 1868, when the suspension of the banking institution by which he was employed threw him into pecuniary straits. But a national subscription, amounting to 60,000 thalers, was raised in Germany, with which an ample annuity was purchased for him. A general amnesty for all political offenders was proclaimed in Germany in 1868, and Freiligrath returned to his native country, settling at Stuttgart, and in 1875 at Cannstatt, where he died the next year. An edition of his collected works in six volumes appeared in New York in 1859. After this, during the Franco-German War, he wrote the popular songs *Hurrah Germania;* the *Trompete von Gravelotte,* and some others. The year after his death a new and much enlarged edition of his works appeared in Germany. A volume of selections from his *Poems,* translated into English by his daughter, appeared in 1870, in Tauchnitz's *Collection of German Authors.* Freiligrath's political poems are perhaps more highly esteemed in Germany than his earlier works. He is there styled "the poet-martyr," "the bard of freedom," and "the inspired singer of the revolution." But for readers of the English language translations of his earlier non-political poems will give a better idea of his peculiar genius.

MY THEMES.

"Most weary man! why wreathest thou
Again and yet again," methinks I hear you ask,
"The turban on thy sunburnt brow?

Wilt never vary
Thy tristful task,
But sing, still sing, of sand and seas, as now
Housed in thy willow zumbul on the dromedary?

"Thy tent has now o'er many times
Been pitched in treeless places on old Ammon's plains;
We long to greet in blander climes
The love and laughter
Thy soul disdains.
Why wanderest ever thus, in prolix rhymes,
Through snows and stony wastes, while we come toiling after?

"Awake! thou art as one who dreams!
Thy quiver overflows with melancholy sand!
Thou faintest in the noontide beams!
Thy crystal beaker
Of juice is banned!
Filled with juice of poppies from dull streams
In sleepy Indian dells, it can but make thee weaker!

"O cast away the deadly draught,
And glance around thee, then, with an awakened eye!
The waters healthier bards have quaffed
At Europe's fountains
Still bubble by,
Bright now as when the Grecian Summer laughed
And Poesy's first flowers bloomed on Apollo's mountains!

"So many a voice thine era hath,
And thou art deaf to all! O, study mankind! probe
The heart! lay bare its love and wrath,
Its joys and sorrows!
Not round the globe,
O'er flood and field and dreary desert-path,
But, into thine own bosom look, and thence thy marvels borrow!

"Weep! Let us hear thy tears resound
From the dark iron concave of life's cup of woe!

Weep for the souls of mankind bound
In chains of error!
Our tears will flow
In sympathy with thine when thou hast wound
Our feelings up to the proper pitch of grief or terror.

"Unlock the life-gates of the flood
That rushes through thy veins! Like vultures we delight
To glut our appetites with blood!
Remorse, Fear, Torment,
The blackening blight
Love smites young hearts withal — these be the food
For us! without such stimulants our dull souls lie dormant!

"But no long voyages — O, no more
Of the weary East or South — no more of the Simoom —
No apples from the Dead Sea shore —
No fierce volcanoes,
All fire and gloom!
Or else, at most, sing *basso,* we implore,
Of Orient sands, whilst Europe's flowers
Monopolize thy *sopranos!*"

Thanks, friends, for this, your kind advice!
Would I could follow it — could bide in balmier land!
But thou far Arctic tracts of ice,
Those wildernesses
Of wavy sand,
Are the only home I have. They must suffice
For one whose lonely hearth no smiling Peri blesses.

Yet count me not the more forlorn
For my barbarian tastes. Pity me not. O, no!
The heart laid waste by grief or scorn,
Which only knoweth
Its own deep woe,
Is the only desert. *There* no spring is born
Amid the sands — in that no shady palm-tree groweth.
— *Translation in Dublin University Magazine.*

SAND-SONGS.

I.

Sing of sand! — not such as gloweth
Hot upon the path of the tiger and the snake:
Rather such sand as, when the loud winds wake,
Each ocean wave knoweth.

Like a Wraith with pinions burning,
Travels the red sand of the desert abroad;
While the soft sea-sand glisteneth smooth and untrod
As eve is returning.

Here no caravan or camel;
Here the weary mariner alone finds a grave,
Lightly mourned by the moon, that now on yon grave
Sheds a silver enamel.

II.

Weapon like, this ever-wounding wind
Striketh sharp upon the sandful shore;
So fierce Thought assaults a troubled mind,
Ever, ever, evermore.

Darkly unto past and coming years,
Man's deep heart is linked by mystic bands;
Marvel not, then, if his dreams and fears
Be a myriad like the sands.

III.

'Twere worth much love to understand
Thy nature well, thou ghastly sand,
Who wreckest all that seek the sea,
Yet savest them that cling to thee.

The wild-gull banquets on thy charms,
The fish dies in thy barren arms;

Bare, yellow, flowerless, there thou art,
With vaults of treasure in thy heart!

I met a wanderer, too, this morn,
Who eyed thee with such sullen scorn:
Yet I, when with thee, feel my soul
Flow over, like a too-full bowl.

IV.

Gulls are flying, one, two, three,
Silently and heavily.
Heavily as winged lead,
Through the sultry air over my languid head.

Whence they come, or whither they flee,
They, nor I, can tell; I see
On the bright brown sand I tread
Only the black shadows of their wings outspread.
Ha! a feather flutteringly
Falls down at my feet for me!
It shall serve my turn, instead
Of an eagle's quill, till all my songs be read.
— *Translation in Dublin University Magazine.*

THE LION'S RIDE.

The lion is the desert's king; through his dominion so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.
By the steady brink, where the wild herds drink, close crouches the grim chief:
The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more
The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er
With kraal-fires, when the Kaffir wends home through the lone karroo,

When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream
the gnu.

Then bend your gaze across the waste: — what see ye?
The giraffe
Majestic stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid lymph
to quaff;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him
down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and
brackish pool.
A rustling sound — a roar — a bound — the lion sits as-
tride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so ride?
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state,
To match that dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with
ravenous greed;
His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the
steed.
Upleaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay, the camelopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the moon-
lit plain!
As from the sockets they would burst, his glaring eye-
balls strain;
In thick, black streams of purling blood full fast his
life is fleeting,
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous
beating.

Like the cloud that through the wilderness the path of
Israel traced —
Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the
waste —
From the sandy sea uprising as the water-spout from
ocean;
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's
fiery motion.

Croaking companions of their flight, the vulture whirs
on high.
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly,
And the hyenas, foul, round graves that prowl, join in the
horrid race;
By the footprints red with gore and sweat, their mon-
arch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear,
the while
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's
painted pile.
On, on! no pause nor rest, giraffe, while life and strength
remain!
The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge in
vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls and breathes his
last;
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's
dread repast.
O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried: —
Thus nightly o'er his broad domain the king of beasts doth
ride.

— *Translation — Anonymous.*

THE SHEIK OF MOUNT SINAI.

[*A Narrative of 1830.*]

"How sayest thou? Came to-day the caravan
From Africa? And is it here? 'Tis well;
Bear me beyond the tent, me and mine ottoman;
I would myself behold it. I feel eager
To learn the youngest news. As the gazelle
Rushes to drink will I to hear, and gather thence fresh
vigor."

So spake the Sheik. They bore him forth, and thus be-
gan the Moor: —
"Old man! upon Algeria's towers the tri-color is flying,

Bright silks of Lyons rustle at each balcony and door;
In the streets the loud réveil resounds at break of day;
Steeds prance to the Marseillaise o'er heaps of dead and dying:
The Franks came from Toulon, men say.

"Southward their legions marched through burning lands;
The Barbary sun flashed on their arms; about
Their chargers' manes were blown clouds of Tunisian sands.
Knowest thou where the giant Atlas rises dim
In the hot sky? Thither in disastrous rout,
The wild Kabyles fled with their herds and women.

"The Franks pursued. Hu! Allah! — each defile
Grew a very hell-gulf then, with smoke, and fire, and bomb!
The lion left the deer's half-crunched remains the while;
He snuffed upon the winds a daintier prey!
Hark the shout, '*En Avant!*' To the topmost peak up-clomb
The conquerors in that bloody fray!

"Circles of glittering bayonets crowned the mountain's height.
The hundred cities of the plain, from Atlas to the sea afar,
From Tunis forth to Fez shone in the noonday light.
The spearmen rested by their steeds, or slaked their thirst at rivulets;
And round them through dark myrtles burned, each like a star,
The slender golden minarets.

"But in the valley blooms the odorous almond-tree,
And the aloe blossoms on the rock, defying storms and suns.
Here was their conquest sealed. Look! — yonder heaves the sea,

And far to the left lies Franquistân. The banners flouted
the blue skies;
The artillery-men came up. Mashallah! how the guns
Did roar to sanctify their prize!"

"'Tis they," the Sheik exclaimed, "I fought among them,
I,
At the battle of the Pyramids! Red, all along the day,
ran —
Red as thy turban folds — the Nile's high billows by!
But their Sultan? Speak! — he was once my guest.
His lineaments — gait — garb — Sawest thou the man?"
The Moor's hand slowly felt its way into his breast.

"No," he replied, "he bode in his warm palace halls.
A Pasha led his warriors through the fire of hostile ranks;
An Aga thundered for him before Atlas's iron walls.
His lineaments, thou sayest? On gold, at least, they
lack
The kingly stamp. See here! A Spahi of the Franks
Gave me this coin, in chaffering, some days back."

The Kasheef took the gold; he gazed upon the head and
face.
Was this the great Sultan he had known long years
ago?
It seemed not; for he sighed, as all in vain to trace
The still remembered features. Ah, no! — this," he said,
"is
Not *his* broad brow and piercing eye. Who *this* man is
I do not know:
How very like a pear his head is."
— *Translation in Dublin University Magazine.*

THE EMIGRANTS.

I cannot take my eyes away
From you, ye busy bustling band!
Your little all to see you lay,
Each in the waiting seaman's hand!

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy basket on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown,
By German wives, on German hearth.

And you with braid queues so neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down!

Ah! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
These pails and pitchers filled for you:
On far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew:—

The stone-rimmed fount on village street,
That, as ye stopped, betrayed your smiles,
The hearth, and its familiar seat;
The mantel and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced,
Soon, many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint from the hot and dusty chase;
No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home in leaf-crowned grace.

O, say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn,
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands,
In Stressart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests how ye'll yearn
For the green mountains of your home,
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

The boatman calls! go hence in peace!
God bless ye, man and wife and sire!

Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each true heart's pure desire!
Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

FRÉMONT, JESSIE BENTON, an American essayist; daughter of Thomas H. Benton; born in Virginia, in 1824; died at Los Angeles, Cal., in January, 1903. In 1841 she married John C. Frémont, whom she aided most effectually in all his labors. She published *The Story of the Guard* (1863); *A Year of American Travel* (1878); *Souvenirs of My Time* (1887); *Far-West Sketches* (1890), and *The Will and The Way Stories* (1891). To her husband's *Memoirs* (1877) she prefixed a biographical sketch of her father.

"In all these public positions," says Miss Frances Willard, in speaking of General Frémont's career, "Mrs. Frémont won renown in her own right. As a writer, she is brilliant, concise, and at all times interesting. Her extensive acquaintance with the brightest intellects of the world enabled her to enter the field of literature fully equipped."

HOW FRÉMONT'S SECOND EXPEDITION WAS SAVED.

Coming home from school in an Easter holiday, I found Mr. Frémont part of my father's "Oregon work." It was the Spring of 1841; in October we were married; and in 1842 the first expedition was sent out under Mr. Frémont. The first encouragement to the emigration westward fitted into so large a need that it met instant favor, and a second was ordered to connect with it further survey to the sea-coast of Oregon. At last my father

could feel his idea "moved." Of his intense interest and pride and joy in these expeditions I knew best; and when it came in my way to be of use to them, and protect his life-work, there was no shadow of hesitation.

In May, 1843, Mr. Frémont was at the frontier getting his camp into complete travelling condition for his second expedition, when there came an order recalling him to Washington, where he was to explain why he had armed his party with a howitzer; that the howitzer had been charged to him; that it was a scientific and not a military expedition, and should not have been so armed; and that he must return at once to Washington and "explain." Fortunately I was alone in St. Louis, my father being out of town. It was before telegraphs; and nearly a week was required to get letters either to the frontier or to Washington. I was but eighteen — an age at which consequences do not weigh against the present. The important thing was to save the expediton, and gain time for a good start which should put it beyond interference. I hurried off a messenger to Mr. Frémont, writing that he must start at once, and never mind the grass and animals; they could rest and fatten at Bent's Ford: only go, and leave the rest to my father; that he could not have the reason for haste — but there was reason enough.

To the Colonel of the Topographical Bureau, who had given the order of recall, I answered more at leisure. I wrote to him exactly what I had done, and to him I gave the reason; that I had not sent forward the order, nor let Mr. Frémont know of it, because it was given on insufficient knowledge, and to obey it would ruin the expedition; that it would require a fortnight to settle the party, leave it, and get to Washington, and indefinite delay there; another fortnight for the return — and by that time the early grass would be past its best, and the underfed animals would be thrown into the mountains for the winter; that the country of the Blackfeet and other fierce tribes had to be crossed, and they knew nothing of the rights of science.

When my father came, he approved of my wrongdoing, and wrote to Washington that he would be responsible

for my act; and that he would call for a court-martial on the point charged against Mr. Frémont. But there was never further question of the wisdom of arming his party sufficently. The precious time had been secured, and "they'd have fleet feet who follow," when such purpose leads the advance. I had grown up to and into my father's large purpose; and now that my husband could be of such aid to him in its accomplishment, I had no hesitation in risking for him all the consequences. We three understood each other and acted together — then and later — without question or delay.

That expedition led directly to our acquiring California, which was accomplished during the third, and last, of the expeditions made under the Government. My father was a man grown when our western boundary was on the Mississippi; in 1821 he commenced in the Senate his championship of a quarter of a century for our new territory on the Pacific; now, with California added, he could say in the Senate: "We own the country from sea to sea — from the Atlantic to the Pacific — and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi, and embracing the whole Temperate Zone." The long contest — the indifference, the ignorance, the sneering doubts — was in the past. From his own hearth had gone forth the one who had carried his hopes to their fullest execution; and who now, after many perils and anxieties, was back in safety, even to a seat in the Senate beside him; who had enabled him to make true his prophetic words carved on the pedestal of his statute in St. Louis, whose bronze hand points *West:* "There is the East; there is the road to India." — *Sketch of Benton.*

AN INN IN THE TYROL.

We stopped over night at such an inn in the village of Werfen; just a street of detached, low, stone houses, but with a village square and fountain where the women gathered before sundown with their pitchers and gossiped. Costumes, fountain, gossips, all was a scene from *Faust.* High mountains shut in the narrow line of village. On a height above it was an old fortified castle,

now used as a military prison. The others walked up there — a ladder-like climb I was not up to. So I looked out at the *Faust* scene and the sunset lights on the mountains, and the landlady and myself had a talk in pantomime all to ourselves. Their German had become a dialect here, and my German was scant anyway; but when two women want to talk they can manage with eyes and hands and Oh's and Ah's, and so we progressed, I assenting to all she proposed for dinner, checking off on her fingers unknown dishes, to which I nodded approval until *she* cried "enough." Then she led me to the oak presses which were in my room and, unlocking them with pride, displayed her treasures to me. She had reason for housewifely pride in them. Piled up in quantity was fine linen for bed and table. Napkins tied in dozens with their original ribbons — her marriage portion. "Meine mutter" had given her this and that. She led me to a window looking down upon the crowded gravestones of the church adjoining her inn —"Meine mutter" was there; touching her black head-dress and woollen mourning gown; her husband, too; it was bright with growing flowers, dahlias chiefly then, and wreaths on the crosses.

But she smiled again when she displayed her many eider-down puffy quilts of bright-colored silks and satins, and taking her favorite she spread it over my bed, first smiling and putting its clear blue near my white hair to show it would be becoming. Then, inquiringly, Would I choose for the others? It was charming to feel the friendly one-ness of hospitality which was quite apart from the relation of traveller and hostess, and which belonged in with the courtesy of the people everywhere in Austria. Her best silver, each spoon and fork wrapped separately in silver paper, she also took out from this range of oak presses which made one wall of a large room.

When the others came back, they found the wood-fire bright in the open part of the huge white porcelain stove, the tabel with wax lights in twisted-branched silver candlesticks, flowers (dahlias from the graveyard, and geraniums — I saw the daughter cutting these funeral-

grown flowers for the feast), and in their rooms more silver candlesticks on lace-trimmed toilet tables, lighting up the pretty satin quilts.— *Souvenirs of My Time.*

FRÉMONT, JOHN CHARLES, an American soldier and explorer, the "pathfinder" of the Rocky Mountains; born at Savannah, Ga., January 21, 1813; died at New York, July 13, 1890. At fifteen he entered the junior class at Charleston College; but remained only a short time, after which he became a private tutor. In 1838 he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers. In 1841 he was married to a daughter of Thomas H. Benton, United States Senator from Missouri. In the following year he projected a geographical survey of the entire territory of the United States from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean; and was instructed to explore the Rocky Mountain region. This exploration occupied four months. He then planned a second and more extensive expedition, to explore the then unknown region lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. The expedition, consisting of thirty-nine men, set out in May, 1843, and early in September came in sight of the Great Salt Lake, of which nothing reliable was as yet known. From the Great Salt Lake he proceeded to the upper tributaries of the Columbia River, down which he went nearly to the Pacific; and in November set out to return to the States by a different route, much of it through an almost unknown region crossed by high and rugged

J. C. FREMONT.

mountain chains. Early in March he reached Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento River, in California, having suffered severe hardships, and lost half of the horses and mules with which he had set out. He finally returned to the States in July, 1844, after an absence of fourteen months.

In the spring of 1845 Frémont, who had been brevetted as captain, set out upon a third expedition to explore the Great Basin and the maritime region of Oregon and California. In May, 1846, when making his way homeward, he received despatches from the Government directing him to look after the interests of the United States in California, there being reason to apprehend that this province would be transferred by the Mexicans to Great Britain. He retraced his steps to California. Early in 1847 he concluded a treaty with the California population which terminated the war in California, leaving that country in the possession of the United States. In the meanwhile a question had arisen between Commodore Stockton and General Kearny, as to which should hold the command in California. The outcome was that Kearny preferred charges against Frémont, who demanded a speedy trial by court-martial. The court found him guilty of the charges, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service. President Polk confirmed a part of the verdict, but remitted the penalty. Frémont at once resigned his commission as Lieutenant-colonel.

In October, 1848, he organized a fourth expedition, at his own expense, the object being to find a practicable route to California, where he had acquired large landed interests. He subsequently took up his residence in California, and when the Territory was

admitted into the Union as a State, he was elected one of the United States Senators. In drawing lots for the long or short term, he received the latter, so that his senatorship lasted only three weeks. In 1856 Frémont was made the Presidential candidate of the newly formed Republican party. He received the 114 electoral votes of eleven States; Mr. Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, having the 174 electoral votes of nineteen States. Soon after the breaking out of the Civil War Frémont was made a Major-general of Volunteers, and was assigned to the command of the Western District. From 1878 to 1881 he was Governor of the Territory of Arizona. He then began the composition of his autobiography, the first volume of which appeared in 1887, the title being *Memoirs of My Life, by John Charles Fremont.* This volume brings the narrative down to the close of his third expedition, 1846. He thus sets forth the scope of the entire work:

SCOPE OF THE "MEMOIRS."

The narrative contained in these volumes is personal. It is intended to draw together the more important and interesting parts of the journals of various expeditions made by me in the course of Western exploration, and to give my knowledge of political and military events in which I have myself had part. The principal subjects of which the book will consist, and which with me make its *raison d'être,* are three: The Geographical Explorations made in the interest of Western expansion; the Presidential Campaign of 1856, made in the interest of an undivided country; and the Civil War made in the same interest. Connecting these, and naturally growing out of them, will be given enough of the threads of ordinary life to justify the claim of the work to its title of *Memoirs:* purporting to be the history of one life, but being in

reality that of three, because in substance the course of my own life was chiefly determined by its contact with the other two — the events recorded having in this way been created, or directly inspired and influenced by three different minds, each having the same ojects for a principal aim. . . .

Concerning the Presidential Campaign of 1856, in which I was engaged, statements have been made which I wish to correct; and in that of 1864 there were governing facts which have not been made public. These I propose to set out. Some events of the Civil War in which I was directly concerned have been incorrectly stated, and I am not willing to leave the resulting erroneous impressions to crystallize and harden into the semblance of facts.

The general record is being made up. This being done from different points of view, and as this view is sometimes distorted by imperfect or prejudiced knowledge, I naturally wish to use the fitting occasion which offers to make my own record. It is not the written, but the published fact, that stands; and it stands to hold its ground as fact when it can meet every challenge by the testimony of documentary and recorded evidence.

Toward the close of the volume Frémont thus characterizes three of his comrades who figure largely throughout the entire narrative of his explorations:

CARSON, OWEN, AND GODEY.

From Fort Benton I sent [August, 1845,] an express to Carson at a *rancho,* or stock-farm, which with his friend Richard Owens he had established on the Cimarron, a tributary to the Arkansas River; but he had promised that in the event I should need him he would join me, and I knew that he would not fail to come. My messenger found him busy starting the congenial work of making up a stock-ranch. There was no time to be lost, and he did not hesitate. He sold everything at a sacrifice — farm and cattle — and not only came himself,

but brought his friend Owens to join the party. This was like Carson — prompt, self-sacrificing, and true. That Owens was a good man, it is enough to say that he and Carson were friends. Cool, brave, and of good judgment; a good hunter and good shot, experienced in mountain life, he was an acquisition, and proved valuable through the campaign.

Godey had proved himself during the preceding journey, which had brought out his distinguishing qualities of resolute and aggressive courage. Quick in deciding and prompt in acting, he had also the French *élan* and their gayety of courage: "*Gai, gai, avançons nous.*" I mention him here because the three men come fitly together, and because of the peculiar qualities which gave them in the highest degree efficiency for the service in which they were engaged. The three under Napoleon, might have become Marshals — chosen as he chose men. Carson, of great courage, quick and complete perception, taking in at a glance the advantages, as well as the chances, for defeat. Godey, insensible to danger, of perfect coolness and stubborn resolution. Owens, equal in courage to the others, and in coolness equal to Godey, had the *coup d'œil* of a chess-player, covering with a glance that sees the best move. His dark hazel eye was the marked feature of his face — large and flat and far-sighted.

Godey was a Creole Frenchman of St. Louis, of medium height, with black eyes, and silky, curling black hair. In all situations he had that care of his person which good looks encourage. Once when we were in Washington, he was at a concert; immediately behind him sat the wife of the French Minister, Madame Pageot, who, with the lady by her, was admiring his hair; which was really beautiful. But, she said, "*c'est une perruque.*" They were speaking unguardedly in French. Godey had no idea of having his hair disparaged; and with the prompt coolness with which he would have repelled any other indignity, turned instantly to say, "*Pardon, Madame, c'est bien, à moi.*" The ladies were silenced as suddenly as the touch of a tree-trunk silences a katydid. — *Memoirs, Chap. XII.*

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

On the morning of July 9 we caught the first faint glimpse of the Rocky Mountains, about sixty miles distant. Though a tolerably bright day, there was a slight mist, and we were just able to discern the snowy summit of "Long's Peak" (*Les Deux Oreilles* of the Canadians), showing itself like a cloud near the horizon. I found it easily distinguishable, there being a perceptible difference in its appearance from the white clouds that were floating about the sky. I was pleased to find that among the traders the name of "Long's Peak" had been adopted and become familiar in the country.— *Memoirs, Chap. IV.*

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

August 15.— We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak; and we determined to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known. The sun rarely shone here; snow lay along the border of the main stream which flowed through it and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure, and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our side, a nearly perpendicular mass of granite terminating 2,000 to 3,000 feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes, perhaps of 1,000 feet diameter.

Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. We did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon

as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1,800 feet above the lakes came to the snow-line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountains, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly.

In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet. Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the rocks, I succeeded in getting over it; and when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow-field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N., 51° E.

As soon as I had gratified my first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before.

During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life except a small, sparrow-like bird. A stillness the most profound, and a terrible solitude, forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here on the summit where the silence was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and solitude complete,

we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*Bromus,* "the humble-bee") came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men. It was a strange place — the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains — for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier — a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believed that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed. But we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war; and seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place — in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at 44°; giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect.— *Memoirs, Chap. V.*

The foregoing extracts relate to Frémont's first expedition, made in 1842. Those which ensue belong to the second expedition, 1843–44.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE VALLEY IN 1843.

August 21.— An hour's travel this morning brought us into the fertile and picturesque valley of Bear River, the principal tributary to the Great Salt Lake. The stream is here two hundred feet wide, fringed with willows and occasional groups of hawthorn. We were now entering a region which for us possessed a strange and extraordinary interest. We were upon the waters of the famous lake which forms a salient point among the remarkable geographical features of the country, and around which the vague and superstitious accounts of the trappers had thrown a delightful obscurity which we anticipated pleasure in dispelling; but which in the mean time left a

crowded field for the exercise of the imagination. In our occasional conversations with the few old hunters who had visited the region, it had been a subject of frequent speculation; and the wonders which they related were not the less agreeable because they were highly exaggerated and impossible.

Hitherto this lake had been seen only by trappers who were wandering through the country in search of new beaver-streams, caring very little for geography. Its islands had never been visited, and none was found who had entirely made the circuit of its shores; and no instrumental observations or geographical survey of any description had ever been made anywhere in the neighboring region. It was generally supposed that it had no visible outlet; but among the trappers — including those in my own camp — were many who believed that somewhere on its surface was a terrible whirlpool through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication. All these things had made a frequent subject of discussion in our desultory conversations around the fires at night; and my own mind had become tolerably well filled with their indefinite pictures, and insensibly colored with their romantic descriptions, which, in the pleasure of excitement, I was well disposed to believe, and half expected to realize.

Where we descended into this beautiful valley it is three to four miles in breath, perfectly level, and bounded by mountainous ridges, one above another, rising suddenly from the plain. We continued our road down the river, and at night encamped with a family of emigrants — two men, women, and several children, who appeared to be bringing up the rear of the great caravan. It was strange to see one small family travelling along through such a country, so remote from civilization. Some nine years since such a security might have been a fatal one; but, since their disastrous defeats in the country a little north, the Blackfeet have ceased to visit these waters. Indians, however, are very uncertain in their localities; and the friendly feelings also of those now inhabiting it may be changed.

According to barometrical observation at noon, the elevation of the valley was 6,400 feet above the sea; and our encampment at night in latitude 42° 03′ 47″, and longitude 111° 10′ 53″ by observatiaon. This encampment was therefore within the territorial limit of the United States; our traveling from the time we entered the valley of the Green River on the 15th of August having been south of 42° north latitude, and consequently on Mexican territory; and this is the route all the emigrants now travel to Oregon.

The next morning, in about three miles from our encampment, we reached Smith's Fork, a stream of clear water, about 50 feet in breadth. It is timbered with cotton-wood, willow, and aspen, and makes a beautiful debouchement through a pass about 600 yards wide, between remarkable mountain hills, rising abruptly on either side, and forming gigantic columns to the gate by which it enters Bear River Valley. The bottoms, which below Smith's Fork had been two miles wide, narrowed as we advanced to a gap 500 yards wide; and during the greater part of the day we had a winding route; the river making very sharp and sudden bends; the mountains steep and rocky; and the valley occasionally so narrow as only to leave space for a passage through. . . .

Crossing, in the afternoon, the point of a natural spur, we descended into a beautiful bottom, formed by a lateral valley, which presented a picture of home beauty that went directly to our hearts. The edge of the wood for several miles along the river was dotted with the white covers of the emigrant-wagons, collected in groups at different camps, where the smoke was rising lazily from the fires, around which the women were occupied preparing the evening meal, and the children playing in the grass; and herds of cattle, grazing about in the bottom, had an air of quiet security and civilized comfort that made a rare sight for the traveller in such a remote wilderness. In common with all the emigration they had been reposing for several days in this delightful valley, in order to recruit their animals on its luxuriant pasturage after their long journey, and prepare

them for the weary journey they were about to begin along the comparatively sterile banks of the Upper Columbia.— *Memoirs, Chap. VI.*

AN EXPLOIT OF CARSON AND GODEY.

In the afternoon [of April 27, 1844,] a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those he had lost. Two bloody scalps dangling from the end of Godey's gun announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses.

They informed us that after Fuentes left them, from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and towards nightfall entered the mountains into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight until morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians. Giving the war-shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the numbers which the four lodges would imply.

The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt-collar, barely missing the neck. Our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched upon the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a little lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process one of them, who had two

balls through his body, sprang to his feet, the blood streaming from his head, and uttering a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain-side she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage.

They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from invasion. Great preparations had been made to feast a large party, for it was a very proper place to rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the best horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up; for the Indians, living in the mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob, and murder, make no other uses of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence, or expectation, of a considerable party. They released the boy, who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else, of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon as he found that he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had ridden about one hundred miles, in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours.

The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of Western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into a defile of an unknown mountain; attack them on sight, without counting numbers, and defeat them in an instant — and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge

the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat: It was Carson and Godey who did this: the former an American, born in Boonslick County, Missouri, the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis, and both trained to Western enterprise from early life.— *Memoirs, Chap. X.*

This second exploring expedition started from "the little town of Kansas, near the junction of the Kansas River with the Missouri," in May, 1843. In September, 1844, Frémont returned to Washington, and set himself to the work of preparing his official Report of that expedition, most of which is embodied in the *Memoirs.*

Mr. Frémont also published a detailed narrative of his third expedition, 1845–46, which involved more adventure than either of the previous ones, and resulted in the taking possession of California by the United States. The concluding act of this series of transactions is thus described:

THE TREATY OF COUENGA.

We entered the Pass of San Bernardino on the morning of the 12th of January, 1847, expecting to find the enemy there in force; but the Californians had fallen back before our advance, and the Pass was undisputed. In the afternoon we encamped at the Mission of San Fernando, the residence of Don Andres Pico, who was at present in chief command of the California troops. Their encampment was within two miles of the Mission, and in the evening Don Jesus Pico, a cousin of Don Andres, with a message from me, made a visit to Don Andres. The next morning, accompanied only by Don Jesus, I rode over to the camp of the Californians; and, in a conference with Don Andres, the important features of a treaty of capitulation were agreed upon. A truce was ordered; commissioners on each side appointed, and the

same day a capitulation agreed upon. This was approved by myself, as Military Commandant representing the United States, and Don Andres Pico, Commander-in-Chief of the Californians. With this treaty of Couenga hostilities ended, and California was left peaceably in our possession, to be finally secured to us by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848.— *Memoirs, Chap. XV.*

FRENCH, ALICE ("OCTAVE THANET"), an American novelist; born at Andover, Mass., March 19, 1850. Her descent goes back to Sir William French, who came to the Massachusetts colonies in the seventeenth century; and on her mother's side to Nathaniel Morton, who married Governor Bradford's sister. She has spent much time in the South, especially in Arkansas. Economic and social topics have especially interested her and prompted the writing of articles in the magazines. Among her works are *Knitters in the Sun* (1887); *Expiation* (1890); *We All,* and *Best Letters of Lady Mary Montague* (1891); *Stories of a Western Town* (1893); *A Book of True Lovers* (1893); *The Heart of Toil* (1894); *Man and His Neighbors* (1895); *The Missionary Sheriff* (1899); and *The Man of the Hour* (1905).

"In Octave Thanet's *Knitters in the Sun,*" says the *Critic,* "we have a collection of fine short stories — deep, frequent, and beautiful. We have read and admired them already in the magazines, but they are worthy of a permanent place in any library. Perhaps the best of them is *The Bishop's Vagabond,* so full of exhilarating humor and sympathetic perception, with

a touch of tenderness; but all of them are far above the average short story in originality, wit, and insight into human nature."

TWO LOST AND FOUND.

They rode along, Ruffner furtively watching Bud, until finally the elder man spoke, with the directness of primitive natures and strong excitement:

"Whut's come ter ye, Bud Quinn? Ye seem all broke up 'beout this yere losin' yo' little trick [child]; yit ye did'nt useter set no gre't store by 'er — least, looked like —"

"I knaw," answered Bud, lifting his heavy eyes, too numb himself with weariness and misery to be surprised, "I knaw; an' 't ar curi's ter me too. I didn't set no store by 'er w'en I had 'er. I taken a gredge agin 'er kase she hadn't no good sense, an' you all throwed it up to me fur a jedgment. An' knawin' how I hadn't done a thing to hurt Zed, it looked cl'ar agin right an' natur fur the Lord ter pester me that a-way; so someways I taken the notion 'twar the devil, and that he got inter Ma' Bowlin', an' I mos' cudn't b'ar the sight er that pore little critter. But the day she got lost kase er tryin' ter meet up with me, I 'lowed mabbe *he* tolled 'er off, an' I sorter felt bad fur 'er; an' w'en I seen them little tracks er her'n, some ways all them mean feelin's I got they jes broked off short insider me like a string mought snap. They done so. An' I wanted thet chile bader'n I ever wanted anything."

"Law me!" said Ruffner, quite puzzled. "But say, Bud, ef ye want 'er so bad's all thet, ye warn't wanter mad the Lord by lyin', kase He are yo' on'y show now. Bud Quinn, *did* ye hurt my boy?" He had pushed his face close to Bud's, and his mild eyes were glowing like live coals.

"Naw, Mr. Ruffner," answered Bud, quietly, "I never tetched a ha'r er 'is head!"

Ruffner kept his eager and almost fierce scrutiny a moment; then he drew a long, gasping sigh, crying,

"Blame my skin ef I don' b'lieve ye! I've 'lowed, fur a right smart, we all used ye mighty rough."

"'Tain't no differ," said Bud, dully. Nothing mattered now, the poor fellow thought; Ma' Bowlin' was dead, and Sukey hated him.

Ruffner whistled slowly and doletully; that was his way of expressing sympathy; but the whistle died on his lips, for Bud smote his shoulder, then pointed toward the trees.

"Look a-thar!" whispered Bud, with a ghastly face and dilating eyeballs: "Oh, Lord A'mighty! thar's her an' *him!*"

Ruffner saw a boat leisurely propelled by a long pole approaching from the river-side; a black-haired young man in the bow with the pole, a fair-haired litle girl in the stern. The little girl jumped up, and at the same instant a shower of water from light, flying heels blinded the young man.

"Paw! paw!" screamed the little girl; "Maw tole Ma' Bowlin'— meet up — paw!"

He had her in his arms now; he was patting her shoulder, and stroking her hair with a trembling hand. Her face looked like an angel's to him in its cloud of shining hair; her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, but there was something else which in the intense emotion of the moment Bud dimly perceived — the familiar, dazed look was gone. How the blur came over that innocent soul, why it went, are alike mysteries. The struggle for life wherein, amid anguish and darkness, the poor baby intellect somehow went astray, and the struggle for life wherein it groped its way back to light, both are the secrets of the swamp, their witnesses; but however obscurely, none the less surely, the dormant soul had awakened and claimed its rights, and Ma' Bowlin' had ceased to be the baby, forever.

Meanwhile, if possible, the other actors in the scene were equally agitated. The old man choked, and the young man exclaimed, huskily, "Paw! ye ain't dead, then?"

"Wall, I don't guess I be," said Ruffner, struggling

after his old dry tone, though his voice shook; "did ye 'low I war?"

"I read it in a Walnut Ridge paper only a month ayfter I went; 'The late Mr. William Ruffner er Clover Bend'—an' a right smart abeout ye—"

"Thet thar war yo uncle Raker, boy. He war on a visit like, an' died; an' that ar' blamed galoot in Walnut Ridge got 'im sorter mixed up with me, ye un'erstan'; but yo maw, she are gone, boy, shore, died up an' buried."

"I kin b'ar hit," said Zed Ruffner; "but I *was* right riled up 'beout *you* paw. 'Lef' all his property to his widder,' says the paper; thet ar riled me too. Says I, ye wun't see me very soon to Clover Bend—I was allers sorter ashy, ye know. Fur a fact, ye wouldn't 'a seen me now ef 't hadn't a-ben fur this yere little trick. I war on a trade boat near Newport, an' some fellers I know taken me off fur a night ter thar camp. They are stavers. Hit's way off in the swamp, twelve miles frum here; an' I was up befo' sun up, aimin' ter start back fur the river, w'en I heard the funniest sound, suthin' like a kid, 'Maw! maw!' Natchelly I listened, an' byme-by I follered ayfter it, an' whut shud I come on but a gre't big log, and this here little critter sittin' on 't hol'in' on by her two hands to a sorter limb growin' on the log, an' shore's ye live, with her gownd slung reoun' her neck in a bundle. Lord knows how fur thet ar log had come, or whut travelin' it made, but thar warn't a spec or a spot on thet ar gownd. 'S all I cud do ter git 'er ter lemme pack it up in a bundle, kase she wudn't put 't on nohow; said the bateau was wet. So we warmed 'er an' fed 'er, and I taken 'er 'long seekin' fur her kin; an'—wa'al, that's w'y I'm yere!" . . .

Just as the big clock in the store struck the last stroke of six, Sukey Quinn, who had been cowering on the platform steps, lifted her head and put her hand to her ear. Then everybody heard it, the long peal of a horn. It had been arranged that whoever found the lost child should give the signal by blowing his horn, once if the searchers came too late, three times if the child should be alive. Would the horn blow again?

"It are Bud's horn!" sobbed Sukey. "He'd never blow fur onst! Hark! Thar 't goes agin! Three times! An' me wudn't hev no truck with 'im; but he set store by Ma' Bowlin' all the time."

Horn after horn caught up the signal joyfully, and in an incredibly short time every soul within hearing distance, not to mention a herd of cattle and a large number of swine, had run to the store, and when at last two horses' heads appeared above the hill, and the crowd could see a little pink sun-bonnet against Bud Quinn's brown jean, an immense clamor rolled out.— *Ma' Bowlin', in Knitters in the Sun.*

FRENEAU, PHILIP, an American poet; born at New York January 2, 1752; died near Freehold, N. J., December 18, 1832. He studied at Princeton College, N. J., where James Madison was his room-mate, and where he wrote his *Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah.* During the war of the Revolution he wrote numerous burlesques in prose and verse, which were very popular at the time. These were published in book-form several times during the author's lifetime, and were in 1865 brought together and edited, with a Memoir and Notes, by Evert A. Duyckinck. Freneau had intended to study law, but instead of this he "followed the sea." In 1780, while on a voyage to the West Indies, he was captured by a British vessel, and confined in the prison-ship at New York, an event which he commemorated in his poem *The British Prison Ship.* In 1789 Mr. Jefferson became Secretary of State, and to Freneau was given the place of French translator in his department, and at the same time he was editor of the *Na-*

tional Gazette, a newspaper hostile to the administration of Washington. This journal was discontinued in 1793, and two years later he started a newspaper in New Jersey, and still later in New York, *The Time Piece,* a tri-weekly, in which appeared his cleverest prose essays. His newspaper undertakings were unsuccessful, and he again entered upon seafaring occupations. During the second war with Great Britain he wrote several spirited poems, glorifying the successes of the American arms. His mercantile undertakings were not prosperous, and he at length retired to a little farm which he owned in New Jersey. At the age of eighty he lost his way at night in a violent snow-storm, and was found next morning dead in a swamp near his residence.

Freneau may fairly be styled the earliest American poet; and, apart from this, not a few of his poems deserve a permanent place in our literature. Some of his prose essays are clever and witty.

THE EARLY NEW ENGLANDERS.

These exiles were formed in a whimsical mould,
And were awed by their priests, like the Hebrews of old,
Disclaimed all pretences to jesting and laughter,
And sighed their lives through to be happy hereafter.
On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,
They looked toward Zion, wherever they went,
Did all things in hopes of a future reward,
And worried mankind — for the sake of the Lord. . . .
A stove in their churches, or pews lined with green,
Were horrid to think of, much less to be seen;
Their bodies were warmed with the linings of love,
And the fire was sufficient that flashed from above. . . .
On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud;
The road to the meeting was only allowed;
And those they caught rambling, on business or pleasure,

Were sent to the stocks, to repent at their leisure.
This day was the mournfullest day of the week;
Except on religion none ventured to speak;
This day was the day to examine their lives,
To clear off old scores, and to preach to their wives. . . .
This beautiful system of Nature below
They neither considered, nor wanted to know,
And called it a dog-house wherein they were pent,
Unworthy themselves, and their mighty descent.
They never perceived that in Nature's wide plan
There must be that whimsical creature called Man—
Far short of the rank he affects to attain,
Yet a link, in its place, in creation's vast chain. . . .
Thus feuds and vexations distracted their reign—
And perhaps a few vestiges still may remain;—
But time has presented an offspring as bold,
Less free to believe, and more wise than the old. . . .
Proud, rough, independent, undaunted and free,
And patient of hardships, their task is the sea;
Their country too barren their wish to attain,
They make up the loss by exploring the main.
Wherever bright Phœbus awakens the gales,
I see the bold Yankees expanding their sails,
Throughout the wide ocean pursuing their schemes,
And chasing the whales on its uttermost streams.
No climate for them is too cold or too warm;
They reef the broad canvas, and fight with the storm,
In war with the foremost their standards display,
Or glut the loud cannon with death, for the fray.
No valor in fable their valor exceeds;
Their spirits are fitted for desperate deeds;
No rivals have they in our annals of fame,
Or, if they are rivalled, 'tis York has the claim.

THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON, CONN., AUGUST, 1814.

Four gallant ships from England came
Freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name,
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moored, their work begun;
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon then popped up his head,
And Parson Jones his sermon read,
In which the reverend Doctor said
That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penned,
By which they promised to defend
With sword and gun old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
And put old women in amaze,
Who feared the loss of Stonington.

The Yankees to their fort repaired,
And made as though they little cared
For all that came — though very hard
The cannon played on Stonington.

The "Ramillies" began the attack,
"Despatch" came forward, bold and black,
And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers, with bomb and ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul,
That stood a mile from Stonington

They killed a goose, they killed a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen;
They dashed away, and pray what then? —
This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell of all they threw —

Though every house was full in view —
Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair;
The Yankees brought two guns to bear;
And, Sir, it would have made you stare
This smoke of smokes at Stonington.

They bored the "Pactolus" through and through,
And killed and wounded of her crew
So many, that she bade adieu
To the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig "Despatch" was hulled and torn —
So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,
No more she cast an eye of scorn
On the little fort at Stonington.

The "Ramillies" gave up the affray,
And with her comrades sneaked away:
Such was the valor, on that day,
Of British tars near Stonington.

But some assert, on certain grounds —
Besides the damage and the wounds —
It cost the king ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.

FRERE, JOHN HOOKHAM, an English diplomat, scholar, and poet; born at London, May 21, 1769; died at Malta, January 7, 1846. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. At Eton he was one of the brilliant lads who carried on that clever journal called *The Microcosm,* and afterward he was associated with Canning and others in the conduct

of the *Anti-Jacobin.* Several of the cleverest pieces in this journal were the joint production of Frere and Canning. Frere entered public service in the Foreign Office during the administration of Lord Grenville, and from 1796 to 1802 sat in Parliament for the "pocket borough" of Love. In 1799 he succeeded Canning as Under Secretary of State; in 1800 he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Portugal, and in 1802 he was transferred to Spain, whither he was again sent in 1808. But he incurred no little censure at home on account of his having urged Sir John Moore to undertake his disastrous retreat to Corunna; and he was in 1809 recalled, being succeeded by the Marquis of Wellesley. With this recall the official career of Frere came to an early close, although the embassy to Russia was proffered to him, and he twice refused the office of a peerage. In 1820 he took up his residence at Malta, on account of the feeble health of his wife; and that island was thenceforth his home, although he made several extended visits to London. During his abode at Malta he devoted his leisure to literary pursuits; studied some of his Greek authors, and made admirable translations of several of the comedies of Aristophanes, and from Theognis. In 1871 his entire works were edited by his nephews, W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere, with a *Memoir* by the latter (born in 1815), who has also done good service as a diplomatist.

Among the minor productions of Frere is a translation from one of the Spanish Romances of the Cid, which was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott.

AN EXPLOIT OF THE CID.

The gates were then thrown open, and forth at once they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult, and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums, as if the earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles, how they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixt, a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon must join!
"My men, stand here in order, ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign!"
Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not refrain!
He held the banner in his hand, he gave the horse the rein;
"You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest of the foes;
Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honors it, show the duty that he owes!"
Earnestly the Cid called out, "For Heaven's sake, he still!"
Bermuez cried, "I cannot hold!" so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on amid the Moorish rout;
They strove to win the banner, and compassed him about.
Had not his armor been so true, he had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again, "For Heaven's sake succor him!"
Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest, levelled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,

Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle-bow
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar:
"I am Rui Diaz, the champion of Bivar!
Strike among them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy's sake!"
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they brake;
Three hundred bannered knights — it was a gallant show;
Three hundred Moors they killed — a man at every blow;
When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain;
You might see them raise their lances, and level them again,
There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie scattered on the plain,
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain;
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.

In 1817 appeared anonymously the most notable of Frere's original poems. It was a small volume of mock-heroic verse entitled "Prospectus and Specimen, of an intended National Work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." The poem is in four Cantos, with an explanatory Prologue:

KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE.

I.

I've often wished that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse;
I never should regret the pains it took,
That's just the sort of fame that I should choose.
To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favorite Muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demarara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

VII.

I think that Poets (whether Whig or Tory),
(Whether they go to meeting or to church),
Should study to promote their country's glory
With patriotic, diligent research;
That children yet unborn may learn the story,
With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch:
It stands to reason.— This was Homer's plan,
And we must do — like him — the best we can.

IX.

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round Table,
Were reckoned the best King and bravest Lords,
Of all that flourished since the Tower of Babel,
At least of all that history records;
Therefore I shall endeavor, if I'm able,
To paint their famous actions by my words:
Heroes exert themselves in hopes of Fame,
And having such a strong decisive claim,

X.

It grieves me much, that names that were respected
In former ages, persons of such mark,
And countrymen of ours, should be neglected,
Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark.
An error such as this should be corrected,
And if my muse can strike a single spark,
Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre;
And then I'll light a great poetic fire.

— *The Prologue.*

KING ARTHUR'S FEAST AT CARLISLE.

I.

Beginning (as my Bookseller desires)
Like an old minstrel with his gown and beard,
Fair Ladies, gallant Knights, and gentle Squires,
Now the last service from the board is cleared,

And if this noble Company requires,
  And if amidst your mirth I may be heard,
Of sundry strange adventures I could tell
That oft were told before, but never told so well.

II.

The great King Arthur made a sumptuous Feast,
  And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most at least,
  From every corner of the British Isle;
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
  According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

III.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
  Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
  With truffles and ragoûts, and various crimes;
And therefore, from the original in prose
  I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

IV.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
  Muttons and fatted beeves, and bacon swines;
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
  Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard:
  And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

VII.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
  All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;

The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
  Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;
The country people with their coats of leather,
  Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes,
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

X.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
  King Arthur's Court has never had its match;
True point of honor, without pride or braving,
  Strict etiquette forever on the watch:
Their manners were refined and perfect — saving
  Some modern graces which they could not catch,
As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

XII.

The ladies looked of an heroic race —
  At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
  Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arched and high;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
  Neither repulsive, affable nor shy,
Majestical, reserved and somewhat sullen;
Their dresses partly silk, and partly woollen.

— *Canto I.*

SIR LAUNCELOT, SIR TRISTAM, AND SIR GAWAIN.

XIII.

In form and figure far above the rest,
  Sir Launcelot was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's Court an ever welcome guest;
  Britain will never see his like again.
Of all the Knights she ever had the best,
  Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain:
I never saw his picture nor his print,
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

XV.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
His countenance, and then returned again,
As if some secret recollection shook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain;
And something haggard in his eyes and look
(More than his years or hardships could explain)
Made him appear, in person and in mind,
Less perfect than what nature had designed.

XVI.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
Sir Tristram at Carlisle was rarely seen,
But ever was regretted while away;
With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
His ready converse charmed the wintry day;
No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
Of foreign marvels, like the foolish Knights.

XVII.

Songs, music, languages, and many a lay
Asturian or Armoriac, Irish, Basque,
His ready memory seized and bore away;
And ever when the ladies chose to ask,
Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seemed to mock himself the while.

XXIII.

Sir Gawain may be painted in a word —
He was a perfect loyal Cavalier.
His courteous manners stand upon record,
A stranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb says, "As brave as his own sword;"
And like his weapon was that worthy Peer,

Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polished yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

XXIV.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
  His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
  Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit;
A word from him set everything at rest,
  His short decision never failed to hit;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest reprehension.

XXVIII.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
  The foremost in the thickest of the field;
His eager valor knew no pause nor halt,
  And the red rampant Lion in his shield
Scaled towns and towers, the foremost in assault,
  With ready succor where the battle reeled:
At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down shields and pikes, and horse and man.
— *Canto I.*

THE MARAUDING GIANTS.

IV.

Before the Feast was ended, a report
  Filled every soul with horror and dismay;
Some Ladies on their journey to the Court,
  Had been surprised, and were conveyed away
By the Aboriginal Giants to their fort —
  An unknown fort — for Government, they say,
Had ascertained its actual existence,
But knew not its direction nor its distance.

V.

A waiting-damsel, crooked and mis-shaped,
Herself a witness of a woeful scene,
From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
Appeared before the Ladies and the Queen
Her figure was funereal, veiled and craped,
Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs between
That with the sad recital, and the sight,
Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy Knight.

VI.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying;
"Excuse us, Madame, we've no time to waste:"
And at the palace-gate you saw him sallying,
With other Knights equipped and armed in haste;
And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
The poor mis-shapen damsel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel;
He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

VII.

But what with horror, and fatigue and fright,
Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
They reached the mountains on the second night,
And wandered up and down till break of day,
When they discovered by the dawning light,
A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay.
They found unleavened fragments scorched and toasted,
And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

VIII.

Sir Tristram understood the Giants' courses;
He felt the embers but the heat was out;
He stood contemplating the roasted horses;
And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
His own decided judgment thus enforces:
"The Giants must be somewhere hereabout."

Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
That they remained untouched by kites or crows.

IX.

"You see no traces of their sleeping here,
No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant's nest;
Their usual habitation must be near:
They feed at sunset, and retire to rest;
A moment's search will set the matter clear."—
The fact turned out precisely as he guessed:
And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
He verified his own conjecture fully.

X.

He found a valley, closed on every side,
Resembling that which Rasselas describes;
Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
Where the descendants of the Giant tribes
Lived in their ancient fortress undescried.
(Invaders tread upon each other's kibes
First came the Briton, afterward the Roman:
Our patrimonial lands belong to no man.

XII.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height,
Encompassed all the level valley round,
With mighty slabs of rock that sloped upright,
An insurmountable, enormous mound;
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels underground.
That vale was so sequestered and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.

XIII.

High overhead was many a cave and den,
That, with its strange construction, seemed to mock
All thought of how they were contrived, or when
Hewn inward in the huge suspended rock

The tombs and monuments of mighty men:
  Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
Alas! what pity that the present race
Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base.

XIV.

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
  And the wild beasts which they pursued and chased;
Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor village,
  Within the lonely valley could be traced,
Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage;
  But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.
The Castle which commanded the domain
Was suited to so rude and wild a reign.

XVII.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain:
  A true-born Giant never trusts a Knight.—
He sent a herald, who returned again
  All torn to rags and perishing with fright.
A trumpeter was sent, but he was slain:—
  To trumpeters they bear a mortal spite.
When all conciliatory measures failed,
The castle and the fortress were assailed.

XVIII.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,
  They shovelled down a cataract of stones,
A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
  Bouncing and bounding down and breaking bones,
Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder.
  Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring last, and standing most exposed;—
Success seemed hopeless, and the combat closed.

XIX.

A council then was called, and all agreed
  To call in succor from the country round;

By regular approaches to proceed,
  Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
That morning Tristram happened to secede:
  It seems his falcon was not to be found.
He went in search of her; but some suspected
He went lest his advice should be neglected.

XX.

At Gawain's summons all the country came;
  At Gawain's summons all the people aided;
They called upon each other in his name,
  And bid their neighbors work as hard as they did.
So well beloved was he, for very shame
  They dug, they delved, they palisaded,
Till all the fort was thoroughly blockaded
And every ford where Giants might have waded.

XXIV.

Good humor was Sir Tristram's leading quality,
  And in the present case he proved it such;
If he forbore, it was that in reality
  His conscience smote him with a secret touch,
For having shocked his worthy friend's formality.
  He though Sir Garwin had not said too much;
He walks apart with him; and he discourses
About their preparation and their forces:

XXV.

Approving everything that had been done; —
  "It serves to put the Giants off their guard;
Less hazard and less danger will be run;
  I doubt not we shall find them unprepared.
The castle will more easily be won,
  And many valuable lives be spared;
The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
Will most infallibly be killed and eaten."

XXVI.

Sir Tristram talked incomparably well;
  His reasons were irrefragably strong.
As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
  For he discovered clearly before long
(What Tristram never would presume to tell),
  That his whole system was entirely wrong,
In fact, his confidence had much diminished
Since all the preparations had been finished.

XXVII.

"Indeed," Sir Tristram said, "for aught we know —
  For aught that we can tell — this very night
The valley's entrance may be closed with snow,
  And we may starve and perish here outright.
'Tis better risking a decisive blow.—
  I own this weather puts me in a fright."
In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram's fortune.

XLIX.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band:
  He enters on the work with warmth and haste,
And slays a brace of Giants out of hand,
  Sliced downwards from the shoulder to the waist.
But our ichnography must now be planned,
  The Keep or Inner Castle must be traced.
I wish myself at the concluding distich,
Although I think the thing characteristic.

L.

Facing your entrance, just three yards behind,
  There was a mass of stone of moderate height;
It stood before you like a screen or blind;
  And there — on either hand to left and right —
Were sloping parapets or planes inclined,
  On which two massy stones were placed upright,

Secured by staples and by leather ropes
Which hindered them from sliding down the slopes.

LI.

"Cousin, these dogs have some device or gin!
I'll run the gauntlet and I'll stand a knock!"—
He dashed into the gate through thick and thin;
He hewed away the bands which held the block;
It rushed along the slope with rumbling din,
And closed the entrance with a thundering shock.
(Just like those famous old Symplegades
Discovered by the classics in their seas.)

LII.

This saw Sir Tristram: As you may suppose,
He found some Giants wounded, others dead;
He shortly equalizes these with those
But one poor devil there was sick in bed,
In whose behalf the Ladies interpose.
Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
And all the time had had an ague-fever.

LIII.

The Ladies? — They were tolerably well;
At least as well as could have been expected.
Many details I must forbear to tell;
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befell
That when the Castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

LIV.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the fort,
And seen all safe, was climbing to the wall,
(Meaning to leap into the outer court;)
But when he came, he saved himself the fall.

Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport:
The Giants were demolished one and all.
He pulled them up the wall. They climb and enter:
Such was the winding up of this adventure.
—*Canto II.*

A PAUSE IN THE STORY

And now the thread of our romance unravels
Presenting new performances on the stage:
A Giant's education and his travels
Will occupy the next succeeding page.—
But I begin to tremble at the cavils
Of this fastidious, supercilious age.
Reviews and paragraphs in morning papers;
The prospect of them gives my Muse the vapors.
—*Close of Canto II.*

THE MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

IV.

Some ten miles off, an ancient abbey stood,
Amidst the mountains, near a noble stream;
A level eminence, enshrined with wood,
Sloped to the river's bank and southern beam;
Within were fifty friars fat and good,
Of goodly presence and of good esteem,
That passed an easy, exemplary life,
Remote from want and care, and worldly strife.

V.

Between the Monks and Giants there subsisted,
In the first Abbot's lifetime, much respect;
The Giants let them settle where they listed:
The Giants were a tolerating sect.
A poor lame Giant once the Monks assisted,
Old and abandoned, dying with neglect;
The Prior found him, cured his broken bone,
And very kindly cut him for the stone.

VI.

This seemed a glorious, golden opportunity
To civilize the whole gigantic race;
To draw them to pay tithes, and dwell in unity.
The Giants' valley was a fertile place,
And might have much enriched the whole community,
Had the old Giant lived a longer space.
But he relapsed, and though all means were tried.
They could but just baptize him — when he died.

VIII.

They never found another case to cure,
But their demeanor calm and reverential,
Their gesture and their vesture grave and pure,
Their conduct sober, cautious and prudential,
Engaged respect, sufficient to secure
Their properties and interests more essential:
They kept a distant courteous intercourse,
Salutes and gestures were their sole discourse.

XV.

In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone;
She breathes a wish throughout those sacred cells,
For bells of larger size and louder tone.
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling and the clangor,
Roused their irrational, gigantic anger.

XVI.

Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!
Unhappy Monks! you see no danger nigh;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply;
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;

Tired but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoyed and bawling.

XVII.

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal broke forth at break of day:
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say.
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel).

XIX.

These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place.
Not so the Mountain-Giants (as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race),
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved
They ran straightforward to besiege the place
With a discordant, universant yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

XX.

Historians are extremely to be pitied,
Obliged to persevere in the narration
Of wrongs and horrid outrages committed,
Oppression, sacrilege, assassination;
The following scenes I wished to have omitted,
But truth is an imperious obligation.
So "my heart sickens and I drop my pen,"
And am obliged to pick it up again. — *Canto III.*

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

XLVIII.

The Giant-troops invariably withdrew
(Like mobs in Naples, Portugal, and Spain),

GUSTAV FREYTAG.

To dine at twelve o'clock and sleep till two,
And afterwards (except in case of rain)
Returned to clamor, hoot, and pelt anew.
The scene was every day the same again.
Thus the blockade grew tedious. I intended
A week ago, myself to raise and end it.

LVI.

Our Giants' memoirs still remain on hand,
For all my notions being genuine gold,
Beat out beneath the hammer and expand
And multiply themselves a thousandfold
Beyond the first idea that I planned.
Besides — this present copy must be sold;
Besides — I promised Murray t'other day,
To let him have it by the tenth of May.— *Canto IV.*

FREYTAG, GUSTAV, a German novelist, dramatist, and journalist; born at Kreuzburg, Silesia, July 13, 1816; died at Wiesbaden, April 30, 1895. He was educated at Oels, Breslau, and Berlin, and received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1838. In 1845 he published a volume of poems entitled *In Breslau,* and an historical comedy, *The Espousal of Kuntz von Rosen.* He went in 1847 to Leipsic and, in conjunction with Julian Schmidt, became editor of *Grenzboten* (The Messenger of the Frontier). In this and the following year he published the dramas *Valentine* and *Count Waldemar;* in 1854, a comedy, *Die Journalisten,* and in 1859 a classical drama *Die Fabier.* Others of his dramatic works are *Der Gelehrte,* a tragedy, and *Eine arme Schneiderseele,* a comedy. His novel, *Soll und Haben*

(1855), at once gave him a high place among German writers of fiction. It was translated into English under the title of *Debit and Credit. Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit* was followed in 1862 by *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des Deutschen Volkes.* Another novel, *Die Verlorne Handschrift,* appeared in 1864, and a series of tales collected under the title of *Die Ahnen* (Ancestors) in 1876. In 1870 Freytag resigned from the *Grenzboten,* and took charge of *Im neuen Reich,* a weekly journal at Leipsic. His later novels were *Ancestors* (1893), and *Charlemagne* (1894).

THE BURDEN OF A CRIME.

The murderer stood for a few moments motionless in the darkness, leaning against the staircase railings. Then he slowly went up the steps. While doing so he felt his trousers to see how high they were wet. He thought to himself that he must dry them at the stove this very night, and saw in fancy the fire in the stove, and himself sitting before it in his dressing-gown, as he was accustomed to do when thinking over his business. If he had ever in his life known comfortable repose, it had been when, weary of the cares of the day, he sat before his stove-fire and watched it till his heavy eyelids drooped. He realized how tired he was now, and what good it would do him to go to sleep before a warm fire. Lost in the thought, he stood for a moment like one overcome with drowsiness, when suddenly he felt a strange pressure within him — something that made it difficult to breathe, and bound his breast as with iron bars. Then he thought of the bundle that he had just thrown into the river; he saw it cleave the flood: he heard the rush of water, and remembered that the hat which he had forced over the man's face had been the last thing visible on the surface — a round, strange-looking thing. He saw the hat quite plainly before him — battered, the rim half off, and

two grease spots on the crown. It had been a very shabby hat. Thinking of it, it occurred to him that he could smile now if he chose. But he did not smile.

Meanwhile he had got up the steps. As he opened the staircase door, he glanced along the dark gallery through which two had passed a few minutes before, and only one returned. He looked down at the gray surface of the stream, and again he was sensible of that singular pressure. He rapidly crept through the large room and down the steps, and on the ground floor ran up against one of the lodgers in the caravansary. Both hastened away in different directions without exchanging a word.

This meeting turned his thoughts in another direction. Was he safe? The fog still lay thick on the street. No one had seen him go in with Hippas, no one had recognized him as he went out. The investigation would only begin when they found the old man in the river. Would he be safe then? These thoughts passed through the murderer's mind as calmly as though he was reading them in a book. Mingled with them came doubts as to whether he had his cigar-case with him, and as to why he did not smoke a cigar. He cogitated long about it, and at length found himself returned to his dwelling. He opened the door. The last time he had opened the door a loud noise had been heard in the inner room; he listened for it now; he would give anything to hear it. A few minutes ago it had been to be heard. Oh, if those few minutes had never been! Again he felt that hollow pressure, but more strongly, even more strongly than before.

He entered the room. The lamp still burned, the fragments of the rum-bottle lay about the sofa, the bits of broken mirror shone like silver dollars on the floor. Veitel sat down exhausted. Then it occurred to him that his mother had often told him a childish story in which silver dollars fell upon a poor man's floor. He could see the old Jewess sitting at the hearth, and he, a small boy, standing near her. He could see himself looking anxiously down on the dark earthen floor, wondering whether the white dollars would fall down for him. Now he

knew — his room looked just as if there had been a rain of white dollars. He felt something of the restless delight which that tale of his mother had always awaked, when again came suddenly that same hollow pressure. Heavily he rose, stooped, and collected the broken glass. He put all the pieces into the corner of the cupboard, detached the frame from the wall, and put it wrong-side-out in a corner. Then he took the lamp, and the glass which he used to fill with water for the night; but as he touched it a shudder came over him, and he put it down. He who was no more had drunk out of that glass. He took the lamp to his bedside, and undressed. He hid his trousers in the cupboard, and brought out another pair, which he rubbed against his boots till they were dirty at the bottom. Then he put out the lamp, and as it flickered before it went quite out, the thought struck him that human life and a flame had something in common. He had extinguished a flame. And again that pain in the breast, but less clearly felt, for his strength was exhausted, his nervous energy spent. The murderer slept.

But when he wakes! Then the cunning will be over and gone with which his distracted mind has tried, as if in delirium, to snatch at all manner of trivial things and thoughts in order to avoid the one feeling which ever weighs him down. When he wakes! Henceforth, while still half asleep, he will feel the gradual entrance of terror and misery into his soul. Even in his dreams he will have a sense of the sweetness of unconsciousness and the horrors of thought, and will strive against waking; while, in spite of his strivings, his anguish grows stronger and stronger, till, in despair, his eyelids start open, and he gazes into the hideous present, the hideous future.

And again his mind will seek to cover over the fact with a web of sophistry; he will reflect how old the dead man was, how wicked, how wretched; he will try to convince himself that it was only an accident that occasioned his death — a push given by him in sudden anger — how unlucky that the old man's foot should have slipped as it did! Then will recur the doubt as to his safety; a hot flush will suffuse his pale face, the step of

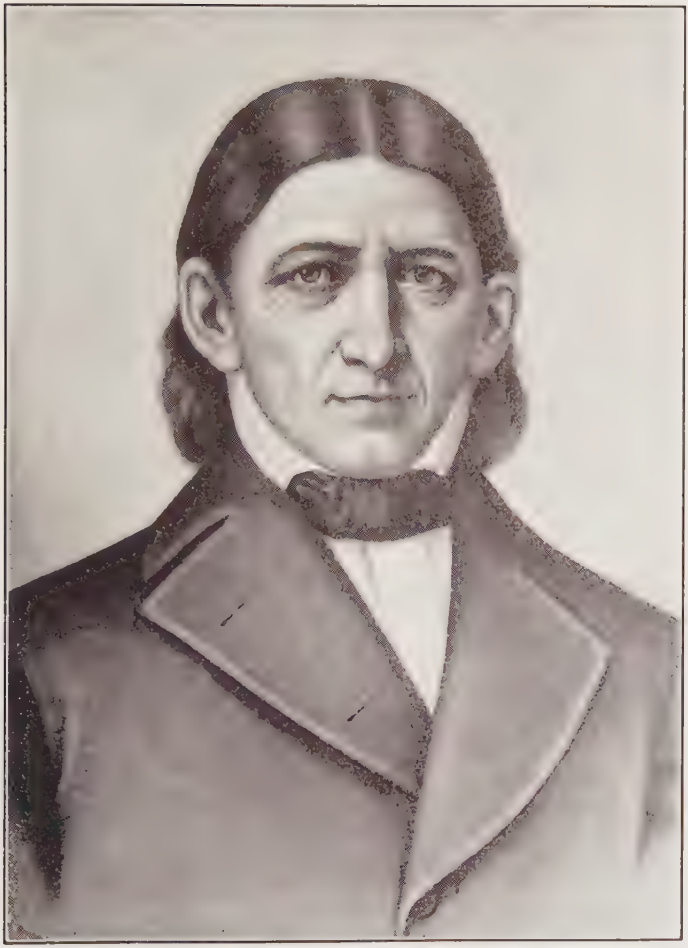
his servant will fill him with dread, the sound of an iron-shod stick on the pavement will be taken for the tramp of the armed band whom justice sends to apprehend him. Again he will retrace every step taken yesterday, every gesture, every word, and will seek to convince himself that discovery is impossible. No one had seen him, no one had heard; the wretched old man, half crazy as he was, had drawn his own hat over his eyes and drowned himself.

And yet, through all this sophistry, he is conscious of that fearful weight, till, exhausted by the inner conflict, he flies from his house to his business, amid the crowd anxiously desiring to find something that shall force him to forget. If any one on the street looks at him, he trembles; if he meet a policeman, he must rush home to hide his terror from those discerning eyes. Wherever he finds familiar faces, he will press into the thick of the assembly, he will take an interest in anything, will laugh and talk more than heretofore; but his eyes will roam recklessly around, and he will be in constant dread of hearing something said of the murdered man, something said about his sudden end. . . .

And when, late of an evening, he at length returns home, tired to death and worn out by his fearful struggle, he feels lighter hearted, for he has succeeeded in obscuring the truth, he is conscious of a melancholy pleasuse in his weariness, and awaits sleep as the only good thing earth has still to offer him. And again he will fall asleep, and when he awakes the next morning he will have to begin his fearful task anew. So will it be this day, next day, always, so long as he lives. His life is no longer like that of another man; his life is henceforth a horrible battle with a corpse, a battle unseen by all, yet constantly going on. All his intercourse with living men, whether in business or in society, is but a mockery, a lie. Whether he laughs and shakes hands with one, or lends money and takes fifty per cent. from another, it is all mere illusion on their part. He knows that he is severed from human companionship, and that all he does is but empty seeming; there is only one who

occupies him, against whom he struggles, because of whom he drinks and talks, and mingles with the crowd, and that one is the corpse of the old man in the water.— *Debit and Credit.*

FRÖBEL, Friedrich Wilhelm August, a German educational reformer; born at Oberweissbach, Thuringia, April 21, 1782; died at Marienthal, June 21, 1852. He was a son of the village parson of his native town. His own education was very imperfect, though in 1799 he studied for a time at Jena, and in later years (1811, 1812) he visited the universities of Berlin and Göttingen. For some years he devoted himself to farming, but in 1805 he visited Pestalozzi at Yverdun, on the Lake of Neuchâtel, and under his encouragement and advice gave up the rest of his life to the study and practice of education, excepting only a short period during which he served in the War of Independence. Having acted for some time as private tutor, and spent another two years with Pestalozzi, he endeavored to carry his new methods into practice successively at Griesheim and Keilhau, where he published his work on education (1825), and at Willisau, till, in 1837, he settled at Blankenburg, his native country. Here he established his children's school, conducted on principles of natural development, instructive play, and healthy movement. In 1840 he gave it the name of "Kindergarten." During the following years he undertook several journeys to the principal towns of Germany, in order to extend the knowledge of



FROBEL.

his system; for the most part, however, he was met with ridicule. In 1849 he removed to Marienthal, near Liebenstein, where he established a Kindergarten in the castle, and there he died. Since his death, in spite of the opposition of the Prussian Government, which objected because of its supposed "socialistic tendencies," the Kindergarten system has been widely adopted in Germany, and even more in America and England, which have the advantage of energetic Fröbel societies, or Kindergarten societies to direct the movement.

The writings of Fröbel include *Menschenerziehung,* his first work, published in 1825, in which he gives his idea of the process of development of the child-mind, and in which the seeds of the Kindergarten may be already discerned; *Pädagogik des Kindergartens; Kleinere Schriften,* and *Mütterlieder und Kosclieder.* From 1837 until 1840 he published also a weekly paper, entitled *Sonntagsblatt,* in which he described the Kindergarten system.

STORIES AND LEGENDS, FABLES AND FAIRY TALES.

The highest and most important experiences of a boy are the sensations and feelings of his own life in his own breast, his own thinking and willing, though they manifest themselves ever so vaguely and almost as a mere instinct.

But knowledge of a thing can never be attained by comparing it with itself. Therefore, too, the boy cannot attain any knowledge of the nature, cause, and effect of the meaning of his own life, by comparing his own transient individual life with itself. He needs for clearness concerning this, comparison with something else and with some one else; and surely everybody knows that comparisons with somewhat remote objects are more effective than those with very near objects.

Only the study of the life of others can furnish such points of comparison with the life he himself has experienced. In these the boy, endowed with an active life of his own, can view the latter as in a mirror, and learn to appreciate its value.

It is the innermost desire and need of a vigorous, genuine boy to understand his own life, to get a knowledge of its nature, its origin, and outcome. If he fails in this, the sensation of his own life either crushes him or carries him on headlong without purpose and irresistibly.

This is the chief reason why boys are so fond of stories, legends, and tales; the more so when these are told as having actually occurred at some time, or as lying within the reach of probability — for which, however, there are scarcely any limits for a boy.

The power that has scarcely germinated in the boy's mind is seen by him in the legend or tale, a perfect plant filled with the most delicious blossoms and fruits. The very remoteness of the comparison filled with his own vague hopes expands heart and soul, strengthens the mind, unfolds life in freedom and power.

As in color, it is not variegated hues that charm the boy, but their deeper, invisible, spiritual meaning; so he is attracted to the legend and fairy tale, not by the varied and gay shapes that move about in them, but by their spiritual life, which furnishes him with a measure for his own life and spirit, by the fact that they furnish him direct intuitions of free life, of a force spontaneously active in accordance with its own law.

The story concerns other men, other circumstances, other times and places, nay, wholly different forms; yet the hearer seeks his own image, he beholds it, and no one knows that he sees it.

Are there not many persons who have seen and heard how children at an early period asked their mother again and again to tell them the simplest story, which they had heard half a dozen times — *e. g.*, the story of a singing and fluttering bird, building its nest and feeding its young?

Even boys do the same. "Tell us a story," is the request of a crowd of eager listeners to some companion who has proved his art. "I do not know any more; I have told you all I know." "Well, then, tell us this or that story." "I have told it two or three times." "That makes no difference; tell it again." He obeys: see how eagerly his hearers note every word, as if they had never before heard it.

It is not the desire for mental indolence that leads the vigorous boy to the telling of stories and makes him a placid listener. You can see how eager he is, how a genuine story-teller stirs the inner life of his hearer, to try its strength, as it were. This proves that a higher spiritual life lies in the story, that it is not its gay and changing shapes that attract the boy, that through them mind speaks directly to mind.

Therefore ear and heart open to the genuine story-teller, as the blossoms open to the sun of spring and to the vernal rain. Mind breathes mind, power feels power and absorbs it, as it were. The telling of stories refreshes the mind as a bath refreshes the body; it gives exercise to the intellect and its powers; it tests the judgment and the feelings.

Hence, too, genuine effective story-telling is not easy: for the story-teller must wholly take into himself the life of which he speaks, must let it live and operate in himself freely. He must reproduce it whole and undiminished, and yet stand superior to life as it actually is.

It is this that makes the genuine story-teller. Therefore, only early youth and old age furnish good story-tellers. The mother knows how to tell stories — she who lives only in and with the child, and has no care beyond that of fostering his life.

The husband and father, fettered by life, compelled to face the cares and wants of daily life, will rarely be a good story-teller, pleasing to the children, influencing, strengthening, and lifting their lives.

The brother or sister, the grandfather, with his wide experience, or the old, tried servant, whose heart is full of contentment — these are the favorites with an audi-

ence of boys. — *Die Menschenerziehung; translation of* W. N. Hailmann.

FROISSART, Jean, a French ecclesiastic and chronicler; born at Valenciennes in 1337; died at Chimay about 1410. He was educated for the Church, and at the age of eighteen he had not only mastered the usual course of study but had gained some repute as a versifier. At twenty, upon the request of Robert of Namur, he undertook to compile from the *Chronicle* of Jean le Bel a rhymed account of the wars of his time. In 1360 he went to England, provided with letters of recommendation from his uncle to Philippa of Hainault, the Queen of Edward III., who made him her secretary and clerk of her chapel. King John of France, who had been captured at the battle of Poictiers, was now a prisoner in England, and Froissart became one of his household. By this twofold connection Froissart was brought into close intercourse with many men who had acted an important part on both sides during the war between the English and the French. Queen Philippa urged him to continue his rhymed chronicle; and to gather information he made journeys into Scotland and Wales. Then he went to the Continent, staying for a while at the English Court in Bordeaux, and was there at the time of the birth of Richard (afterward the unfortunate Richard II.), the son of the English "Black Prince." In 1369 he went to his native district, where the living of Lestines was conferred upon him. But the duties of his clerical office

were nowise to his liking; and from time to time he attached himself to the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Blois, and the Count of Foix; the latter of whom made him Canon and Treasurer of the church at Chimay and urged him to write in prose a continuous chronicle of the events of his own time.

Froissart, now nearly forty, fell in with this suggestion, and traveled far and wide in order to glean the information which he wanted. The *Chronicles* were the work of more than a quarter of a century, and appeared at intervals in detached portions, as they were written. They begin with the reign of Edward III. of England (1327–77), and properly end with the death of Richard II. (1400), but there are a few paragraphs relating to events which took place as late as 1404. It is uncertain how long Froissart lived after this, but it is probable that he was alive in 1410. Some accounts say that he died in great poverty not earlier than 1420.

The *Chronicles* of Froissart, which were widely circulated in manuscript, were first printed at Paris in 1498, in four folio volumes, under the title *Chroniques de France, d'Angleterre, d'Écosse, de Bretagne, de Gasconge, Flanders et lieux d'alentour.* They were translated into English during the reign of Henry VIII. by Lord Berners (*q.v.*). His version is spirited, though not always quite accurate. A better translation, upon the whole, is that of Thomas Johnes (12 vols., 1805, and subsequently reprinted in many forms). The first of the following citations is from the translation of Lord Berners; the original spelling being retained. The other citations are from the translation of Johnes.

KING EDWARD III. AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

As sone as the lady knewe of the Kynges comyng, she set opyn the gates and came out so richly besene that euery man marueyled of her beauty, and coude nat cease to regard her nobleness, with her great beauty, and the gracyous wordes and countenaunce that she made. When she came to the Kyng she knelyd downe to the yerth, thanking hym of his sucours, and so ledde hym into the castell to make hym chere and honour as she that coude ryht well do it. Euery man regarded her maruelusly; the Kynge hymselfe could not withholde his regardyng of her, for he thought that he neuer saw before so noble nor so fayre a lady: he was stryken therwith to the hert with a spercle of fine loue that endured long after; he thought no lady in the worlde so worthy to be beloued as she. Thus they entered into the castell hande in hande; the lady ledde hym first into the hall, and after into the chambre nobly aparelled. The Kyng regarded so the lady that she was abasshed; at last he went to a wyndo to rest hym, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make chere to the lordes and knyghtes that were ther, and comaunded to dresse the hall for dyner. When she had al deuysed and comaunded them she came to the Kynge with a mery chere (who was in a great study) and she said,

"Dere sir, why do you study so, for your grace nat dyspleased, it aparteyneth nat to you so to do: rather ye shulde make good chere and be joyfull seying ye haue chased away your enemies who durst nat abyde you; let other men study for the remynant."

Then the Kyng sayd, "A, dere lady, know for treuthe that syth I entred into the castell ther is a study come to my mynde so that I can nat chuse but to muse, nor can I nat tell what shall fall thereof; put it out of my herte I can nat."

"A, sir," quoth the lady, "ye ought alwayes to make good chere to comfort therewith your peple. God hath ayded you so in your besynes and hath showne you so great graces that ye be the moste douted and honoured

prince in all the erthe, and if the Kynge of Scotts haue done you any despyte or damage ye may well amende it whan it shall please you, as ye haue done dyuers tymes or this. Sir, leaue your musing and come into the hall if it please you; your dyner is all redy."

"A, fayre lady," quoth the Kyng, "other thynges lyeth at my hert that ye know not of, but surely your swete behauyng, the perfect wysedom, the good grace, noblenes and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so sore surprised my hert that I can not but loue you, and without your loue I am but deed."

Then the lady sayde: "A, ryght noble prince for Goddes sake mocke nor tempt me nat; I can nat beleue that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye wolde thynke to dyshonour me and my lorde my husbande, who is so valyant a knyght and hath done your grace so gode service and as yet lyeth in prison for your quarel. Certely sir ye shulde in this case haue but a small prayse and nothing the better thereby. I had neuer as yet such a thoght in my hert, nor I trust in God, neuer shall haue for no man lyueng: if I had any such intencyon your grace ought nat all onely to blame me, but also to punysshe my body, ye and by true iustice to be dismembred."

Therewith the lady departed fro the Kyng and went into the hall to hast the dyner; then she returned agayne and broght some of his knyghtes with her, and sayd, "Sir, yf it please you to come into the hall your knygtes abideth for you to wasshe; ye have ben to long fastyng."

Then the King went in the hall and wassht, and sat down among his lordes and the lady also. The Kyng ate but lytell; he sat styll musing, and as he durst he cast his eyen upon the lady. Of his sadness his knyghtes had maruel, for he was not accustomed so to be; some thought it was because the Scotts were escaped fro hym. All that day the Kyng taryd ther and wyst not what to do. Sometime he ymagined that honour and trouth defended hym to set his hert in such a case to dyshonour such a lady and so true a knight as her husband was who had always well and truly serued hym. On thother part

loue so constrayned hym that the power thereof surmounted honour and trouth. Thus the Kyng debated in himself all that day and all that night. In the mornyng he arose and dyssloged all his hoost and drewe after the Scottes to chase them out of his realm. Then he toke leaue of the lady, saying, "My dere lady to God I comende you tyll I returne agayne, requiryng you to aduyse you otherwyse than ye haue sayd to me."

"Noble prince," quoth the lady, "God the father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all vylayne thoughts. Sir, I am and ever shel be redy to do your grace servyce to your honour and to myne." Therewith the Kyng departed all abashe.— *Translation of* LORD BERNERS.

JOHN OF BLOIS DELIVERED FROM HIS LONG IMPRISONMENT.

In such a grand and noble history as this, of which I Sir John Froissart, and the author and continuator until this present moment, through the grace of God, and that perseverance He has endowed me with, as well as in length of years, which have enabled me to witness abundance of the things that have passed, it is not right that I forget anything. During the war of Brittany, the two sons of the Lord Charles de Blois (who, for a long time, styled himself Duke of Brittany, in right of his lady, Jane of Brittany, who was descended in a direct line from the dukes of Brittany, as has been mentioned in this history), were sent to England as hostages for their father, where they still remain in prison; for I have not as yet delivered them from it, nor from the power of the King of England, wherein the Lord Charles had put them.

You have before seen how King Edward of England, to strengthen himself in his war with France, had formed an alliance with the Earl of Montfort, whom he had assisted, with advice and forces, to the utmost of his ability, insomuch that the Earl had succeeded to his wishes, and was Duke of Brittany. Had he not been thus supported, the Lord Charles de Blois would have possessed seven parts of Brittany, and the Earl

only five. You have read how, in the year 1347, there was a grand battle before la Roche-derrien, between the forces of the Countess of Montfort, and of Sir Thomas Hartwell and the Lord Charles de Blois, in which the Lord Charles was defeated, and carried prisoner to England. He was handsomely entertained there; for that noble Queen of England, the good Philippa (who, in my youth, was my lady and mistress), was, in a direct line, his cousin-german. She did everything in her power to obtain his freedom, which the council were not willing to grant. Duke Henry, of Lancaster, and the other barons of England, declared that he ought not to have his liberty; for he had too mighty connections, and that Philip, who called himself King of France, was his uncle: that as long as they detained him prisoner, their war in Brittany would be the better for it. Notwithstanding these remonstrances, King Edward, through the persuasion of that noble and good lady, his Queen, agreed to his ransom for two hundred thousand nobles; and his two sons were to be given as hostages for the payment of this sum, which was very considerable to the Lord Charles, but would not now be so to a Duke of Brittany. The lords of those days were differently situated from what they are at present, when greater resources are found, and they can tax their people at their pleasure. It was not so then, for they were forced to content themselves with the amount of their landed estates; but now, the duchy of Brittany would easily pay for the aid of its lord two hundred thousand nobles within the year, or within two years at the farthest.

Thus were the two young sons of the Lord Charles de Blois given up as hostages for the payment of his ransom. He had, afterward, in the prosecution of his war in Brittany, so much to pay his soldiers, and support his rank and state, that he could never, during his lifetime, redeem them. He was slain in battle at Auray, defending his right, by the English allies of the Earl of Montfort, and by none others. His death, however, did not put an end to the war; but King Charles of France, ever

fearing the effects of chance, when he saw the Earl of Montfort was conquering all Brittany, suspected, should he wholly succeed, that he would hold the duchy independent of paying him homage for it; for he had already held it from the King of England, who had so strenuously assisted him in the war. He therefore negotiated with the Earl, which, having been already mentioned, I shall pass over here; but the Earl remained Duke of Brittany, on condition that his homage should be paid to his own right lord, the King of France. The Duke was also bound, by the articles of the treaty, to assist in the deliverance of his two cousins, sons of the Lord Charles de Blois, who were prisoners to the King of England. In this, however, he never stirred; for he doubted, if they should return, whether they would not give him some trouble, and whether Brittany, which was more inclined toward them than to him, would not acknowledge them as its lord.

For this reason he neglected them, and they remained so long prisoners in England, under the guard, at one time of Sir Roger Beauchamp, a gallant and valiant knight, and his Lady Sybilla; at another under Sir Thomas d'Ambreticourt, that the youngest brother, Guy of Brittany, died. John of Brittany was now alone prisoner, and frequently bewailed his situation with wonder; for he was sprung from the noblest blood in the world, the advantages of which he had been long deprived of; for he had been thirty-five years in the power of his enemies, and, as he perceived no appearance of help coming to him from any quarter, he would rather have died than thus have existed. His relations and friends kept at a distance, and the sum he was pledged for was so great that he could never have procured it without a miracle, for the Duke of Anjou, in all his prosperity, though the person who had married his sister-german, by whom he had two fine sons, Lewis and Charles, never once thought of him.

I will now relate how John of Brittany obtained his liberty. You have before read of the Earl of Buckingham's expedition through France to Brittany, whither

the duke had sent for him, because the country would not acknowledge him for its lord. The Earl and his army remained the ensuing winter, in great distress, before Nantes and Vannes, until the month of May, when he returned to England. During the time the Earl of Buckingham was at Vannes, you may remember, there were some tilts between knights and squires of France and those of England, and that the Constable of France was present. There was much conversation kept up by him and the English knights; for he was acquainted with them all from his childhood, having been educated in England. He behaved very politely to many of them, as men-at-arms usually do, and the French and English in particular, to each other; but, at this moment, he was more attentive as he had an object in view which occupied all his thoughts, and which he had only disclosed to a single person, who was squire of honor in his household and had served the Lord Charles de Blois in the same capacity. If the Constable had made it more public, he would not have succeeded as he did, through the mercy of God, and his own perseverance.

The Constable and Duke of Brittany had for a long time hated each other, whatever outward appearances they might put on. The Constable was much hurt at the length of the imprisonment of John of Brittany, and at a time when he was on rather better terms with the duke, said to him, "My lord, why do not you exert yourself to deliver your cousin from his imprisonment in England? You are bound to do so by treaty; for when the nobles of Brittany, the prelates, and the principal towns, with the Archbishop of Rheims, Sir John de Craon, and Sir Boucicaut, at that time Marshal of France, negotiated with you for peace before Quimper Corentin, you swore you would do your utmost to liberate your cousins John and Guy, and as yet you have never done anything; know, therefore, that the country does not love you the more for it." The duke dissembled, and said: "Hold your tongue, Sir Oliver: where shall I find the three or four hundred thousand francs which are demanded for their liberty?" "My lord,"

replied the Constable, "if Brittany saw you were really in earnest to procure their freedom, they would not murmur at any tax or hearth-money that should be raised to deliver these prisoners, who will die in prison unless God assist them." "Sir Oliver," said the duke, "my country of Brittany shall never be oppressed by such taxes. My cousins have great princes for their relations; and the King of France or Duke of Anjou ought to aid them, for they have always supported them against me. When I swore, indeed, to aid them in their deliverance, it was always my intention that the King of France and their other relations should find the money, and that I would join my entreaties." The Constable could never obtain more from the Duke.

The Constable, therefore, when at these tournaments at Vannes, saw clearly that the Earl of Buckingham and the English barons and squires were greatly dissatisfied with the Duke of Brittany for not having opened his towns to them, as he had promised, when they left England. The English near Hennebon and Vannes were in such distress that they frequently had not wherewithal to feed themselves, and their horses were dying through famine: they were forced to gather thistles, bruise them in a mortar, and make a paste which they cooked. While they were thus suffering, they said: "This Duke of Brittany does not acquit himself loyally of his promises to us, who have put him in possession of his duchy; and, if we may be believed, we can as easily take it from him as we have given it to him, by setting at liberty his enemy, John of Brittany, whom the country love in preference. We cannot any way revenge ourselves better, nor sooner make him lose his country." The Constable was well informed of all these murmurs and discontents, which were no way displeasing to him; on the contrary, for one murmur he wished there had been twelve; but he took no notice of it, and only spoke of what he had heard to his squire, whose name, I think, was John Rolland.

It happened that Sir John Charlton, governor of Cherbourg, came to Château Josselin, where the Constable resided, who entertained him and his company most

splendidly; and to obtain their friendship, out of his special favor, escorted them himself until they were in safety. During the time of dinner, the before-mentioned squire addressed Sir John Charlton, saying, "Sir John, you can, if you please, do me a very great favor, which will cost you nothing." "From friendship to the Constable," replied Sir John, "I wish it may cost me something: what is it you wish me to do?" "Sir," replied he, "that I may have your passport to go to England, to my master, John of Brittany, whom I am more anxious to see than anything in the world." "By my faith," said Sir John, "it shall not be my fault if you do not. On my return to Cherbourg, I shall cross over to England: come with me, therefore, and you shall accompany me, and I will have you conducted to him, for your request cannot be refused." "A thousand thanks; my lord, I shall ever remember your goodness." The squire returned with Sir John Charlton to Cherbourg; when, having arranged his affairs, he embarked, and made straight for London, attended by John Rolland, whom he had conducted to the castle where John of Brittany was confined. John of Brittany did not, at first, recollect him; but he soon made himself known, and they had a long conversation, in which he told him that if he would exert himself to procure his freedom, the Constable would make the greatest efforts to second him. John of Brittany, desiring nothing more eagerly, asked, "By what means?" "I will tell you, my lord: the Constable has a handsome daughter whom he wishes to marry, and if you will promise and swear that on your return to Brittany you will marry her, he will obtain your liberty, as he has discovered the means of doing it." John of Brittany replied, "he would truly do so;" adding, "when you return to the Constable, assure him from me that there is nothing I am not ready to do for my liberty, and that I accept of his daughter and will cheerfully marry her." They had several other conversations together before the squire left England and embarked for Brittany, where he related to the Constable all that had passed.— *Froissart's Chronicles.*

FROTHINGHAM, Octavius Brooks, an American clergyman, son of N. L. Frothingham; born at Boston, November 26, 1822; died there November 27, 1895. He was graduated from Harvard in 1843, studied at the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1847 became pastor of the North Church (Unitarian), Salem, Mass. In 1855 he removed to Jersey City, and in 1860 became minister of a newly formed society in New York, which took the name of the "Third Unitarian Congregational Church." He retained this position until 1879, when the society was dissolved, and Mr. Frothingham spent the subsequent two years in Europe. After his return he devoted himself entirely to literary work. Besides numerous published sermons, and frequent contributions to periodicals, he published *The Parables* (1864); *Religion of Humanity* (1873); *Life of Theodore Parker* (1874); *Transcendentalism in New England* (1876); *Spirit of the New Faith* (1877); *Biography of Gerrit Smith* (1878); with Felix Adler, *The Radical Pulpit* (1883); *Memoir of William Ellery Channing* (1887); *Boston Unitarianism* (1890), and *Recollections and Impressions* (1891).

THE BELIEFS OF UNBELIEVERS.

In every age of Christendom there have been men whom the Church named "infidels," and thrust down into the abyss of moral reprobation. The oldest of these are forgotten with the generations that gave them birth. The only ones now actively anathematized lived within the last hundred years, and owe the blackness of their reputation to the assaults they made on superstitions that are still powerful, and dogmas that are still su-

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

preme. The names of Chubb, Toland, and Tindal, of Herbert of Cherbury, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, though seldom spoken now, are mentioned, when they are mentioned, with bitterness. The names of Voltaire and Rousseau recall at once venomous verdicts that our own ears have heard. The memory of Thomas Paine is still a stench in modern nostrils, though he has been dead sixty years, so deep a damnation has been fixed on his name. . . .

Sceptics these men and others were: I claim for them that honor. It is their title to immortality. Doubtless they were, in many things, deniers — "infidels," if you will. They made short work of creed and catechism, of sacrament and priest, of tradition and formula. Miraculous revelations, inspired Bibles, authoritative dogmas, dying Gods, and atoning Saviours, infallible Apostles, and Churches founded by the Holy Ghost, ecclesiastical heavens and hells, with other fictions of the sort, their minds could not harbor. They criticised mercilessly the drama of the Redemption, and spoke more roughly than prudently of the great mysteries of the Godhead. But, after their fashion, they were great believers. In the interest of faith they doubted; in the interest of faith they denied. Their "Nay" was an uncouth method of pronouncing "Yea." They were after the truth, and supposed themselves to be removing a rubbish pile to reach it. Toland, whose *Christianity Not Mysterious* was presented by the Grand Jury of Dublin, and condemned to the flames by the Irish Parliament, while the author fled from Government prosecution to England, professed himself sincerely attached to the pure religion of Jesus, and anxious to exhibit it free from the corruption of after times. Thomas Paine wrote his *Age of Reason* as a check to the progress of French atheism, fearing "lest in the general wreck of superstition, of false systems of government, and false theology, we lose sight of morality, of humanity, and of the theology that is true." . . .

These devout unbeliefs were born of the spirit of the age. It was an age — rather, let me call it a series of ages — in which great events occurred. There had been

a terrible shaking of thrones and altars. The axe had fallen on the neck of a king, and the halberd had smitten the image of many saints. Scarcely an authority stood fast. None was unchallenged. The brain of Bacon had discharged its force into the intellectual world. Newton's torch was flinging its beams to the confines of creation. The national genius sparkled in constellations of brilliant men; Continental literature was pouring into England the speculative mind of Holland, the dramatic writing and criticism of France. There was new thought and fresh purpose; a determination to know and do something; a sense of intellectual and moral power, that portended great changes in Church and State. The infidels were the men who felt this spirit first. They were its children; they gave it voice; it gave them strength. They trusted in it. Fidelity to its call was their faith. They believed in the sovereignty of Reason, the rights of the individual Conscience: and they cherished a generous confidence in the impulses of an emancipated and ennobled humanity. They had that faith in human nature which, indeed, is, and ever has been the faith of faiths. It is a faith hard to hold. These infidels must have found it so in their times. When shall we honor, at its due, the heroism of Protest, the valor of Disbelief? When shall we give to the martyrdom of Denial its glorious crown? — *Belief of the Unbelievers.*

THEODORE PARKER.

With him the religious element was supreme. It had roots in his being wholly distinct from its mental or sensible forms of expression — completely distinguished from theology, which claimed to give an account of it in words, and from ceremonies, which claimed to embody it in rites and symbols. Never evaporating in mystical dreams, nor entangled in the meshes of cunning speculation, it preserved the freshness and bloom and fragrance in every passage of his life. His sense of divine things was as strong as was ever felt by a man of such clear intelligence. His feeling for divine things never lost its

glow; never was damped by misgiving, dimmed by doubt, or clouded by sorrow. The intensity of his faith in Providence, and of his assurance of personal immortality, seems almost fanatical to modern men who sympathize in general with his philosophy. . . . All the materialists in and out of Christendom had no power to shake his conviction of the infinite God and the immortal existence: nor would have had, had he lived until he was a century old; for, in his view the convictions were planted deep in human nature, and were demanded by the exigencies of human life. The services they rendered to mankind would have been their sufficient justification, had he found no other; and in this aspect they interested him chiefly. . . .

It has been said that Parker accomplished nothing final as a religious reformer; that if he thought of himself as the inaugurator of a second Reformation — a reformation of Protestantism — the leader of a new "departure," as significant and momentous as that of the sixteenth century, he deceived himself. Luther, it is said, found a stopping-place, a terminus, and erected a "station," where nearly half of Christendom have been content to stay for three hundred years, and will linger, perhaps, three hundred years longer. Parker stretched a tent near what proved to be a "branch-road," where a considerable number of travellers will pause on their journey, and refresh themselves, while waiting for the "through-train." That Parker thought otherwise, that he believed himself sent to proclaim and define the faith of the next thousand years, merely gives another illustration of the delusions to which even great minds are subject. Already thought has swept beyond him; already faith has struck into other paths, and taken up new positions. The scientific method has supplemented the theological and the sentimental, and has carried many over to the new regions of belief. Parker is a great name, was a great power, and will be a great memory; but it is doubtful if he did the work of a Voltaire or a Rousseau; that he did not do the work of a Luther is not doubtful at all. Certainly, Parker was not a discoverer. He originated no doctrine; he struck

out no path. His religious philosophy existed before his day, and owed to him no fresh development. But he was the first great popular expounder of it; the first who undertook to make it the basis of a faith for the common people; the first who planted it as the corner-stone of the working-religion of mankind, and published it as the ground of a new spiritual structure, distinct from both Romanism and Protestantism. . . .

The ethics of Theodore Parker grew from the same root as his religion, and were part of the same system. These, too, rested on the spiritual philosophy — the philosophy of intuition. He believed that to the human Conscience was made direct revelation of the eternal law; that the moral nature looked righteousness in the face. He was acquainted with the objections to this doctrine. The opposite philosophy of Utilitarianism — whether taught by Bentham or by Mill — was well known to him, but was wholly unsatisfactory. Sensationalism in morals was as absurd, in his judgment, as sensationalism in faith. The Quaker doctrine of the "inner light" was nearer the truth, as he saw it, than the "experience" doctrine of Herbert Spencer. Experience might assist conscience, but create it never. Conscience might consult even expediency for its methods; but for its parentage it must look elsewhere. Conscience, for him, was the authority, divine, ultimate. He obeyed, even if it commanded the cutting off of the right hand or the plucking out of the right eye. He would not compromise a principle, wrong a neighbor, take what was not fairly his, tell a falsehood, betray a trust, break a pledge, turn a deaf ear to the cry of human misery, for all the world could give him. At the heart of every matter there was a right and a wrong, both easily discernible by the simplest mind. The right was eternally right; the wrong was eternally wrong; and eternal consequences were involved in either. Philosophers might find fault with his psychology — they did find fault with it. He answered them, if he could; if he could not, he left them answerless: but for himself, he never doubted, but leaned against his pillar.— *Biography of Theodore Parker*

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY, an English historian and biographer; born at Dartington, Devonshire, April 23, 1818; died at Salcombe, October 20, 1894. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Oriel College, Oxford, and in 1842 became a Fellow of Exeter College. In 1844 he was ordained a deacon in the Established Church, and for some time was reckoned as one of the High Church party of whom J. H. Newman was a leader. At this time he wrote many biographies in the series entitled *Lives of the English Saints.* In 1847 he published anonymously a volume of fiction entitled *Shadows of the Clouds.* In 1848 appeared his *Nemesis of Faith*, which evinced that he had come to differ widely from the doctrines of the Anglican Church. His two works were severely censured by the authorities of the University. He then resigned his Fellowship, and was obliged to give up an appointment which he had received of a teachership in Tasmania. After this, for some years, he wrote largely for the *Westminster Review* and for *Fraser's Magazine,* becoming ultimately for a short time the editor of the latter periodical. He had in the meantime begun his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.* This History extends to twelve volumes, of which the first two appeared in 1856, and the last two in 1870. In 1867 he put forth a volume of *Short Studies on Great Subjects,* consisting of Essays which had already been printed in various periodicals. In 1872 he formally laid down his function of deacon in the Anglican Church, and in the same year made a tour of the United States, where he

delivered a series of lectures on the relations existing between England and Ireland. Near the close of 1874 Mr. Froude was commissioned by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to visit the Cape of Good Hope in order to investigate the causes which led to the Kaffir insurrection. He also published *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* (1871–74); *Cæsar, a Sketch* (1879); *Biography of Thomas Carlyle* (1882–84), and *Oceana,* an account of a tour through the British Colonial possessions (1886). Besides writing the "Biography of Carlyle," he edited his "Reminiscences."

His last works include *The English in the West Indies* (1888); *Two Chiefs of Dunboy,* an Irish romance (1889); *Life of Lord Beaconsfield* (1890); *The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon* (1891); *Story of the Armada* (1892); *Life and Letters of Erasmus* (1894). He became Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford in 1892.

EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Briefly, solemnly, and sternly, the Commissioners delivered their awful message. They informed her that they had received a commission under the great seal to see her executed, and she was told that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning. She was dreadfully agitated. For a moment she refused to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upon her, tossing her head in disdain, and struggling to control herself, she called her physician, and began to speak to him of money that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke down altogether, and they left her with a fear either that she would destroy herself in the night, or that she would refuse to come to the scaffold, and that it might be necessary to drag her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne — all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

Yet in death, if she encountered it bravely, victory was still possible. Could she but sustain to the last the character of a calumniated suppliant accepting heroically for God's sake and her creed's the concluding stroke of a long series of wrongs, she might stir a tempest of indignation which, if it could not save herself, might at least overwhelm her enemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knowledge of Babington, it would be affectation to credit her with a genuine feeling of religion; but the imperfection of her motive exalts the greatness of her fortitude. To an impassioned believer death is comparatively easy. . . .

At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his return with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendor. The plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters were attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Rob-

ert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. "Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell." She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The Queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request;" and when Kent still hesitated, she added, with tears, "You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland."

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized. "*Allons donc,*" she then said, "let us go;" and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the country had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half

high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform, and read the warrant aloud.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms: and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way; spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "*Ne criez vous,*" she said, "*j'ai promis pour vous.*" Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with her handkerchief. "*Adieu,*" she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them; "*adieu, au revoir.*" They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm,

"*In te, Domine, confido,*" "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the earls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered: "*In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.*" The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud amen rose over the hall.

"Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies."—*History of England.*

THE WHITE TERRACE, LAKE TARAWARA, NEW ZEALAND.

In the morning we had to start early, for we had a long day's work cut out for us. We were on foot at seven. The weather was fine, with a faint, cool breeze, a few clouds, but no sign of rain. Five Maori boatmen were in attendance to carry coats and luncheon-basket.

Kate * presented herself with a subdued demeanor, as agreeable as it was unexpected. She looked picturesque, with a grey, tight-fitting woollen bodice, a scarlet skirt, a light scarf about her neck, and a gray billicock hat with a pink ribbon. She had a headache, she said, but was mild and gentile. I disbelieved entirely in the story of the eight husbands.

We descended to the lake head. The boat was a long, light gig, unfit for storms, but Lake Tarawara lay unruffled in the sunshine, tree and mountain peacefully mirrored on the surface. The color was again green, as of a shallow sea. Heavy bushes fringed the shore; high, wooded mountains rose on all sides of us, as we left the creek and came out upon the open water. The men rowed well, laughing and talking among themselves, and carried us in a little more than an hour to a point eight miles distant. We were now in an arm of the lake which reached three miles further. At the head of this we landed by the mouth of a small, rapid river, and looked about us. It was a pretty spot, overhung by precipitous cliffs, with ivy fern climbing over them. A hot-spring was bubbling violently through a hole in the rock. The ground was littered with the shells of unnumbered crayfish which had been boiled in this caldron of Nature's providing.

Here we were joined by a native girl, Marileha by name, a bright-looking lass of eighteen, with merry eyes, and a thick, well-combed mass of raven hair (shot with orange in the sunlight) which she tossed about over her shoulders. On her back, thrown jauntily on, she had a shawl of feathers, which Elphinstone wanted to buy, but

---

* Kate had already been described, "a big, half-caste, bony woman of forty, stone-deaf, with a form like an Amazon's, features like a prize-fighter's, and an arm that would fell an ox. She had a blue petticoat on, a brown jacket, and a red handkerchief about her hair. I inquired if this virago (for such she appeared) had a husband. I was told that she had had eight husbands, and on my asking what had become of them, I got for answer that they had died away somehow. Poor Kate! I don't know that she had ever had so much as one. There were lying tongues at Wairoa as well as in other places. She was a little elated, I believe, when we first saw her; but was quiet and womanly enough next day. Her strength she had done good service with, and she herself was probably better, and not worse, than many of her neighbors."

found the young lady coy. She was a friend of Kate's, it appeared, was qualifying for a guide, and was to be our companion, we were told, through the day. I heard the news with some anxiety, for there was said to be a delicious basin of lukewarm water on one of the terraces, in which custom required us to bathe. Our two lady-guides would provide towels, and officiate, in fact, as bathing-women. The fair Polycasta had bathed Telemachus, and the queenly Helen with her own royal hands had bathed Ulysses when he came disguised to Troy. So Kate was to bathe us, and Miss Marileha was to assist in the process.

We took off our boots and stockings, and put on canvas shoes which a wetting would not spoil, and followed our two guides through the bush, waiting for what fate had in store for us, Miss Mari laughing, shouting, and singing, to amuse Kate, whose head still ached. After a winding walk of half a mile, we came again on the river, which was rushing deep and swift through reeds and ti-trees. A rickety canoe was waiting there, in which we crossed, climbed up a bank, and stretched before us we saw the White Terrace in all its strangeness; a crystal staircase, glittering and stainless as if it were ice, spreading out like an open fan from a point above us on the hillside, and projecting at the bottom into a lake, where it was perhaps two hundred yards wide. The summit was concealed behind the volumes of steam rising out of the boiling fountain, from which the silicious stream proceeded. The stairs were twenty in number, the height of each being six or seven feet. The floors dividing them were horizontal, as if laid out with a spirit-level. They were of uneven breadth; twenty, thirty, fifty feet, or even more; each step down being always perpendicular, and all forming arcs of a circle of which the crater was the centre. On reaching the lake the silica flowed away into the water, where it lay in a sheet half-submerged, like ice at the beginning of a thaw. There is nothing in the fall of the ground to account for the regularity of shape.

A crater has been opened through the rock one hundred and twenty feet above the lake. The water which

comes up boiling from below, is charged as heavily as it will bear with silicic acid. The silica crystalizes as it is exposed to the air. The water continues to flow over the hardened surface, continually adding a fresh coating to the deposits already laid down; and, for reasons which men of science can no doubt supply, the crystals take the form which I have described. The process is a rapid one. A piece of newspaper left behind by a recent visitor was already stiff as the starched collar of a shirt. Tourists ambitious of immortality have pencilled their names and the date of their visit on the white surface over which the stream was running. Some of the inscriptions were six and seven years old, yet the strokes were as fresh as on the day they were made, being protected by the film of glass which was instantly drawn over them.

The thickness of the crust is, I believe, unascertained, the Maoris objecting to scientific examination of their treasure. It struck me, however, that this singular cascade must have been of recent — indeed measurably recent — origin. In the middle of the terrace were the remains of a ti-tree bush, which was standing where a small patch of soil was still uncovered. Part of this, where the silica had not reached the roots, was in leaf and alive. The rest had been similarly alive within a year or two, for it had not yet rotted, but had died as the crust rose round it. It appeared to me that this particular staircase was not perhaps a hundred years old, but that terraces like it had successively been formed all along the hillside, as the crater opened now at one spot, and now at another. Wherever the rock showed elsewhere through the soil, it was of the same material as that which I saw growing. If the supply of silicic acid were stopped, the surface would dry and crack. Ti-trees would then spring up over it. The crystal steps would crumble into less regular outlines, and in a century or two the fairy-like wonder which we were gazing at would be indistinguishable from the adjoining slopes. We walked, or rather waded, upward to the boiling pool. It was not in this that we were to be bathed. It was about sixty feet across, and was of unknown depth. The heat was too in-

tense to allow us to approach the edge, and we could see little from the dense cloud of steam which lay upon it. We were more fortunate afterward at the crater of the second terrace. The crystallization is ice-like, and the phenomena, except for the alternate horizontal and vertical arrangement of the deposited silica, are like what would be seen in any Northern region when a severe frost suddenly seizes hold of a waterfall before snow has fallen and buried it.— *Oceana, Chap. XVI.*

THE DEVIL'S HOLE.

A fixed number of minutes is allotted for each of the "sights." Kate was peremptory with Elphinstone and myself. Miss Marieleha had charge of my son. "Come along, boy!" I heard her say to him. We were dragged off the White Terrace in spite of ourselves, but soon forgot it in the many and various wonders which were waiting for us. Columns of steam were rising all round us. We had already heard, near at hand, a noise like the blast-pipe of some enormous steam-engine. Climbing up a rocky path through the bush, we came on a black, gaping chasm, the craggy sides of which we could just distinguish through the vapor. Water was boiling furiously at the bottom, and it was as if a legion of imprisoned devils were warring to be let out. "Devil's Hole" they called the place, and the name suited well with it. Behind a rock a few yards distant we found a large, open pool, boiling also so violently that great columns of water heaved and rolled and spouted as if in a gigantic saucepan standing over a furnace. It was full of sulphur. Heat, noise, and smoke were alike intolerable. To look at the thing and then escape from it, was all that we could do; and we were glad to be led away out of sight and hearing.

Again a climb, and we were on an open, level plateau, two acres or so in extent, smoking rocks all round it, and scattered over its surface a number of pale brown mud-hills, exactly like African ant-hills. Each of these was the cone of some sulphurous Geyser. Some were quiet, some were active. Suspicious bubbles of steam spurted

out under our feet as we trod, and we were warned to be careful where we went. Here we found a photographer, who had bought permission from the Maoris, at work with his instruments, and Marileha was made to stand for her likeness on the top of one of the mud-piles. We did not envy him his occupation, for the whole place smelt of brimstone and of the near neighborhood of the Nether Pit. Our own attention was directed especially to a hole filled with mud of a peculiar kind, much relished by the natives, and eaten by them as porridge. To us, who had been curious about their food, this dirty mess was interesting. It did not, however, solve the problem. Mud could hardly be as nutritious as they professed to find it, though it may have had medicinal virtues to assist the digestion of the craw-fish.— *Oceana, Chap. XVI.*

LUNCH-TIME.

The lake into which the Terrace descended lay close below us. It was green and hot (the temperature near 100°), patched over with beds of rank reed and rush, which were forced into unnatural luxuriance. After leaving the mud-heaps we went down to the water-side, where we found our luncheon laid out in an open-air saloon, with a smooth floor of silica. Steam-fountains were playing in half-a-dozen places. The floor was hot — a mere skin between us and Cocytus. The slabs were hot just to the point of being agreeable to sit upon. This spot was a favorite winter resort of the Maoris — their palavering hall, where they had their Constitutional Debates, their store-room, their kitchen, and their dining-room. Here they had their innocent meals on dried fish and fruit; here also their less innocent, on dried slices of their enemies. At present it seemed to be made over to visitors.— *Oceana, Chap. XVI.*

THE PINK TERRACE, LAKE TARAWARA.

We were now to be ferried across the lake. The canoe had been brought up — a scooped-out tree-trunk as long as a racing eight-oar, and about as narrow. It

was leaky, and so low in the water that the lightest ripple washed over the gunwale. The bottom, however, was littered with fresh-gathered fern, which for the present was dry, and we were directed to lie down upon it. Marileha stood in the bow, wielding her paddle, with her elf-locks rolling wildly down her back. The hot waves lapped in, and splashed us. The lake was weird and evil looking. Here Kate had earned her medal from the Humane Society. Some gentleman, unused to boats, had lost his balance, or his courage, and had fallen overboard. Kate had dived after him as he sank, and fished him up again.

The Pink Terrace, the object of our voyage, opened out before us on the opposite shore. It was formed on the same lines as the other, save that it was narrower, and was flushed with a pale rose-color. Oxide of iron is said to be the cause, but there is probably something besides. The water has not, I believe, been completely analyzed. Miss Mari used her paddle like a mistress. She carried us over with no worse misfortune than a slight splashing, and landed us at the Terrace-foot. It was here, if anywhere, that ablutions were to take place. To my great relief I found that a native youth was waiting with the towels, and that we were to be spared the ladies' assistance. They — Kate and Mari — withdrew to wallow, rhinoceros-like, in a mud-pool of their own.

The youth took charge of us, and led us up the shining stairs. The crystals were even more beautiful than those which we had seen, falling like clusters of rosy icicles, or hanging in festoons like creepers trailing from a rail. At the foot of each cascade the water lay in pools of ultramarine, their exquisite color being due in part, I suppose, to the light of the sky, refracted upward from the bottom. In the deepest of these we were to bathe. The temperature was 94° or 95°. The water lay inviting in its crystal basin. The water was deep enough to swim in comfortably, though not over our heads. We lay on our backs and floated for ten minutes in exquisite enjoyment, and the alkali or the flint, or the perfect purity of the element, seemed to saturate our systems. I, for one, when I was dressed again, could have fancied myself back in

the old days when I did not know that I had a body, and could run up hill as lightly as down.

The bath over, we pursued our way. The marvel of the Terrace was still before us, reserved to the last, like the finish in a pheasant battue. The crater at the White Terrace had been boiling; the steam rushing out of it had filled the air with a cloud; and the scorching heat had kept us at a distance. Here the temperature was twenty degrees lower; there was still vapor hovering over the surface, but it was lighter and more transparent, and a soft breeze now and then blew it completely aside. We could stand on the brim and gaze, as through an opening in the earth, into an azure infinity beyond.

Down and down, and fainter and softer as they receded, the bright white crystals projected from the rocky walls over the abyss, till they seemed to dissolve, not into darkness but into light. The hue of the water was something which I had never seen, and shall never again see on this side of eternity. Not the violet, not the harebell, nearest in its tint to heaven of all nature's flowers; not turquoise, not sapphire, not the unfathomable æther itself, could convey to one who had not looked on it, a sense of that supernatural loveliness. The only color I ever saw in sky or on earth in the least resembling the aspect of this extraordinary pool was the flame of burning sulphur. Here was a bath, if mortal flesh could have borne to dive into it! Had it been in Norway, we should have seen far down the floating Lorelei inviting us to plunge, and leave life and all belonging to it for such a home and such companionship. It was a bath for the gods and not for men. Artemis and her nymphs should have been swimming there, and we Actæons daring our fate to gaze on them.— *Oceana, Chap. XVI*

The visit to the Pink and White terraces of Lake Tarawara took place in March, 1885 — that is, in early Autumn in the Southern Hemisphere. A year or so afterward these wonderful Terraces were wellnigh destroyed by the great cataclysm of 1887.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

The Colonists *are* a part of us. They have as little thought of leaving us as an affectionate wife thinks of leaving her husband. The married pair may have their little disagreements, but their partnership is for "as long as they both shall live." Our differences with the Colonists have been aggravated by the class of persons with whom they have been brought officially into contact. The administration of the Colonial Office has been generally in the hands of men of rank, or of men who aspire to rank; and although these high persons are fair representatives of the interests which they have been educated to understand, they are not the fittest to conduct our relations with communities of Englishmen with whom they have imperfect sympathy, in the absence of a well-informed public opinion to guide them. The Colonists are socially their inferiors, out of their sphere, and without personal point of contact. Secretaries of State lie yet under the shadow of the old impression that Colonies exist only for the benefit of the Mother Country. When they found that they could no longer tax the Colonies, or lay their trade under restraint, for England's supposed advantage, they utilized them as penal stations. They distributed the Colonial patronage, the lucrative places of public employment, to provide for friends or for political supporters. When this, too, ceased to be possible, they acquiesced easily in the theory that the Colonies were no longer of any use to us at all. The alteration of the suffrage may make a difference in the *personnel* of our Departments, but it will not probably do so to any great extent. A seat in the House of Commons is an expensive privilege, and the choice is practically limited. Not every one, however public-spirited he may be, can afford a large sum for the mere honor of serving his country; and those whose fortune and station in sociey are already secured, and who have no private interests to serve, are, on the whole, the most to be depended upon. But the People are now sovereign, and officials of all ranks will obey their masters. It is with the People that the Colonists feel a real relationship. Let the

People give the officials to understand that the bond which holds the Empire together is not to be weakened any more, but is to be maintained and strengthened, and they will work as readily for purposes of union as they worked in the other direction, when "the other direction" was the prevailing one. . . .

After all is said, it is on ourselves that the future depends. We are passing through a crisis in our national existence, and the wisest cannot say what lies before us. If the English character comes out of the trial true to its old traditions — bold in heart and clear in eye, seeking nothing which is not its own, but resolved to maintain its own with its hand upon its sword — the far-off English dependencies will cling to their old home, and will look up to her and be still proud to belong to her, and will seek their own greatness in promoting hers. If, on the contrary (for among the possibilities there is a contrary), the erratic policy is to be continued which for the last few years has been the world's wonder; if we show that we have no longer any settled principles of action, that we let ourselves drift into idle wars and unprovoked bloodshed; if we are incapable of keeping order even in our own Ireland, and let it fall away from us or sink into anarchy; if, in short, we let it be seen that we have changed our nature, and are not the same men with those who once made our name feared and honored, then, in ceasing to deserve respect, we shall cease to be respected. The Colonies will not purposely desert us, but they will look each to itself, knowing that from us, and from their connection with us, there is nothing more to be hoped for. The cord will wear into a thread, and one accident will break it.— *Oceana, Chap. XXI.*

ERASMUS IN ENGLAND.

Erasmus was a restless creature, and did not like to be caged or tethered. He declined the offer of a large pension which King Henry made him if he would remain in England, and Mountjoy settled a pension on him instead. He had now a handsome income, and he understood the art of enjoyng it. He moved about as

he pleased — now to Cambridge, now to Oxford, and, as the humor took him, back again to Paris; now staying with Sir Thomas More at Chelsea, now going a pilgrimage with Dean Colet to á Becket's tomb at Canterbury — but always studying, always gathering knowledge, and throwing it out again, steeped in his own mother-wit, in shining Essays or Dialogues which were the delight and the despair of his contemporaries. Everywhere, in his love of pleasure, in his habits of thought, in his sarcastic scepticism, you see the healthy, clever, well-disposed, tolerant, epicurean, intellectual man of the world.— *Historical Essays.*

FULLER, ANDREW, an English theologian; born at Wicken, Cambridgeshire, February 6, 1754; died at Kettering, May 7, 1815. In 1775 he was called to a church at Soham, and in 1782 to one at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, the place of his residence during the remainder of his life. His first published work was a treatise entitled *The Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation* (1784). In 1799–1806 he put forth a series of *Dialogues and Letters.* In 1794 he published *The Calvinistic and Socinian System Compared.* To this Dr. Toulmin replied in a work defending the Unitarian doctrine, and Mr. Fuller rejoined in a treatise entitled *Socinianism Indefensible on the Ground of Its Moral Tendency.* He published many sermons and other theological treatises, and took an active part in the establishment and management of the Baptist Missionary Society, of which he was the first secretary. His *Complete Works* were published in eight octavo volumes in 1824; and in 1852 in one large volume, with a memoir by his son.

This memoir embodies much autobiography, some of the salient points of which are here presented:

MR. FULLER AND MR. DIVER.

The summer of 1769 was a time of great religious pleasure. I loved my pastor, and all my brethren in the church; and they expressed great affection toward me in return. I esteemed the righteous as the most excellent of the earth, in whom was all my delight. Those who knew not Christ seemed to me almost another species, toward whom I was incapable of attachment. About this time I formed an intimacy with a Mr. Joseph Diver, a wise and good man, who had been baptized with me. He was about forty years of age, and had lived many years in a very recluse way, giving himself much to reading and reflection. He had a great delight in searching after truth, which rendered his conversation peculiarly interesting to me; nor was he less devoted to universal practical godliness. I count this connection one of the greatest blessings of my life. Notwithstanding the disparity as to years, we loved each other like David and Jonathan.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

In November, 1771, as I was riding out on business, on a Saturday morning, to a neighboring village, my mind fell into a train of interesting and affecting thoughts, from that passage of Scripture, "Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning." I never had felt such freedom of mind in thinking upon a divine subject before; nor do I recollect ever having had a thought of the ministry; but I then felt as if I could preach from it, and indeed I did preach, in a manner, as I rode along. I thought no more of it, however, but returned home, when I had done my business. In the afternoon I went to see my mother. As we rode a few miles together, she told me she had been thinking much about me, while in town, and added, "My dear, you have often expressed your wish for a trade. I have talked with your uncle at Kensington, and he has procured a good place for you, where, instead

of paying a premium, you may, if you give satisfaction, in a little time receive wages and learn the business." . . . That which my mother suggested was very true. I had always been inclined to trade; but, how it was I cannot tell, my heart revolted at the proposal at this time. It was not from any desire or thought of the ministry, nor anything else in particular, unless it were a feeling toward the little scattered Society of which I was a member. I said but little to my mother, but seemed to wish for time to consider it. This was on Saturday evening.

The next morning, as I was walking by myself to meeting, expecting to hear the brethren pray, and my friend Joseph Diver expound the Scriptures, I was met by one of the members whom he had requested me to see, who said, "Brother Diver has by accident sprained his ankle, and cannot be at meeting to-day, and he wishes me to say to you that he hopes the Lord will be with *you*." "The Lord be with *me!*" thought I. "What does Brother Diver mean? He cannot suppose that I can take his place, seeing that I have never attempted anything of the kind, nor been asked to do so." It then occurred, however, that I had had an interesting train of thought the day before, and had imagined at the time I could speak it, if I were called to do it. But though I had repeatedly engaged in prayer publicly, yet I had never been requested to attempt anything further, and therefore I thought no more of it . . .

Early in 1773, Brother Diver was absent again through an affliction, and I was invited once more to take his place. Being induced to renew the attempt, I spoke from those words of Our Lord, "The Son of Man came to seek and save that which is lost." On this occasion I not only felt greater freedom than I had ever found before, but the attention of the people was fixed, and several young persons in the congregation were impressed with the subject, and afterward joined the church. From this time the brethren seemed to entertain the idea of my engaging in the ministry, nor was I without serious thoughts of it myself. Sometimes I felt a desire after it; at other times I was much discouraged, especially through a conscious-

ness of my want of spirituality of mind, which I considered as a qualification of the first importance. . . .

DOCTRINAL VIEWS.

Being now devoted to the ministry, I took a review of the doctrine I should preach, and spent pretty much of my time in reading, and in making up my mind as to various things relative to the Gospel. . . . With respect to the system of doctrine which I had been accustomed to hear from my youth, it was in the high Calvinistic — or rather hyper-Calvinistic strain — admitting nothing spiritually good to be the duty of the un-regenerated, and nothing to be addressed to them in a way of exhortation, excepting what related to external obedience. Outward services might be required; such as attendance on the means of grace; and abstinence from gross evils might be enforced; but nothng was said to them from the pulpit, in the way of warning them to flee from the wrath to come, or inviting them to apply to Christ for salvation.

Though our late disputes had furnished me with some few principles inconsistent with these notions, yet I did not perceive their bearings at first; and durst not for some years address an invitation to the unconverted to come to Jesus. I began, however, to doubt whether I had got the truth respecting this subject. This view of things did not seem to comport with the idea which I had imbibed, concerning the power of man to do the will of God. I perceived that the will of God was not confined to mere outward actions; but extended to the inmost thoughts and intents of the heart. The distinction of duties, therefore, into internal and external, and making the latter only concern the unregenerate, wore a suspicious appearance. But as I perceived that this reasoning would affect the whole tenor of my preaching, I moved on with slow and trembling steps; and, having to feel my way out of a labyrinth, it was a long tme ere I felt satisfied.

Here must be briefly noted, as told by his son, some incidents relating to the early years of the ministry

of Andrew Fuller. "His whole yearly income from the people never exceeded £13, and his attempts to derive support, first from a small shop and then from a school, both proved unsuccessful; so that, notwithstanding all his exertions, he could not prevent an annual inroad upon his little property, most distressing to himself, and ruinous to the prospects of a rising family. Under such complicated trials his health suffered a shock from which he with difficulty recovered." Indeed, there seems to have been a mighty amount of praying and psalm-singing, and all that; but somehow the brethren at Soham, where Andrew Fuller began his ministry, kept a close grip upon their pocket-books; as witness the following memorandum made by a good Deacon Wallis, who was empowered to lay certain questions in controversy before a Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, who should pronounce judgment as to what should be done. Mr. Robinson's decision was, "That Mr. Fuller ought to continue pastor of the said church for one whole year, from this day, and after that time if it should appear that he can live on his income; and that the people ought to abide by their proposal to raise Mr. Fuller's income to £25 a year, as they had proposed, clear of all deductions."

As a preacher Andrew Fuller never ministered except to a small congregation belonging to a small and, in his day and country, a thoroughly despised sect. In fact, a century ago, it would have been thought less contemptuous to call a man an "Infidel" than to call him a "Baptist." His written works are his best monument. The tablet placed near by the pulpit at Kettering bears an inscription which may take the place of any extended biography.

INSCRIPTION UPON ANDREW FULLER'S MONUMENT.

In memory of their revered Pastor, the Reverend Andrew Fuller, the Church and Congregation have erected this Tablet.— His ardent Piety, the strength and soundness of his Judgment, his intimate knowledge of the Human Heart, and his profound acquaintance with the Scriptures, eminently qualified him for the Ministerial Office, which he sustained amongst them thirty-two years. The force and originality of his Genius, aided by undaunted Firmness, raised him from obscurity to high distinction in the Religious World. By the wisdom of his plans, and by his unwearied diligence in executng them, he rendered the most important services to the Baptist Missionary Society, of which he was the Secretary from its commencement, and to the prosperity of which he devoted his life. In addition to his other labors, his writings are numerous and celebrated.

FULLER, Henry Blake, an American novelist; born at Chicago, Ill., January 9, 1857. He was educated at the public schools of his native city. After his graduation from the High School he entered a counting-house, and it was supposed that he would pursue the calling of his father and grandfather, who were merchants of high standing. After a trial of business life, however — in which he obtained that knowledge of local business methods which is shown in his later novels — he went abroad to study music. He became an accomplished musician; but already his mind was upon literature, and he gave more attention to the writing of librettos than to composition. His first novel, *The Chevalier of Pen-*

sieri-Vani (1891), was brought out under typographical disadvantages and under the pen-name of "Stanton Page;" and the book and its author were practically unknown until James Russell Lowell, having received a copy as a Christmas present from Professor Norton, pronounced it "a precious book," and it was reproduced, revised and enlarged, in 1892. In the same year appeared *The Châtelaine of La Trinité* as a serial in the *Century Magazine*. *The Cliff Dwellers* was published in *Harper's Weekly* in 1893. "With almost the first line," says *The Bookman*, "there is an abrupt departure from the author's former manner; a change from dreamy idealism to vigilant realism, as startling as though the roll of alarm drums had suddenly succeeded to the music of lutes." This was followed by *With the Procession* (1895), another "literary *tour de force*," as Edith Brown called it in a review of Fuller's writings. *The Puppet Booth*, a collection of light little plays, which appeared in 1896, was not taken very seriously by the literary world. "Mr. Fuller," said the *Critic*, "should put aside his puppets and other playthings. He has shown himself more than a maker of ingenious toys. He has in Chicago and the West an immense field before him, full of truly heroic material; and we believe him capable of entering in and working a large section of it." His later works are *From the Other Side* (1898); *The Last Refuge* (1900); *Under the Skylight* (1901)

CHICAGO.

Does it seem unreasonable that the State which produced the two greatest figures of the greatest epoch of our history, and which has done most during the last ten years to check alien excesses in American ideas,

should also be the State to give the country the final blend of the American character and its ultimate metropolis? "And you personally — is this your belief?"

Fairchild leaned back his fine old head on the padded top of his chair and looked at his questioner with the kind of pity that had a faint tinge of weariness. His wife sat beside him silent, but with her hand on his, and when he answered she pressed it meaningly, for to the Chicagoan — even the middle-aged female Chicagoan — the name of the town, in its formal, ceremonial use, has a power that no other word in the language quite possesses. It is a shibboleth as regards pronunciation; it is a trumpet-call as regards its effect. It has all the electrifying and unifying power of a college yell.

"Chicago is Chicago," he said. "It is the belief of us all. It is inevitable; nothing can stop us now."— *From The Cliff Dwellers.*

A GENUINE MOZART.

In one of these churches, one morning, the Governor having inexplicably vanished, the young men were taking advantage of so appropriate a time and place to air their theological views. Zeitgeist had already upset the sacred chronology, to the scandal of Aurelia West, and Fin-de-Siècle was engaged in cracking a series of ornamental flourishes against the supernatural about the startled ears of the Châtelaine, when the Governor, emerging from nowhere in particular, as it seemed, came tripping toward them, to the great relief of the orthodox sex, with a twinkle in his eyes and a dusty document in his extended hand. He announced with great glee that he had just got hold of another Mozart manuscript, and he justified himself before the reproachful Châtelaine, who appeared to be suspecting some grave impropriety, or worse, by a statement of facts. He had burst unexpectedly at once into the sacristy into a rehearsal. He had found a lank old man in a cassock seated before a music-rest in the midst of a dozen little chaps dressed in red petticoats and white over-things, and every one of those blessed choristers was singing at the top of his lungs — had any of them

heard it? — his own proper part in a Mozart mass from a real Mozart manuscript. They were being kept to the mark by a pair of lay brothers who played — incredible and irreverent combination! — a tuba and a bassoon; and the master had quieted his obstreperous aids, and had come straight to him in the most civil manner, and — well, here was the manuscript; twenty florins well spent. It was not a mass,— oh, dear, no; let nobody think it,— it was a little trio — la-a-a-, la la la, la-a-a-, that was the way it went. These parts here were for two violins, probably, but they would go well enough on the flute and the upper strings of the 'cello. Really it was not so difficult after all, this finding of manuscripts, and he felt that he could soon leave Salzburg quite content.— *The Châtelaine of La Trinité.*

FULLER, THOMAS, an English historian and biographer; born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in June, 1608; died at London, August 16, 1661. He was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, winning the highest university honors, and was presented to the living of St. Benoit's, Cambridge, where he came to be noted as an eloquent preacher, and was also made Prebendary of Salisbury. After some years he went to London, where he received the lectureship of the Savoy. Upon the outbreak of the civil war between the Parliament and Charles I. Fuller warmly espoused the royal cause, became a chaplain in the army, and suffered some inconveniences during the Protectorate of Cromwell. After the restoration of Charles II. he was made chaplain-extraordinary to the King, regained his prebendary, of which he had been deprived, and it was in

contemplation to raise him to a bishopric; but he died before this intention was carried out. His principal works are *Historie of the Holy Warre* (1639); *Holy and Profane State,* proposing examples for imitation and avoidance (1642); *Church History of Britain from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year MDCXLVIII* (1655), and *History of the Worthies of England,* published in 1662, soon after his death. This last work is the one by which Fuller is now best known.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.

There is scarcely any profession in the commonwealth more necessary which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all — saving some few exceptions — to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The con-

junction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that running with snails — so they count the rest of their schoolfellows — they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterward prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterward the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. The schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forward. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.— *The Holy and Profane State.*

ON BOOKS.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them — built merely for uniformity — are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables of contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.— *The Holy and Profane State.*

Fuller is especially notable for the quaint and pithy sayings scattered through his writings, often where one would least expect them. Thus he says: "The Pyramids, themselves doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders." Negroes are felicitously characterized as "God's image cut in ebony." . . . "As smelling a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are one's thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul."

MISCELLANEOUS APHORISMS.

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they

which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

The true church antiquary doth not so adore the ancients as to despise the moderns. Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the farther.

Light, Heaven's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building, yet it shines not alike from all parts of Heaven. An east window welcomes the beams of the sun before they are of a strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. In a west window, in summer time toward night, the sun grows low and over-familiar, with more light than delight.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped in the figure of his body; their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

Learning has gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

FULLERTON, Georgiana Charlotte Leveson-Gower, Lady, an English novelist; born in Staffordshire, September 23, 1812; died at Bournemount, January 19, 1885. She was the second daughter of the first Earl of Granville. In 1883 she married Captain Fullerton, and removed to Ireland. Her first novel, *Ellen Middleton,* was published in 1844. She subsequently wrote many works, among them *Grantley Manor* (1849); *Lady-Bird* (1852); *The Life of St. Francis of Rome* (1855); *La Comtesse de Bonneval* and *Histoire du Temps de Louis XIV.* (1857); *Rose Leblanc* (1860); *Laurentia, a Tale of Japan* (1861); *Too Strange Not to be True* (1864); *Constance Sherwood* (1865); *A Stormy Life* (1867); *Mrs. Gerald's Niece* (1869); *The Gold-Digger and Other Verses* (1872); *Dramas from the Lives of the Saints* (1872), and *A Will and a Way* (1881). She also made many translations from the French.

A CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS.

Maître Simon's barge was lying at anchor near the village. It had just landed a party of emigrants on their way back from the Arkansas to New Orleans. He was storing it with provisions for the rest of the voyage, and was standing in the midst of cases and barrels, busily engaged in this labor, when Colonel d'Auban stepped into the boat, bade him good morning, and inquired after his daughter. On his first arrival in America he had made the voyage up the Mississippi in one of Simon's boats, and the bargeman's little girl, then a child of twelve years of age, was also on board. Simonette inherited from her mother, an Illinois Indian, the dark complexion and peculiar-looking eyes of that race; otherwise she was thoroughly French, and

like her father, whose native land was Gascony. From her infancy she had been the plaything of the passengers on his boat, and they were, indeed, greatly in need of amusement during the wearisome weeks when, half imbedded in the floating vegetation of the wide river, they slowly made their way against its mighty current. As she advanced in years, the child became a sort of attendant on the women on board, and rendered them many little services.

She was an extraordinary being. Quicksilver seemed to run in her veins. She never remained two minutes together in the same spot or the same position. She swam like a fish, and ran like a lapwing. Her favorite amusements were to leap in and out of the boat, to catch hold of the swinging branches of the wild vine, and run up the trunks of trees with the agility of a squirrel, or to sit laughing with her playfellows, the monkeys, gathering bunches of grapes and handfuls of wild cherries for the passengers. She had a wonderful handiness, and a peculiar talent for contrivances. There were very few things Simonette could not do, if she once set about them. . . .

Simonette heard Mass on Sunday, and said short prayers night and morning; but her piety was of the active order. She studied her catechism up in some tree, seated on a branch, or else swinging in one of the nets in which Indian women rock their children. She could hardly sit still during a sermon, and from sheer restlessness envied the birds as they flew past the windows. But if Father Maret had a message to send across the prairie, or if food and medicine were to be carried to the sick, she was his ready messenger — his "carrier pigeon," as he called her. Through tangled thickets and marshy lands she made her way, fording with her naked feet the tributary streams of the great river, or swimming across them if necessary; jumping over fallen trunks, and singing as she went, the bird-like creature made friends and played with every animal she met, and fed on berries and wild honey.— *Too Strange Not to be True.*

FURNESS, Horace Howard, an American Shakespearian scholar and editor; born at Philadelphia, Pa., November 2, 1833. He was graduated from Harvard University, studied law, and was admitted to the Philadelphia bar in 1859. In 1871 he began editing a variorum edition of Shakespeare, and in the first year completed *Romeo and Juliet.* Subsequent volumes are *Macbeth* (1873); *Hamlet* (1877); *King Lear* (1880); *Othello* (1886); *The Merchant of Venice* (1888); *As You Like It* (1890); *The Tempest* (1893); *The Midsummer Night's Dream* (1895); *Winter's Tale* (1898); and *Twelfth Night* (1901). These works, upon which the author's literary reputation rests, are the most valuable contributions to Shakespeariana of recent years. In 1886 the University of Pennsylvania appointed a commission, known as the Seybert Commission, to investigate the claims of modern spiritualists, and Dr. Furness was appointed a member, and he made some valuable contributions to the report. He has also written on medical subjects.

Among the degrees conferred upon him for his eminent services in this branch of literature, is that of Ph.D. by the University of Göttingen. His wife, formerly Miss Helen Kate Rogers, also published a valuable *Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems* (1873), and prepared an index for Walker's *Text of Shakespeare.* She died in 1883.

"If the American editor maintains throughout," said the London *Spectator,* "the spirit and industry which he has displayed in his first volume, he will furnish a new reference Shakespeare that, in book-

sellers' phrase, no library should be without." "From a variety of indications we are satisfied," said the *Nation,* "that his self-imposed task has been executed with conscientious and unwearied fidelity."

THE "FIRST FOLIO" OF SHAKESPEARE.

When reading Shakespeare, we resign ourselves to the mighty current, and let it bear us along whithersoever it will; we see no shoals, heed no rocks, need no pilot. Whether spoken from rude boards or printed in homely form, the words are Shakespeare's, the hour is his, and a thought of texts is an impertinence. But when we study Shakespeare, then our mood changes; no longer are we "sitting at a play," the passive recipients of impressions through the eye and ear, but we weigh every word, analyze every expression, sift every phrase, that no grain of art or beauty which we can assimilate shall escape. To do this, we must have Shakespeare's own words before us. No other words will avail, even though they be those of the wisest and most inspired of our day and generation. We must have Shakespeare's own text; or, failing this, the nearest possible approach to it. We shall be duly grateful to the wise and learned, who, where phrases are obscure, give us the words which we believe to have been Shakespeare's; but as students we must have under our eyes the original text, which, however stubborn it may seem at times, may yet open its treasures to our importunity, and reveal charms before undreamed of.

This original text is to be found in the first edition of his Works, published in 1623, and usually known as the *First Folio,* which was presumably printed from the words written by Shakespeare's own hand or from stage copies adapted from his manuscripts. Be it that the pages of this First Folio are little better than proof-sheets, lacking supervision of the author or of any other, yet "those who had Shakespeare's manuscript before them were more likely to read it right than we who read it only in imagination," as Dr. Johnson said.

Even grant that the First Folio is, as has been asserted, one of the most carelessly printed books ever issued from the press, it is, nevertheless, the only text that we have for at least sixteen of the plays; and condemn it as we may, "still is its name in great account, it hath power to charm" for all of them. . . . If misspellings occur here and there, surely our common-school education is not so uncommon that we cannot silently correct them. If the punctuation be deficient, surely it can be supplied without an exorbitant demand upon our intelligence. And in lines incurably maimed by the printers, of what avail is the voice of a solitary editor amid the Babel that vociferates around, each voice proclaiming the virtues of its own specific? Who am I that I should thrust myself in between the student and the text, as though in me resided the power to restore Shakespeare's own words? Even if a remedy be proposed which is by all acknowledged to be efficacious, it is not enough for the student that he should know the remedy; he must see the ailment. Let the ailment, therefore, appear in all its severity in the text, and let the remedies be exhibited in the notes; by this means we may make a text for ourselves, and thus made, it will become a part of ourselves, and speak to us with more power than were it made for us by the wisest editor of them all.—*Preface to The Moor of Venice.*

FURNESS, WILLIAM HENRY, an American clergyman and translator; born at Boston, Mass., April 20, 1802; died at Philadelphia, January 30, 1896. He was educated at Harvard University, studied theology at Cambridge, and in 1825 became pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Philadelphia. Before the Civil War he became distinguished for his zealous opposition to

slavery. He was the author of *Remarks on the Four Gospels* (1836); *Jesus and His Biographers* (1838); *A History of Jesus* (1850); *Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth* (1859); *The Veil Partly Lifted* and *Jesus Becoming Visible* (1864); *Jesus* (1870); *The Story of the Resurrection of Christ Told Once More* (1885); *Pastoral Offices* (1893). He was a man of refined taste and high literary culture. His translations from the German have received high praise, especially that of Schiller's *Das Lied von der Glocke,* which is said to be the best English version of that beautiful poem. He has also published *Domestic Worship,* a volume of prayers (1850); a volume of *Discourses* (1855), and numerous *Poems,* original, or translated from the German.

THE PERSONAL PRESENCE OF JESUS.

The greatest act may be spoiled by the way in which it is done, and the homeliest office of kindness may be discharged with a grace that shall hint of Heaven. It is not in the form or in the word, but in the spirit, that lies the power. And the great personal power of Jesus cannot, I conceive, be fully accounted for without bringing distinctly into view what it seldom occurs to us to think of, as it is scarcely once alluded to in the Gospels and if it were alluded to, was not a thing that admitted of being readily described: His personal presence, in a word, His manner. All that we read in the records in regard to it is that His teaching was marked by a singular air of authority. No, this was not a thing to be described. It was felt too deeply. It penetrated to that depth in the hearts of men whence no words come, whither no words reach. It was the strong humanity expressed in the whole air of Him, and unobstructed by any thought of Himself, that drew the crowd around Him, or at least fixed them in the attitude of breathless attention. Many a heart, I doubt not, was made to thrill

and glow by the intonations of His voice attuned to a Divine sincerity, or by the passing expression of His countenance beaming with the truth, which is the presence and power of the Highest. In fine, it was His manner that rendered perfect the expression of His humanity, and gave men assurance of His thorough sincerity. And the peculiar charm of His humanity is, that it bloomed out in this fulness of beauty, not in the sunlight of joy, but under the deep gloom of an early, lonely, and cruel death, ever present to Him as the one special thing which He was bound to suffer.

Although He had renounced every private concern, and bound himself irrevocably to so terrible a fate, He nevertheless retained the healthiest and most cordial interest in men and things. Life lost not one jot of value in His eyes, although He knew that He had no lot in it but to die in torture, forsaken and defamed. On the contrary, who ever, within so brief a space of time — or indeed in any space of time, though extended to the utmost limit of this mortal existence — made so much out of it, or so enhanced its value, as He? With what light and beauty has He transfigured this life of ours! The world had nothing for Him but the hideous Cross, and yet He has flooded the world through that Cross with imperishable splendors, unconquerable Faith, and immortal Hope. Notwithstanding the deadly hatred of men, He loved them with a love stronger than death, and put faith in them as no other ever has done. The outcast He treated with a brother's tenderness, identifying Himself with the meanest of His fellow-men, and in the most emphatic manner teaching that sympathy withheld from the least is dishonor cast upon the greatest. — *The Veil Partly Lifted.*

FUSINATO, Arnoldo, an Italian poet; born near Vicenza in 1817; died at Rome in 1894. He was educated at the Seminary of Padua, studied law, and received his degree, but gave more attention to poetry than to legal practice. In 1848 he married the Princess Colonna, and after her death he married (in 1856) the poet Erminia Fua, who, though born of Jewish parents, professed Christianity, and took a keen interest in matters pertaining to female education.

She wrote *Versi e Fiori* (1851); *La Famiglia* (1876); *Scritti Educativi* (1880). In 1870 she went to Rome and founded a high school for young ladies. A sumptuous edition of Fusinato's *Poesies* was published at Venice in 1853. In 1870 he went to Rome as Chief Reviser of the Stenographic Parliamentary Reports. In 1871 appeared at Milan a volume of his *Poesie Patriottiche Inedite,* which contained, among other pieces, the popular *Students of Padua.* The poem quoted below has been translated into nearly every European language. In 1849 the Austrians, who had some months before been driven from Venice, returned, and bombarded the city, which having been reduced to famine, and the cholera prevailing, surrendered, raising the white flag over the lagoon bridge by which the railway traveller enters the city. The poet imagines himself in one of the little towns on the nearest mainland.

VENICE IN 1849.

The twilight is deepening, still is the wave;
I sit by the window, mute as by a grave;

GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

Silent, companionless, secret I pine;
Through tears where thou liest I look, Venice mine.

On the clouds brokenly strewn through the west
Lies the last ray of the sun sunk to rest;
And a sad sibilance under the moon
Sighs from the broken heart of the lagoon.

Out of the city a boat draweth near:
"You of the gondola! tell us what cheer!"
"Bread lacks, the cholera deadlier grows;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows."

No, no, nevermore on so great woe,
Bright sun of Italy, nevermore glow!
But o'er Venetian hopes shattered so soon,
Moan in thy sorrow forever, lagoon!

Venice, to thee comes at last the last hour;
Martyr illustrious, in thy foe's power;
Bread lacks, the cholera deadlier grows;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows.

Not all the battle-flames over thee streaming;
Not all the numberless bolts o'er thee screaming;
Not for these terrors thy free days are dead:
Long live Venice! She's dying for bread!

On thy immortal page sculpture, O Story,
Others' iniquity, Venice's glory;
And three times infamous ever be he
Who triumphed by famine, O Venice, o'er thee.

Long live Venice! Undaunted she fell;
Bravely she fought for her banner and well;
But bread lacks; the cholera deadlier grows;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows.

And now be shivered upon the stone here
Till thou be free again, O lyre I bear.
Unto theee, Venice, shall be my last song,
To thee the last kiss and the last tear belong.

Exiled and lonely, from hence I depart,
But Venice forever shall live in my heart;
In my heart's sacred place Venice shall be
As is the face of my first love to me.

But the wind rises, and over the pale
Face of its waters the deep sends a wail;
Breaking, the chords shriek, and the voice dies.
On the lagoon bridge the white banner flies.

— *Translation of* W. D. Howells

G

GABORIAU, Émile, a French novelist; born at Saujon, Charente-Inférieure, November 9, 1835; died at Paris, September 28, 1873. He was for a short time a cavalryman, after which he was for a while in the express business; and while engaged in these occupations he began to gather the store of incidents which helped to make him famous as a writer of detective stories. His earlier sketches appeared in the lesser Parisian journals; and were afterward brought together under such collective titles as *Mariages d'Aventure; Ruses d'Amour; Les Comédiennes Adorées.* These were supposed to represent contemporary life among military, theatrical and fashionable people generally. They were followed in 1866 by his first novel, *L'Affaire Lerouge.* Next appeared *Le Dossier No. 113* (1867); and *Le Crime d' Orcival* (1868), elaborate stories of gloomy crime and its detection, the plots of which — often compared by critics to those of Collins and Poe — are worked out with great skill and dramatic effect. His later publications during his life included *Monsieur Lecocq* (1869); *Les Esclaves de Paris* (1869); *La Vie Infernale* (1870); *La Clique Dorée* (1871); *La Corde au Cou* (1873). He left manuscripts of other works,

which were published posthumously, including *L'Argent des Autres* (1874) and *La Degringolade* (1876). "Gaboriau's novels," says a contemporaneous writer, "are faithful pictures of French legal procedure, with its mode, so contrary to ours, of administering criminal law."

THE VOLUNTARY DETECTIVE.

The man had emptied the contents of his basket on to the table — a large lump of clay, several large sheets of paper, and three or four little pieces of still wet plaster. Standing before this table, he looked almost grotesque, strikingly resembling those gentlemen who, on the public places, perform juggling tricks with nutmegs and the pence of the public. His dress had suffered considerably; he was almost covered with mud.

"I commence," said he, in a voice almost conceitedly modest. "The theft is of no account in the crime that we are considering."

"No, on the contrary," muttered Gévrol.

"I will prove it," continued Father Tabaret, "by evidence. I will also presently give my humble opinion on the manner of the murder. Well, the murderer came here before half-past nine — that is to say, before the rain. Like M. Gévrol, I also found no muddy footprints; but under the table, on the spot where the murderer's foot must have rested, I have found traces of dust. So we are quite certain now about the time. The Widow Lerouge did not at all expect the comer. She had begun to undress, and was just winding up her cuckoo-clock, when this person knocked."

"What minute details!" cried the justice of the peace.

"They are easy to verify," replied the voluntary detective. "Examine this clock above the writing table. It is one of those that go for fourteen or fifteen hours, not more, as I have ascertained. Then it is more than probable — it is certain — that the widow wound it up in the evening before going to bed. How is it that the clock stopped at five o'clock? Because she touched it.

She must have begun to pull the chain when some one knocked. To prove what I have stated, I show you this chair below the clock, and on the stuff of the chair the very plain mark of a foot. Then look at the victim's costume. She had taken off the body of her dress; to open the door more quickly she did not put it on again, but hastily threw this old shawl over her shoulders."

"Christi!" exclaimed the brigadier, whom this had evidently impressed. "The widow," continued Tabaret, "knew the man who struck her. Her haste in opening the door leads us to suspect it; what followed proves it. Thus the murderer was admitted without any difficulty. He is a young man, a little over the average height, elegantly dressed. That evening he wore a tall hat; he had an umbrella, and was smoking a trabucos with a mouth-piece."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Gévrol; "that is too strong!"

"Too strong, perhaps," answered Father Tabaret; "in any case, it is the truth. If you are not particular as to detail, I cannot help it; but, for my part, I am. I seek, and I find. Ah, it is too strong, you say! Well, condescend to cast a glance at these lumps of wet plaster. They represent the heels of the murderer's boots, of which I found a most perfect imprint near the ditch in which the key was found. On these pieces of paper I have chalked the impression of the whole foot, which I could not carry away, as it is on sand. Look; the heel is high, the instep well marked, the sole little and narrow — evidently the boot of a fine gentleman, whose foot is well cared for. Look there, all along the road; you will see it twice more. Then you will find it five times in the garden, into which no one has penetrated, and this proves also that the murderer knocked not at the door, but at the shutter, under which a ray of light was visible. On entering the garden, my man jumped, to avoid a garden-bed; the deeper imprint of the toe proves that. He made a spring of almost two yards with ease; therefore he is nimble — that is to say, young."

Father Tabaret spoke in a little, clear, penetrating voice. His eye moved from one to another of his hearers, watching their impressions.

"Is it the hat that surprises you, M. Gévrol?" continued Father Tabaret.—"Just look at the perfect circle traced on the marble of this writing-table, which was a little dusty. Is it because I fixed his height that you are surprised? Be so good as to examine the top of this cupboard, and you will see that the murderer has passed his hands over it. Then he must be taller than I am. And do not say that he climbed on a chair; for in that case he would have seen, and would not have been obliged to feel. Are you astonished at the umbrella? This lump of earth retains an excellent impression, not only of the point, but also of the round of wood which hold the stuff. Is it the cigar that amazes you? Here is the end of the trabucos, which I picked up among the ashes. Is the end of it bitten? Has it been moistened by saliva? No. Then whoever smoked it made use of a mouth-piece."

Lecoq with difficulty restrained his enthusiastic admiration; noiselessly he struck his hands together. The justice of the peace was amazed, the judge seemed delighted. As a contrast, Gévrol's face became noticeably longer. As for the brigadier, he was petrified.

"Now," continued Tabaret, "listen attentively. Here is the young man introduced. How he explained his presence at that time I do not know. What is certain is that he told the Widow Lerouge he had not dined. The worthy woman was delighted, and immediately set about preparing a meal. This meal was not for herself. In the cupboard I have found the remains of her dinner; she had eaten fish, the post-mortem will prove that. Besides, as you see, there is only one glass on the table, and one knife. But who is this young man? Evidently the widow considered him very much above her. In the cupboard there is a tablecloth that is still clean. Did she make use of it? No. For her guest she got out white linen, and her best. She meant this beautiful goblet for him; it was a present, no doubt. And finally, it is evident that she did not commonly make use of this ivory-handled knife."

"All that is exact," muttered the judge, "very exact."

"The young man is seated, then; he has begun by

drinking a glass of wine, while the widow was putting her saucepan on the fire. Then his courage began to fail him; he asked for brandy, and drank about five little glasses full. After an inner conflict of about ten minutes — it must have taken this time to cook the ham and the eggs to this point — the young man rose, approached the widow, who was then bending down and leaning forward, and gave her two blows on the back. She did not die instantly. She half rose, and clutched the murderer's hands. He also retreated, lifted her roughly, and threw her back into the position you see her. This short struggle is proved by the attitude of the corpse. Bent down and struck in the back, she would have fallen on her back. The murderer made use of a sharp fine weapon, which, if I am not much mistaken, was the sharpened end of a fencing-foil, with the button removed. Wiping his weapon on the victim's skirt, he has left us this clue. The victim clutched his hands tightly; but as he had not taken off his gray gloves —"

"Why, that is a regular romance!" exclaimed Gévrol.

"Have you examined the Widow Lerouge's nails, sir? No. Well, go and look at them; you will tell me if I am mistaken."— *From L'Affaire Lerouge.*

GAIRDNER, JAMES, a British historian; born at Edinburgh, March 22, 1828, and was educated there. He edited several ancient works, the manuscripts of which are preserved in the Record Office and elsewhere, notable among which is a very much enlarged edition of *The Paston Letters.* His principal original works are *The Houses of Lancaster and York* (1874); *History of the Life and Reign of Richard III.* (1878); *England* (1879); *Studies in English History,* consisting of essays by himself and

Henry Spedding, republished from various periodicals (1886); *Henry VII.* (1889).

In a review of Gairdner's *Richard the Third,* the London *Saturday Review* says that, although the author declares himself "'convinced of the general fidelity of the portrait with which we have been made familiar by Shakespeare and Sir Thomas More,' the research of the modern author has brought out many facts unknown, or imperfectly known to the old historians and dramatists, and has enabled him to rectify their statements on many points of detail."

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

It is a good quarter of a century since I first read Walpole's *Historic Doubts;* and they certainly exercised upon me, in a very strong degree, the influence which I perceive they have had on many other minds. I began to doubt whether Richard III. was really a tyrant at all. I more than doubted that principal crime of which he is so generally reputed guilty; and as for everything else laid to his charge it was easy to show that the evidence was still more unsatisfactory. The slenderness and insufficiency of the original testimony could hardly be denied; and if it were only admitted that the prejudices of Lancastrian writers might have perverted facts which the policy of the Tudors would not have allowed other writers to state fairly, a very plausible case might have been established for a more favorable rendering of Richard's character.

It was the opinion of the late Mr. Buckle that a certain sceptical tendency — a predisposition to doubt all commonly received opinions until they were found to stand the test of argument — was the first essential to the discovery of new truth. I must confess that my own experience does not verify this remark; and whatever may be said for it as regards science, I cannot but think the sceptical spirit a most fatal one in history. It is an easy thing to isolate particular facts and events, cross-

examine to our own satisfaction the silent witnesses or first reporters of a celebrated crime, and appeal to the public for a verdict of "not proven." But, after all, we have only raised a question; we have not advanced one step toward its solution. We have succeeded in rendering a few things doubtful, which may have been too hastily assumed before. But if these doubts are to be of any value as the avenue to new truths, they must lead to a complete reconsideration of very many things besides the few dark passages at first isolated for investigation. They require, in the first place, that the history of one particular epoch should be rewritten; in the second, that the new version of the story should exhibit a certain moral harmony with the facts both of subsequent times and of the times preceding. Until these two conditions have been fulfilled, no attempt to set aside traditional views of history can ever be called successful.

The old traditional view of Richard III. has certainly not yet been set aside in a manner to satisfy the world. Yet there has been no lack of ingenuity in pleading his cause, or of research in the pursuit of evidence. Original authorities have been carefully scrutinized; words have been exactly weighed; and plausible arguments have been used to show that for all that is said of him by contemporary writers he might have been a very different character from what he is supposed to have been. Only, the malign tradition itself is not well accounted for; and we are not clearly shown that the story of Richard's life is more intelligible without it. On the contrary I must record my impression that a minute study of the facts of Richard's life has tended more and more to convince me of the general fidelity of the portrait with which we have been made familiar by Shakespeare and Sir Thomas More.

I feel quite ashamed, at this day, to think how I mused over this subject long ago, wasting a great deal of time, ink, and paper in fruitless efforts to satisfy even my own mind that traditional black was real historical white, or at worst a kind of gray. At last I laid aside my incomplete manuscript, and applied myself to other sub-

jects, still of a kindred nature; and the larger study of history in other periods convinced me that my method at starting had been altogether wrong. The attempt to discard tradition in the examination of original sources of history is, in fact, like the attempt to learn an ununknown language without a teacher. We lose the benefit of a living interpreter, who may, indeed, misapprehend to some extent the author whom we wish to read; but at least he would save us from innumerable mistakes if we had followed his guidance in the first instance. I have, therefore, in working out this subject always adhered to the plan of placing my chief reliance on contemporary information; and, so far as I am aware, I have neglected nothing important that is either directly stated by original authorities and contemporary records, or that can be reasonably inferred from what they say. — *History of Richard III., Preface.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF RICHARD III.

His bodily deformity, though perceptible, was probably not conspicuous. It is not alluded to by any strictly contemporary writer except one. Only Rous, the Warwickshire hermit, tells us that his shoulders were uneven; while the indefatigable Stowe, who was born forty years after Richard's death, declared that he could find no evidence of the deformity commonly imputed to him, and that he had talked with old men who had seen and known King Richard, who said that "he was of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature." . . .

The number of portraits of Richard which seem to be contemporary is greater than might have been expected considering the remoteness of the times in which he lived, and the early stage at which he died. . . . The face in all the portraits is a remarkable one — full of energy and decision, yet gentle and sad-looking; suggesting the idea not so much of a tyrant as a man accustomed to unpleasant thoughts. Nowhere do we find depicted the warlike, hard-favored visage attributed to him by Sir Thomas More; yet there is a look of reserve and anxiety which, taken in connection with the seem-

ing gentleness, enables us somewhat to realize the criticism of Polydore Vergil and Hall, that his aspect carried an unpleasant impression of malice and deceit. The face is long and thin, the lips thin also; the eyes are gray, the features smooth. It cannot certainly be called quite a pleasing countenance, but as little should we suspect in it the man he actually was. The features doubtless were susceptible of great variety of expression; but we require the aid of language to understand what his enemies read in that sinister and over-thoughtful countenance. "A man at the first aspect," says Hall, "would judge it to savor of malice, fraud, and deceit. When he stood musing he would bite and chew busily his nether lip, as who said that his fierce nature in his cruel body always chafed, stirred, and was ever unquiet. Beside that the dagger that he wore he would when he studied, with his hand pluck up and down in the sheath to the midst, never drawing it fully out. His wit was pregnant, quick, and ready, wily to feign and apt to dissemble; he had a proud and arrogant stomach, the which accompanied him to his death, which he, rather desiring to suffer by sword than, being forsaken and destitute of his untrue companions, would by coward flight preserve his uncertain life.—*History of Richard III., Chap. VI.*

GALDÓS, Benito Perez, a Spanish novelist and journalist; born at Las Palmas, in the island of Grand Canary, in 1845. He early developed talent both as an artist and as a writer. A picture by him is said to have received a prize at an exhibition at Santa Cruz de Tenerife in 1862. He removed in 1863 to Madrid, where he became successively editor of *El Parlamento; La Nacion; El Debate,* and of the principal Spanish review, *Revista de*

España. He was liberal deputy to the Cortes of Puerto Rico between 1886 and 1890. As a writer of fiction he first distinguished himself by the publication of two historical romances relating to the condition of Spain in the earlier years of the present century, entitled *La Fontana de Oro* (1871) and *El Andaoz.* Next, in imitation of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, he published two series of *Episodios Nacionales,* the first dealing with subjects taken from the war of independence against Napoleon, and the second describing the struggle of Spanish liberalism against the tyranny of Ferdinand VII. These novels achieved a great success in Spain, and were also widely read in Spanish America. Among these earlier works were *Baillién* (1873); *Napoleon en Chamartin* (1874); *Cadiz* (1874); *Juan Martin el Empecinado* (1874); *La Batalla de los Arapiles* (1875); *El Terror de 1824* (1877). Encouraged by the continually increasing success of these productions, he composed other romances; *Doña Perfecta,* which was translated into English in 1880; *Gloria* translated by Nathan Wetherell in 1879; *Marianela,* and *La Familia de Leone Roch,* which augmented his fame and brought him into the foremost rank of Spanish novelists. He composed a long series of contemporary romances, entitled *La Desheredada* (1880); *El Amigo Mando* (1881); *Tormento* (1883); *Lo Prohibido* (1884); *Fortunatay Jacinta* (1886); *Mian* (1888); *La Incognita* (1890); *Realidad* (1890); *Angel Guerra* (1891). Other later works are *La Loca de la Casa; San Quintin,* and *Los Condenados.* He was admitted as a member of the Spanish Academy February 7, 1897.

"The long list of books," writes Archer Huntington in *The Bookman,* "by which he has appealed, not

only to the patriotic sentiments of his own country, but to general interest in the world outside, were written rapidly — some of them taking not more than a few weeks — and occupy a place in Spanish literature akin to that of Dumas in French, although he has been successively compared to Erckmann-Chatrian, Balzac, and Zola."

ORBAJOSA.

After another half-hour's ride there appeared before their eyes a crowded and time-worn jumble of houses, above which rose a few black towers and the ruined fabric of a tumble-down castle on a height. A mass of shapeless walls formed the base, with some fragments of battlemented bulwarks, and under their guard a thousand humble huts raising their wretched fronts of mud like the bloodless and hunger-stricken faces of beggars beseeching the passer-by for charity.

A very poor river girdled the town with, as it were, a strip of tin, giving life as it passed to a few orchards, the only verdure which refreshed the eye. People were coming in and out, on horseback and on foot, and the movement of men, small as it was, gave a certain air of life to that tomb which from the look of its buildings seemed rather the abode of ruin and death than of progress and life. The innumerable and repulsive beggars who dragged themselves along on either side of the road, begging a trifle from the passer-by, presented a pitiful spectacle. No form of life could have harmonized better, or seemed more thoroughly at home in the crevice of that sepulchre where a city lay not only buried but corrupted. As our travelers drew near, the discordant clanging of bells showed by their expressive sound that even yet the soul lingered by the mummy.— *From Doña Perfecta; translation of* DAVID HANNAY.

CABALLUCO.

He is a very brave man, a great rider, the best horseman in the country round. In Orbajosa we all love

him much, for he is — and I say it sincerely — as good as God's blessing. There as you see him, he is a dreaded *cacique,* and the governor of the province is hat in hand to him. When he collected the gate-dues there was no getting over him, and every night we had fighting at our gates. He has a following worth their weight in gold. He is good to the poor, and whoever comes from without, and dares to touch a hair of the head of any son of Orbajosa, may reckon with him. Now it seems he has fallen into poverty, and has taken to carrying the post. I don't know how it is you never heard his name in Madrid, for he is son of a famous Caballuco who was in arms during the troubles, and that Caballuco the father was son of another Caballuco the grandfather, who was out in the troubles before that again; and now, as they tell us we are going to have troubles again, for everything is adrift and upside down, we are afraid Caballuco will be off, too, thus completing the mighty feats of his father and grandfather, who for our great glory were born in our city.— *From Doña Perfecta.*

PEPE'S OPINION OF THE CATHEDRAL SERVICE.

And as for the music, you may imagine how much my spirit was moved to devotion on the occasion of my visit to the Cathedral, when all at once, and at the moment of the elevation, the organist struck up a passage from *La Traviata.* But when my heart did indeed sink was when I saw a figure of the Virgin, which appears to be held in much veneration, to judge by the number of people in front of it and the multitude of candles burning around it. They had dressed it up in an inflated robe of velvet trimmed with gold lace, of a form absurd enough to surpass the most extravagant fashions of to-day. Her face disappears under a thick foliage formed of a thousand sorts of lace crimped with tongs, and the crown, half a yard high, surrounded by golden rays, is an ill-shaped catafalque which has been rigged on her head. Of the same stuff and same trimming are the trousers of the infant Jesus.— *From Dona Perfecta.*

GALILEO'S TOWER.

GALILEI, Galileo, an Italian astronomer; born at Pisa, February 14, 1564; died at Arcetri, June 9, 1642. He was not of the proletariat; he was the son of a Florentine nobleman, Vicenzo Galilei and Guilia, daughter of the ancient family of the Ammanati of Pescia.

Noble though his family was, Galileo was born into poor circumstances, and it was planned for him that, after an education at Pisa as befitted his rank, he should enter the honorable business of a cloth merchant. Only the first part of the program was carried out, and fortunately the young student was handed over to the learned monks at Vallambrosa, and with them he made such rapid progress, particularly in the classics, which no doubt laid the foundation of his splendid literary style of later years, that the father began to see that he had a universal genius on his hands and not an embryo man of trade. A universal genius in truth, a fine musician, an artist of more than common power. One well founded in the solid branches of learning, and with a lively interest in belles-lettres and a wonderful talent for mechanics. It was no longer a question of what to make of the boy, but what not to make of him, and finally medicine was chosen as a profession which such all round cleverness might fit.

In 1581 he became a student at the University of Pisa. Here, besides his study of medicine, the youth attended a course of the peripatetic philosophy as it was there taught, and he quickly obtained the nickname of " The Wrangler " because his mind refused to accept the oracular dicta of Aristotle, which was then

implicitly accepted and taught. This was the first straw to indicate which way the stress of his life would blow.

Up to his twentieth year, incredible as it may seem, Galileo was scarcely acquainted with the elements of mathematics; in fact, the study was not in repute; it was a despised science, and Euclid and Archimedes were as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal in Pisa, Bologna and even learned Padua. Hence, Galileo's father, having chosen a profession for his son, combatted that son's notion for mathematical study, assuring him that there would be time enough for mathematics when medical studies were over and done with. But genius, like love, o'ertops the walls of opposition, and the story runs of Galileo's standing, Euclid in hand, behind the door of the room where Ricci tutored the pages of the grand ducal court, drinking in fresh draughts of mathematical knowledge clandestinely and unobserved.

At length he confessed to the astonished tutor, who, pleased at this unwonted desire to learn, undertook to advise Vincenzo Galileo not to thwart the boy's natural bent. Then began those lectures and experiments that have given Galileo lasting fame. Before he was twenty-five years of age he was mathematical lecturer in the University of Pisa. At twenty-seven he became professor of mathematics at Padua, where his class at Padua outgrew its room and a new hall to accommodate two thousand hearers had to be provided for the fiery lectures of the brilliant young scientist.

Eighteen years at Padua and then he went to a professorship in Florence. He was greatly honored, the friend of Cardinals Dellarmino and Meffeo Bar-

berini, and his name is famous throughout Italy. But of enemies he had no stint. Vehement, bitingly sarcastic, without tact or ordinary prudence, Galileo sowed the wind of opposition and reaped the whirlwind of hatred. He possessed in an ordinary degree the true spirit of philosophical inquiry, the love of research, but he also had a wonderful talent for exciting the hatred of those whose scientific opinions he opposed. During his three years at Pisa the whole body of the professors, with one exception, as well as the heads of the university, were staunch Aristoteleans and hostile to Galileo. True, this man had discovered a planet, had invented a spyglass to scan the firmament, but he had trodden in the path of unfrequented nature, and had dared to question the inviolability of the heavens, uninfluenced by dogmatism or petrified professional wisdom. The pulpit thundered. Scientists like Coressio, Balthaser Capra, Cremonia and Lodorico delle Colombo, who had grown gray in the Aristotelean doctrine, seized the pretext, a systematic persecution was organized and the inquisition was invoked.

Galileo's removal to Florence was unfortunate. In leaving Padua he quitted the only state in Italy in which, in time, he might have come to defy the machinations of the Jesuits, who, from beginning to end, were responsible for the persecution of the philosopher. It was a time when, in Italy, Rome ruled in all matters, and there could be nothing outside the church, because everything civil, religious, social, philosophical, literary, had been gathered inside. Unable to grapple with Galileo's propositions in their purely scientific aspect, the Jesuits and anti-

Copernicans turned to the Scriptures for support, and Scripture in its most rigid and literal interpretation.

In the comparatively easy position of first mathematician to the grand duke of Tuscany, Galileo hoped to have leisure for study and discovery. But he found that while there was complete freedom of teaching in the Venetian republic, this was only nominally the case in Tuscany. He was summoned to Rome by the pope, and there officially admonished not to teach, hold or defend the absurd doctrine that the sun was immovable, while the earth revolved about it. The doctrine of Aristotle, as approved by the church, was precisely opposite, and Aristotle was right.

For the seven years following the edict Galileo led a life of retired study. Everything pointed to his prosperity, when he again fell into trouble through the publication of a book wonderfully alike in the value of its matter and the elegance of its style. It was in the form of a dialogue, in which there were three interlocutors, a teacher of the new astronomical doctrines, an intelligent listener and a stupid, though good-natured, objector. In this last character he took the opportunity to ridicule his peripatetic opponents. This was too much. His scientific and philosophic opponents renewed the attack, and he was denounced to, and ultimately tried and condemned by, the supreme tribunal of the inquisition. The essence of the charge against Galileo was that after having been formally prohibited from defending the Copernican theory he had, in his dialogue on the two great systems of the universe, openly contravened this order.

It was a serious thing to be called before the inquisition, and Galileo was no longer a young man, neither was he made of the stuff that martyrs are.

So he recanted. He denied on oath that he entertained the Copernician doctrine, and offered to write another dialogue in refutation of the condemned tenet to be found in his former work, and protested his belief in the old Ptolomaic hypothesis as "most true and indubitable."

After only four days in prison Galileo was permitted to reside with his friend, Archbishop Piccolomini, and later to live openly near Florence, but he was always a person "vehemently suspected," and under the surveillance of the inquisition. He continued his scientific labors until he became totally blind.

At this time Milton, then a man about thirty, visited Galileo. The meeting was a notable one, and Milton wrote of it: "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the inquisition for thinking in astronomy other than the Franciscan and Dominican listeners thought." In *Paradise Lost* Galileo is several times alluded to, and Rogers, in his *Italy,* thus speaks of Milton's interview with the blind astronomer:

> There unseen,
> In manly beauty, Milton stood before him,
> Gazing with reverend awe — Milton, his guest —
> Just then came forth, all life and enterprise;
> He in his old age and extremity,
> Blind, at noonday exploring with his staff;
> His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,
> His eyeballs idle rolling. Little then
> Did Galileo think whom he received;
> That in his hand he held the hand of one
> Who could requite him — who would his name spread
> O'er lands and seas — great as himself, nay greater.
> Milton as little, that in him he saw,
> As in a glass, what he himself should be.

Destined so soon to fall on evil days
And evil tongues — so soon, alas, to live
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round
And solitude.

In 1642, at the age of seventy-eight, Galileo died, his last wish being that he should rest in the tomb of his ancestors in Santa Croce church, at Florence. But this the pope would not allow; it would be too much of an honor to a heretic, and so his mortal remains were laid in a tomb on the insignificant side of that chapel — the Capelle del Noviziato — without funeral oration and without monument or inscription. But the immortal name could not thus be buried with the poor dust. Nearly a century afterward, in 1737, the remains were removed in the presence of all the professors of Florence and most of the learned men of Italy, to a splendid mausoleum in the church of Santa Croce itself, the pantheon of the Florentine dead. The shrine itself is magnificent and overshadowed by a long eulogy.

The glory of Galileo, with his mighty talent, his weakness and his strength, has outlived that of popes and cardinals and the inquisition, and shines a fixed star in the scientific firmament. That he was a sufferer, but no martyr, is conceded. He never suffered torture at the inquisition beyond torture of spirit, nor was the treatment of the church more hard and narrow than were the times and country in which he lived. His collected *Works,* edited by Alberi, were published in sixteen volumes in 1842.

GALL, RICHARD, a Scottish poet; born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, December, 1776; died at Edinburgh, May 10, 1801. He attended the parish school at Haddington for a short time, but his father's circumstances were too limited to give him a good education, and at eleven years of age he was apprenticed to his maternal uncle, who was a carpenter and builder. After some time spent in this apprenticeship, which was very distasteful to him, he ran away and went to Edinburgh, where he obtained employment as a printer. Here he spent his leisure in study and writing.

His songs soon attracted the attention of Burns, Campbell, and Macneill, and he made the acquaintance of Burns and Campbell, who regarded him as a poet of great promise. With Burns he continued a correspondence while he lived. His *Farewell to Ayrshire* and one other of his poems were ascribed to that poet. His poem *Arthur's Seat* was very popular for a long time. Though his songs were very popular, several of them having been set to music, they were not published in a collected form until 1819, when a volume was issued with a memoir by Alexander Balfour.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
  Fare-thee-weel before I gang—
Bonny Doon, where, early roamin',
  First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!
Friends sae dear my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh, how severe!

Friends, that parting tear, reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure;
Now a sad and last adieu!

THE BRAES O' DRUMLEE.

Ere eild wi' his blatters had warsled me down,
Or reft me o' life's youthfu' bloom,
How aft hae I gane, wi' a heart louping light,
To the knowes yellow toppit wi' broom!
How oft hae I sat i' the bield o' the knowe,
While the laverock mounted sae hie,
An' the mavis sang sweet in the plantings around,
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

But, ah! while we daff in the sunshine o' youth,
We see na the blasts that destroy;
We count na upon the fell waes that may come,
An' eithly o'ercloud a' our joy.
I saw na the fause face that fortune can wear,
Till forced from my country to flee;
Wi' a heart like to burst, while I sobbed "Farewell,"
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee!

Farewell, ye dear haunts o' the days o' my youth,
Ye woods and ye valleys sae fair;
Ye'll bloom when I wander abroad like a ghaist,
Sair nidder'd wi' sorrow an' care.

Ye woods an' ye valleys, I part wi' a sigh,
While the flood gushes down frae my e'e;
For never again shall the tear weet my cheek
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

"O Time, could I tether your hours for a wee!
Na, na, for they flit like the wind!"
Sae I took my departure, an' saunter'd awa',
Yet aften look'd wistfu' behind.
Oh! sair is the heart of the mither to twin
Wi' the baby that sits on her knee;
But sairer the pang when I took a last peep
O' the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

I heftit 'mang strangers years thretty an' twa,
But naething could banish my care;
An' aften I sigh'd when I thought on the past,
Whaur a' was sae pleasant an' fair.
But now, wae's my heart! whan
I'm lyart an' auld,
An' fu' lint-white my haffet locks flee,
I'm hamewards return'd wi' a remnant o' life
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

Poor body! bewilder'd, I scarcely do ken
The haunts that were dear once to me.
I yirded a plant in the days o' my youth,
An' the mavis now sings on the tree.
But, haith! there's nae scenes I wad niffer wi' thae;
For it fills my fond heart fu' o' glee,
To think how at last my auld bones they will rest
Near the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

GALLAGHER, WILLIAM DAVIS, an American journalist and poet; born at Philadelphia, Pa., August 21, 1808; died there June 27, 1894. His father, an Irish patriot, died soon after taking

refuge in the United States; and he removed with his mother to Cincinnati, where he entered a printing-office in 1821. While here he began to write for the press; and in 1830 he went to Xenia as editor of the *Backwoodsman;* but the following year he returned to take charge of the Cincinnati *Mirror,* for which he wrote many popular poems and tales. In 1836 he became editor of the *Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review;* and later of *The Hesperian,* both of Cincinnati; and in 1838 he divided his time between these and the *Ohio State Journal,* published at Columbus. The following year he became associate editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette,* which post he retained for eleven years. From 1850 until 1853 he was employed as a confidential clerk at Washington by Thomas Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury. He then removed to Louisville, Ky., where after a few years' connection as an editor with the *Courier,* he settled down as a farmer and a writer on agriculture. He was again engaged in the Treasury department of the Government during the war; after which he returned to Louisville.

His *Journey Through Kentucky and Mississippi* (1828) first called attention to him as a writer; and *The Wreck of the Hornet* stamped him as a poet. The latter was reprinted with other poems under the collected title, *Errato,* in three volumes in 1835. In 1841 he issued his *Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West;* and five years later he published another volume of original *Poems.* As President of the Ohio Historical Society he delivered in 1849 his famous address on *The Progress and Resources of the Northwest. Fruit Culture in the Ohio Valley* is another of his valuable essays as an agricul-

turist. Of poetical works, his later collections are *Miami Woods* (1879); *A Golden Wedding and Other Poems* (1881).

"The poems of Mr. Gallagher," said Griswold in his *Poets and Poetry of America,* "are numerous, varied, and of unequal merit. Some are exquisitely modulated, and in every respect finished with excellent judgment, while others are inharmonious, inelegant, and betray unmistakable signs of carelessness. His most unstudied performances, however, are apt to be forcible and picturesque, fragrant with the freshness of Western woods and fields, and instinct with the aspiring determined life of the race of Western men. The poet of a new country is naturally of the party of progress; his noblest theme is man, and his highest law, liberty."

TWO YEARS.

When last the maple bud was swelling,
  When last the crocus bloomed below,
Thy heart to mine its love was telling;
  Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow
Again the maple bud was swelling,
  Again the crocus blooms below:—
In heaven thy heart its love is telling,
  But still our souls keep ebb and flow.
When last the April bloom was flinging
  Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
In forest aisles thy voice was ringing,
  Where thou didst with the red-bird sing,
Again the April bloom is flinging
  Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
But now in Heaven thy voice is ringing
  Where thou dost with the angels sing.

IMMORTAL YOUTH.

Beautiful, beautiful youth! that in the soul
  Liveth forever, where sin liveth not —
How fresh Creation's chart doth still unroll
  Before our eyes, although the little spot
That knows us now shall know us soon no more
Forever! We look backward and before,
  And inward, and we feel there is a life
Impelling us, that need not with this frame
Or flesh grow feeble; but for aye the same
  May live on, e'en amid this worldly strife,
Clothed with the beauty and the freshness still
It brought with it at first; and that it will
  Glide almost imperceptibly away,
  Taking no tint of this dissolving clay;
And joining with the incorruptible
  And spiritual body that awaits
  Its coming at the starred and golden gates
Of Heaven, move on with the celestial train
  Whose shining vestments, as along they stray
  Flash with the splendors of eternal day;
And mingle with its primal Source again,
  Where Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love, and Truth,
  Swell with the Godhead in immortal youth.

EARLY AUTUMN IN THE WEST.

The Autumn time is with us! Its approach
Was heralded, not many days ago,
By hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun,
And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily
By purpling clusters of the juicy grape,
Swinging upon the vine.
  And now 'tis here!
And what a change has passed upon the face
Of Nature; where the waving forest spreads,
Then robed in deepest green! All through the night
The subtle Frost hath plied its mystic art;
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought

True wonders; and the winds of morn and even
Have touched with magic breath the changing leaves.
And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Athwart the varied landscape, circling far —
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp
Of colors bursts upon the ravished sight!
Here, where the Maple rears its yellow crest,
A golden glory; yonder where the Oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the Ash
Is girt with flame-like parasite; and broad
The Dog-wood spreads beneath a rolling field
Of deepest crimson; and afar, where looms
The gnarled Gum, a cloud of bloodiest red!

Miami! in thy venerable shades
My limbs recline. Beneath me, silver-bright,
Glide the clear waters with a plaintive moan
For Summer's parting glories. High o'erhead,
Sails tireless the unerring Water-fowl
Screaming among the cloud-racks. Oft from where,
Erect on mossy trunk, the Partridge stands,
Bursts suddenly the whistle clear and loud.
Deep murmurs from the trees, bending with brown
And ripened mast, are interrupted now
By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily
The Turkey from the thicket comes, and swift
As flies an arrow, darts the Pheasant down,
To batten on the Autumn; and the air,
At times, is darkened by a sudden rush
Of myriad wings as the Wild Pigeon leads
His squadrons to the banquet.

GALT, JOHN, a Scottish novelist; born at Irvine, Ayrshire, May 2 1779; died at Greenock, April 11, 1839. He was the son of the captain of a merchant-vessel engaged in the West India trade. He early showed a fondness for literature,

and at the age of twenty-five went to London in order to push his fortune there. He entered into some unsuccessful mercantile enterprises, after which he began reading for the bar. His health failing, he set out in 1809 upon a tour in the Levant. This lasted three years, and upon his return to England he published *Letters from the Levant* and *Voyages and Travels.* He married a daughter of the proprietor of the *Star* newspaper, and was for a time employed upon that journal. For some years he tried his hand at almost every species of literary composition. His first successful work was a novel, *The Ayrshire Legatees,* which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820–21. This was followed during the next three years by several other tales, among which are the *Annals of the Parish* and *The Provost,* which are considered the best of his works. In 1826 he went to Canada as agent of a Land Company; but a dispute arising between him and the company, he returned to England in 1829, and resumed his literary life. He wrote a *Life of Byron,* an *Autobiography,* a collection of *Miscellanies,* and several novels, the best of which is *Lawrie Todd* (1830).

INSTALLATION OF THE REV. MICAH BALWHIDDER.

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all,

and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr. Kilfaddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous yelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamor was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr. Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was adoing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest: "This will do well enough — timber to timber;" but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr. Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me: but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs. Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore the very next morning I began a round

of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers: "Here's the feckless Mess-John;" and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said: "Honest man, what's your pleasure here?" Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almous deed of a civil reception, and — who would have thought it? — from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl, that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock nightcap — I mind him as well as if it were but yesterday — and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner: "Come in, sir, and ease yoursel'; this will never do; the clergy are God's corbies, and for their Master's sake it behooves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel', but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage." I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock as to herd them well; and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. "I was mindit," quoth he, "never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbors to do likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family."— *The Annals of the Parish.*

LAWRIE TODD'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

My young wife was dead, leaving me an infant son. If a man marry once for love, he is a fool to expect he may do so twice; it cannot be. Therefore, I say, in the choice of a second wife one scruple of prudence is worth a pound of passion. I do not assert that he should have an eye to a dowry; for unless it is a great sum, such as will keep all the family in gentility, I think a small fortune one of the greatest faults a woman can have; not that I object to money on its own account, but only to its effect in the airs and vanities it begets in the silly maiden — especially if her husband profits by it.

For this reason I did not choose my second wife from the instincts of fondness, nor for her parentage, nor for her fortune; neither was I deluded by fair looks. I had, as I have said, my first-born needing tendance; and my means were small, while my cares were great. I accordingly looked about for a sagacious woman — one that not only knew the use of needles and shears, but that the skirt of an old green coat might, for lack of other stuff, be a clout to the knees of blue trousers. And such a one I found in the niece of my friend and neighbor, Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, a most respectable farmer from Vermont, who had come to New York about a codfish venture that he had sent to the Mediterranean, and was waiting with his wife and niece the returns from Sicily.

This old Mr. Hoskins was, in his way, something of a Yankee oddity. He was tall, thin, and of an anatomical figure, with a long chin, ears like trenchers, lengthy jaws, and a nose like a schooners' cut-water. His hair was lank and oily; the tie of his cravat was always dislocated; and he wore an old white beaver hat turned up behind. His long bottle-green surtout, among other defects, lacked a button on the left promontory of his hinder parts, and in the house he always tramped in slippers.

Having from my youth upward been much addicted to the society of remarkable persons, soon after the

translation of my Rebecca, I happened to fall in with this gentleman, and, without thinking of any serious purpose, I sometimes of a Sabbath evening, called at the house where he boarded with his family; and there I discovered in the household talents of Miss Judith, his niece, just the sort of woman that was wanted to heed to the bringing up of my little boy. This discovery, however, to tell the truth quietly, was first made by her uncle.

"I guess, Squire Lawrie," said he one evening, "the Squire has considerable muddy time on't since his old woman went to pot."

Ah, Rebecca! she was but twenty-one.

"Now, Squire, you see," continuel Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, "that ere being the circumstance, you should be a-making your calculations for another spec;" and he took his cigar out of his mouth, and trimming it on the edge of the snuffer-tray, added, "Well, if it so be as you're agoing to do so, don't you go to stand like a pump, with your arm up, as if you would give the sun a black eye; but do it right away."

I told him it was a thing I could not yet think of; that my wound was too fresh, my loss too recent.

"If that bain't particular," replied he, "Squire Lawrie, I'm a pumpkin, and the pigs may do their damnedest with me. But I ain't a pumpkin; the Squire he knows that."

I assured him, without very deeply dunkling the truth, that I had met with few men in America who better knew how many blue beans it takes to make five.

"I reckon Squire Lawrie," said he, "is a-parleyvoo; but I sells no wooden nutmegs. Now look ye here, Squire. There be you spinning your thumbs with a small child that ha'n't got no mother; so I calculate, if you make Jerusalem fine nails, I guess you can't a-hippen such a small child for no man's money; which is tarnation bad."

I could not but acknowledge the good sense of his remark. He drew his chair close in front of me; and taking the cigar out of his mouth, and beating off the ashes on his left thumb nail, replaced it. Having then given a puff, he raised his right hand aloft, and laying

it emphatically down on his knee, said in his wonted slow and phlegmatic tone:

"Well, I guess that 'ere young woman, my niece, she baint five-and-twenty — she'll make a heavenly splice! — I have known that 'ere young woman 'live the milk of our thirteen cows afore eight a-mornin, and then fetch Crumple and her calf from the bush — dang that 'ere Crumple! we never had no such heifer afore; she and her calf cleared out every night, and wouldn't come on no account, no never, till Judy fetched her right away, when done milking t'other thirteen."

"No doubt, Mr. Hoskins,' said I, "Miss Judith will make a capital farmer's wife in the country; but I have no cows to milk; all my live-stock is a sucking bairn."

"By the gods of Jacob's father-in-law! she's just the cut for that. But the Squire knows I aint a-going to trade her. If she suits Squire Lawrie — good, says I — I shan't ask no nothing for her; but I can tell the Squire as how Benjamin S. Thuds — what is blacksmith in our village — offered me two hundred and fifty dollars — gospel by the living jingo! — in my hand right away. But you see as how he was an almighty boozer, though for blacksmithing a prime hammer. I said, No, no; and there she is still to be had; and I reckon Squire Lawrie may go the whole hog with her, and make a good operation."

Discovering by this plain speaking how the cat jumped — to use one of his own terms — we entered more into the marrow of the business, till it came to pass that I made a proposal to Miss Judith; and soon after a paction was settled between me and her, that when the *Fair American* arrived from Palermo, we should be married; for she had a share in that codfish venture by that bark, and we counted that the profit might prove a nest-egg; and it did so to the blithesome tune of four hundred and thirty-three dollars, which the old gentleman counted out to me on the wedding-day.—*Lawrie Todd.*

GALTON, Francis, an English scientist and explorer; born at Dudderton, near Birmingham, in 1822. He studied medicine in the Birmingham Hospital, and in King's College, London, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844. He then made two journeys of exploration, one in North Africa and one in South Africa. He is best known through the published results of his studies into the subject of hereditary genius. In 1853 he published an account of the latter journey in a *Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa.* Among his other works are *The Art of Travel, or Shifts and Contrivances in Wild Countries* (1855); *Hereditary Genius, Its Laws and Consequences* (1869); *English Men of Sciences, Their Nature and Nurture* (1874); *Inquiries Into Human Faculty and Its Development, Record of Family Faculties, etc.* (1883); *Natural Inheritance* (1889); *Finger Prints* (1893), and *Finger Print Directory* (1895).

Professor Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, in a critical article on the writings of Galton, published in the *Popular Science Monthly,* says: "It is much more easy to talk about inheritance than to study it Of the books and essays which meet us at every turn, few have much basis in research, but those of Francis Galton are among the most notable exceptions. These books, which have appeared at intervals during the last twenty-five years, are not speculations, but studies. They describe long, exhaustive investigations, carried out by rigorous methods, along lines laid down on a plan which has been matured with great care and forethought.

"The simplicity of their language is as notable as their subject. Dealing with conceptions which are both new and abstruse, the author finds our mother tongue rich enough for his purpose, and, while the reason often taxes all our powers, there is never any doubt as to the meaning of the words.

"When in rare cases a technical term is inevitable, some familiar word is chosen with so much aptness that it does its duty and presents the new conception better than a compound from two or three dead languages."

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A TYPE BY SELECTION.

Suppose that we are considering the stature of some animal that is liable to be hunted by certain beasts of prey in a particular country. So far as he is big of his kind, he would be better able than the mediocres to crush through the thick grass and foliage whenever he was scampering for his life, to jump over obstacles, and possibly to run somewhat faster than they. So far as he is small of his kind, he would be better able to run through narrow openings, to make quick turns and to hide himself. Under the general circumstances it would be found that animals of some peculiar stature had on the whole a better chance of escape than any other; and if their race is closely adapted to these circumstances in respect to stature, the most favored stature would be identical with the mean of the race. Though the impediments to flight are less unfavorable to this (stature) than to any other, they will differ in different experiences. The course of an animal might chance to pass through denser foliage than usual, or the obstacles in his way might be higher. In that case an animal whose stature exceeded the mean would have an advantage over mediocrities. Conversely the circumstances might be more favorable to a small animal. Each particular line of escape might be most favorable to some particular stature, and whatever this might be, it might in some

cases be more favored than any other. But the accidents of foliage and soil in a country are characteristic and persistent. Therefore those which most favor the animals of the mean stature will be more frequently met with than those which favor any other stature, and the frequency of the latter occurrence will diminish rapidly as the stature departs from the mean.

It might well be that natural selection would favor the indefinite increase of numerous separate faculties if their improvement could be effected without detriment to the rest: then mediocrity in that faculty would not be the safest condition. Thus an increase of fleetness would be a clear gain to an animal liable to be hunted by beasts of prey, if no other useful faculty was thereby diminished.

But a too free use of this "if" would show a jaunty disregard of a real difficulty. Organisms are so knit together that change in one direction involves change in many others; these may not attract attention, but they are none the less existent. Organisms are like ships of war, constructed for a particular purpose in warfare as cruisers, line-of-battle ships, etc., on the principle of obtaining the utmost efficiency for their special purpose. The result is a compromise between a variety of conflicting desiderata, such as cost, speed, accommodation, stability, weight of guns, thickness of armor, quick steering power, and so on. It is hardly possible in a ship of any established type to make an improvement in one respect without a sacrifice in other directions.

Evolution may produce an altogether new type of vessel that shall be more efficient than the old one, but when a particular type has become adapted to its functions, it is not impossible to produce a mere variety of its type that shall have increased efficiency in some one particular without detriment to the rest. So it is with animals.— *From Natural Inheritance.*

GAMBOLD, JOHN, a British poet; born at Puncheston, Pembrokeshire, Wales, April 10, 1711; died at Haverfordwest, September 13, 1771. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and became Vicar of Stanton, Harcourt, Oxfordshire, about 1739. He resigned in 1742, and joined the Moravians or Unitas Fratrum; by whom he was chosen one of their bishops in 1754. He was for many years minister of the congregation of Neville's Court in Fetter Lane, London. In 1768, his health failing, he retired to Wales, and continued to exercise his ministry near his birthplace until five days before his death. John Wesley says he was one of the most "sensible men in England." His writings include *A Memoir of Count Zinzendorf; Doctrine and Discipline of the United Brethren; History of the Greenland Mission; Hymns* (1748); *Christian Doctrine* (1767). His *Works* were published in 1822. The Moravian hymn-books contain about twenty-five translations and eighteen original hymns by Gambold, of which one or two were published by the Wesleys and have by some writers been claimed for them. His poetry includes also a dramatic piece entitled *Ignatius.*

"Gambold," says the Rev. Alexander Gordon, "never had an enemy, but he made few friends. The hesitations of his career are in part to be explained by the underlying scepticism of his intellectual temperament, from which he found refuge in an anxious and reclusive piety."

"The specimens you have presented of his writings," said Judge Story in a letter to Dr. Brazer, "give me a high opinion of his genius, and there are

occasional flashes in his poetry of great brilliancy and power. *The Mystery of Life* contains some exquisite touches, and cannot but recall to every man who has indulged in musings beyond this sublunary scene some of those thoughts which have passed before him in an unearthly form as he has communed with his own soul."

"It is impossible," writes Erskine, of Glasgow, "to read Gambold's works without being convinced that he enjoyed much communion with God and was much conversant with Heavenly things, and that hence he had imbibed much of the spirit, and caught much of the tone, of the glorified church above."

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

So many years I've seen the sun,
  And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
  And childhood have and manhood known:
Oh, what is Life? — and this dull round
To tread, why was my spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
  And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
  While practice grovelled far behind:
Oh, what is Thought? — and where withdrawn
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
  And gentle ardors from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
  Some moments on a throne of love:
Oh, what is Virtue? — why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when Sovereign Wisdom wills,
  My soul an unknown path shall tread,

And strangely leave — who strangely fills
This frame — and waft me to the dead!
Oh, what is Death? — 'tis Life's last shore,
Where Vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And Life is all retouched again;
Wherein their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, Virtues, Friendships, Griefs, and Joys!

GARBORG, ARNE, a Norwegian novelist; born in Western Norway, January 25, 1851. His first book, *A Freethinker,* appeared in 1881 and attracted much attention. It was followed in 1883 by *Peasant Students,* a study of life among the students at Christiania University. Several other novels have been published, a complete list of which is given below. Among these, *Men Folks* (1886), which was written as a defiance to the authorities to suppress his as they had the book of another writer; *With Mamma* (1889), which was awarded a prize of 2,000 marks by the Berlin Freie Bühne; *Weary Souls* (1891), and *Fred* (1893), which is by many considered his best book, deserve mention. He has also written a romance in verse entitled *A Fairy,* a drama entitled *Teacher,* and a critical study of the contemporaneous novelist, Jonas Lie.

Garborg has been the champion of a distinctive Norwegian language, made up of peasant dialects. Many of his books have been written in this language, and his success has aided to found a school of writers who use the dialect exclusively. In this, as in much else, he has been at variance with his greatest con-

temporaries, Björnson, Ibsen, and Kjelland. In tendency, Garborg has pretty well run the gamut from radical to ultra-conservative views, always with the spirit of the controversialist. It is, however, his treatment that gives his work its charm. He has the remarkable power of making his characters think aloud, so that you follow the evolution of their lives closely. He proceeds really on the theory that "what a man thinketh, that he is," and that one's personality is made up of the sum of his thoughts. Therefore, he gives only enough attention to the environment, including the words and deeds of others, to show the accommodation of the person to the environment; and it is a pet theory of his that the problem is too intricate for anybody to foreknow what this accommodation will be. In this he is opposed to the idea of necessity which underlies all the work of the other Scandinavian realists. The following selections from *With Mamma* have been especially selected and translated by Miles Menander Dawson. Taken together, they constitute an excellent illustration of Garborg's style and method. Commenting on the selections, Mr. Dawson says: "The selections which I have made are about as clean as any could be and retain the characteristics of his work. One can't really expect much of an author who is so Zolaesque that he actually wrote a book in order to get it suppressed. Moreover, a faithful analysis of the thoughts in any story of intrigue — which Garborg's stories are — is likely to be of a questionable moral tendency."

A GLOOMY ALTERNATIVE.

Mrs. Holmsen knew that she would not get to sleep anyhow. Now and then she was up and put a stick of

wood in the stove. The rest of the time she lay and shivered and thought things over. She was settled on one thing: that nobody ought to have children unless she was rich — nor if she was rich, either. What good was it to be rich? To-morrow the rich man might be a beggar. And now there were her children. It was out of the question for any person in the world to see children starving and have no food for them. For her part she felt that she would steal food for them if it came to that; anything, anything she would do, she was sure of that — anything even if it were the very worst. It came over her that nothing could be a sin or a disgrace that a mother did to get food for her children. But one must put her trust in the Lord. When it comes to the worst, He will give aid. . . . Ugh, that disgusting beast, club-footed Michael — "Limpy Michael" — how he had stared at her last evening! Yes, the Lord will aid. He must aid; He sees that here there is need, indeed.— *Hoo Mama.*

A PROSPECTIVE HUSBAND.

Beyond all else Mrs. Holmsen had her debts, too, to think of. A bit here and a bit there, they amounted to considerable. This disgusting club-footed Michael she must at any rate contrive to get free from. He had become so loathsome of late that it was absolutely unendurable. Since that time last Christmas when she was in and talked so nice to him to get food for the children, he probably thought that the old story was forgotten and poverty had made her approachable — fie! No, she would rather take the children and jump into the sea! Such a fright as he — lame and sick, with a wife and grown children — one could never listen to it!

Heavens — if one but had a neat, smart person with means and a heart in him and whom one could get to interest himself in the unfortunate children! She thought of all her acquaintances, but found nobody to turn to. She could ask none of them right out for assistance; besides, they had all helped her somewhat before. The man she had met this evening, Solum, might

be worth considering; he was rich and fond of children and really a fine man in every respect; but what was the use when one doesn't know him?

All at once it occurred to her that one must be able to get to know him. Indeed, he had spoken of making her a call; in any event, she would be able to meet him again. Think, if one could win him over, bring about friendly relations —

No love-affair! That wasn't necessary. She had only to be a little gracious toward him; have her affairs interest him a little; these rich men are not so very free with their money. Why should she not be able to win him? Him like others? And when it was for the children's sake?

He understood the conditions at Miss Auberg's. He would comprehend that it must be hard for a mother to have her children in such a house; then he might have a little to spare for the mother. What would a few hundred-dollar bills be to a timber-dealer in these times?

Think — perhaps she would find a way out! There must be a way to win him. She was not too old yet; and she could trim herself up a little and be amiable. Beauty she had always had, rather too much than too little; and if she was a little older and staid, he was about like the others. Only no sort of flirtation; — love affairs and the like she had had enough of in her time.

Of course he had noticed that she was pretty. And she really was when she was well. Perhaps she had already made something of an impression on him. This calling to "see Fannie" — hem! Who knows? Men were seldom so delighted with children. What if it should be herself he had a desire to see again? That would answer very well indeed.

After a time she was weary of planning and began to pass over to dreams.

Heavens! even if it should happen that he was smitten a little — He was indeed in the position of a man who expects to be free to marry. And why — why — could it not as well be her as another?

So many things happened in this world, and what was more unlikely than that? Think, if he became in love

and if some fine day he were to say "I cannot live without you. Will you be mine when I — when my wife departs this world?"— It wouldn't be the first time such a thing has happened! More than one widower has become engaged in that way. And not only engaged, too —

People did not take such things so seriously as one might think. Many things occur that are worse than that. Not to speak of men — they do just as they please; but ladies, too — one wouldn't believe how many nice women went slyly about — it is, indeed, not all gold that glitters!

No one did anything about it either; so long as there was not too much scandal. "It is your own affair," as Pastor Brandt wrote.

Ah, fie! Yes, there were indeed handsome things the Lord is often compelled to behold! God grant, such would never be said of the "queen of Fredheim!"

Think, if there should be a means of rescue! It was too good to believe! Think, if she could once get so that she felt safe! Safe for the children! Safe for herself! Free from this endless worry, these interminable anxieties! Oh, it would be like living again, like coming out of prison, like rising from a tomb! But of course it would not happen; far from it — far from it! — *Hoo Mama.*

GARÇAO, or GARCAM, Pedro Antonio Correa, a Portuguese poet; born at Lisbon, April 29, 1724; died there November 10, 1772. He appears to have spent a large portion of his life in a villa named Fonte Santa, near Lisbon, in obscurity and sometimes poverty, and to have had a numerous family. In 1771 he was thrown into prison by the minister Pombal; and, after an imprisonment of a year and a

half, died just as he was about to be released. The cause of his imprisonment has been variously stated; the *Dictionnaire Universel du XIXe Siècle* says that it was in consequence of certain satirical articles which he published as editor of the Lisbon *Gazette*. The same authority says that he shares with Ferreira the title of "The Horace of Portugal;" he did not, however, like Ferreira, imitate merely the tone and spirit of the Roman — he labored, with perhaps as much success as was possible, to introduce even the metres of Horace into Portuguese literature. His collected works, published at Lisbon in 1778, contain a Pindaric *Ode; Epistles* and *Satires* partaking of the true Horatian gayety; *Theatro Novo,* a dramatic poem satirizing the prevailing taste; a comedy entitled *Assemblea ou Partida,* in which is included the half-comic *Cantata of Dido,* his principal work; and his discourses before the Academy on *The Revival of the National Theatre.*

"All the writings of Garçao," says Larousse, "are remarkable for correctness and elegance of style, and for good taste."

DIDO: A CANTATA.

Already in the ruddy east shine white
The pregnant sails that speed the Trojan fleet;
Now wafted on the pinions of the wind,
They vanish 'midst the golden sea's blue waves.
The miserable Dido
Wanders, loud shrieking, through her regal halls,
With dim and turbid eyes seeking in vain
The fugitive Æneas.

Only deserted streets and lonely squares
Her new-built Carthage offers to her gaze;
And frightfully along the naked shore

The solitary billows roar i' th' night,
And 'midst the gilded vanes
Crowning the splendid domes
Nocturnal birds hoot their ill auguries.

Deliriously she raves;
Pale is her beauteous face,
Her silken tresses all dishevelled stream
And with uncertain foot, scarce conscious, she
That happy chamber seeks,
Where she with melting heart
Her faithless lover heard
Whisper impassioned sighs and soft complaints.

There the inhuman Fates before her sight,
Hung o'er the gilded nuptial couch displayed
The Teucrian mantles, whose loose folds disclosed
The 'lustrious shield and the Dardanian sword.
She started; suddenly, with hand convulsed,
From out the sheath the glittering blade she snatched,
And on the tempered, penetrating steel
Her delicate, transparent bosom cast;
And murmuring, gushing, foaming, the warm blood
Bursts in a fearful torrent from the wound;
And, from the encrimsoned rushes, spotted red,
Tremble the Doric columns of the hall.

Thrice she essayed to rise;
Thrice fainting on the bed she prostrate fell,
And, writhing as she lay, to Heaven upraised
Her quenched and failing eyes.
Then earnestly upon the lustrous sail
Of Ilium's fugitive
Fixing her look, she uttered these last words;
And hovering 'midst the golden vaulted roofs,
The tones, lugubrious and pitiful,
In after days were often heard to moan!—

"Ye precious memorials
Dear sources of delight,
Enrapturing my sight,

Whilst relentless Fate,
Whilst the gods above,
Seemed to bless my love,
Of the wretched Dido
The spirit receive!
From sorrows whose burden
Her strength overpowers
The lost one relieve!
The hapless Dido
Not timelessly dies;
The walls of her Carthage,
Loved child of her care,
High, towering rise.
Now, a spirit bare,
She flies the sun's beam;
And Phlegethon's dark
And horrible stream,
In Charon's foul bark,
She lonesomely ploughs."

— *Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

GARDINER, Samuel Rawson, an English historian; born at Ropley, Hants, March 4, 1829; died at Sevenoaks, Kent, February 23, 1902. He was educated at Winchester College and at Christchurch College, Oxford, and became Professor of Modern History at King's College, London. In 1882 a Civil List pension was conferred upon him "in recognition of his valuable contributions to the History of England." His principal historical works are *History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Disgrace of Chief Justice Coke* (1863); *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage* (1869); *England Under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.* (1875); *The Per-*

sonal Government of Charles I. (1877); *The Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I.* (1881); *The History of the Great Civil War* (1886); *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate* (1894); *Cromwell's Place in History* (1897); and *Oliver Cromwell* (1899).

"The picturesque style of writing," remarks the *Saturday Review,* "has been so much overdone of late that it is a relief to get back to someone who jogs along quietly and leisurely, as people did in the last century — never brilliant, but never ridiculous or offensive. Mr. Gardiner's sedateness is, however,"— the writer is speaking particularly of the first part of the *History of England* —"too much for us. He might surely have made more of an age which saw our greatest poet and our greatest philosopher." "For grasp of situation and desire to set everything in its proper light," said the London *Spectator,* "for perception of motives and the wise use of evidence, for accuracy, honesty, and exhaustive treatment, Mr. Gardiner stands alone."

THE PROJECTED ANGLO-SPANISH ALLIANCE

The wooing of princes is not in itself more worthy of a place in history than the wooing of ordinary men; and there is certainly nothing in Charles's character which would lead us to make any exception in his favor. But the Spanish alliance, of which the hand of the Infanta was to have been the symbol and the pledge, was a great event in our history, though chiefly on account of the consequences which resulted from it indirectly. When the marriage was first agitated, the leading minds of the age were tending in a direction adverse to Puritanism, and were casting about in search of some system of belief which should soften down the asperities which were the sad legacy of the last generation. When it was finally broken off, the leading minds of the age were tending in precisely the opposite direc-

tion; and that period of our history commenced which led up to the anti-episcopalian fervor of the Long Parliament, to the Puritan monarchy of Cromwell, and in general to the re-invigoration of that which Mr. Matthew Arnold has called the Hebrew element in our civilization. If, therefore, the causes of moral changes form the most interesting subject of historical investigation, the events of these seven years can yield in interest to but few periods of our history. In the miserable catalogue of errors and crimes, it is easy to detect the origin of that repulsion which moulded the intellectual conceptions, as well as the political action, of the rising generation. Few blunders have been greater than that which has made the popular knowledge of the Stuart reign commence with the accession of Charles I., and which would lay down the law upon the actions of the King whilst knowing nothing of the Prince. — *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Preface.*

JAMES I. AND THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

A few days after the dissolution of Parliament, in June, 1614, James sent for Sarmiento, and poured into his willing ear his complaints of the insulting behavior of the Commons. "I hope," said he, when he had finished his story, "that you will send the news to your master as you hear it from me, and not as it is told by the gossips in the streets." As soon as the ambassador had assured him that he would comply with his wishes, James went on with his catalogue of grievances. "The King of Spain," he said, "has more kingdoms and subjects than I have, but there is one thing in which I surpass him. He has not so large a Parliament. The Cortes of Castile are composed of little more than thirty persons. In my Parliament are nearly five hundred. The House of Commons is a body without a head. The members give their opinions in a disorderly manner. At their meetings nothing is heard but cries, shouts, and confusion. I am surprised that my ancestors should ever have permitted such an institution to come into existence. I am a stranger, and I found it here when I

came, so that I am obliged to put up with what I cannot get rid of."

Here James colored, and stopped short. He had been betrayed into an admission that there was something in his dominions which he could not get rid of if he pleased. Sarmiento, with ready tact, came to his assistance, and reminded him that he was able to summon and dismiss this formidable body at his pleasure. "That is true," replied James, delighted at the turn which the conversation had taken; "and what is more, without my assent the words and acts of Parliament are altogether worthless." Having thus maintained his dignity, James proceeded to assure Sarmiento that he would gladly break off the negotiations with France, if only he could be sure that the hand of the Infanta would not be accompanied by conditions which it would be impossible for him to grant. The Spaniard gave him every encouragement in his power, and promised to write to Madrid for further instructions. — *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Vol. I., Chap. I.*

NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE MARRIAGE.

The cessation of the war with Spain had led to a reaction against extreme Puritanism, now no longer strengthened by the patriotic feeling that whatever was most opposed to the Church of Rome was most opposed to the enemies of England. And as the mass of the people was settling down into content with the rites and with the teachings of the English Church, there were some who floated still further with the returning tide, and who were beginning to cast longing looks toward Rome. From time to time the priests brought word to the Spanish ambassador that the number of their converts was on the increase; and they were occasionally able to report that some great lord, or some member of the Privy Council, was added to the list. Already, he believed, a quarter of the population were Catholics at heart, and another quarter — being without any religion at all — would be ready to rally to their side if they proved to be the strongest. . . .

Sarmiento knew that he would have considerable difficulty in gaining his scheme of marrying Prince Charles to the Infanta; and especially in persuading his master to withdraw his demand for the immediate conversion of the Prince. He, therefore, began by assuring him that it would be altogether useless to persist in asking for a concession which James was unable to make without endangering both his own life and that of his son. Even to grant liberty of conscience, by repealing the laws against the Catholics, was beyond the power of the King of England, unless he could gain the consent of his Parliament. All that he could do would be to connive at the breach of the penal laws by releasing the priests from prison, and by refusing to receive the fines of the laity. James was willing to do this; and if this offer was accepted, everything else would follow in course of time. . . .

Philip — or the great men who acted in his name — determined upon consulting with the Pope. The reply of Paul V. was anything but favorable. The proposed union, he said, would not only imperil the faith of the Infanta, and the faith of the children she might have, but would also bring about increased facilities of communication between the two countries, which could not but be detrimental to the purity of religion in Spain. Besides this, it was well known that it was a maxim in England that a King was justified in divorcing a childless wife. On these grounds he was unable to give his approbation to the marriage.

In the eyes of the Pope marriage was not to be trifled with, even when the political advantages to be gained by it assumed the form of the propagation of religion. In his inmost heart, most probably, Philip thought the same. But Philip was seldom accustomed to take the initiative in matters of importance; and, upon the advice of the Council of State, he laid the whole question before a junta of theologians. It was arranged that the theologians should be kept in ignorance of the Pope's reply, in order that they might not be biassed by it in giving their opinion. The hopes of the conversion of England, which formed so brilliant a picture in Sar-

miento's despatches, overcame any scruples which they may have felt, and they voted in favor of the marriage on condition that the Pope's consent could be obtained. The Council adopted their advice, and ordered that the articles should be prepared. On one point only was there much discussion. Statesmen and theologians were agreed that it was unwise to ask for the conversion of the Prince. But they were uncertain whether it would be safe to content themselves with the remission of the fines by the mere connivance of the King. At last one argument turned the scale: A change in the law which would grant complete religious liberty would probably include the Puritans and the other Protestant sects; the remission of penalties by the royal authority would benefit the Catholics alone. — *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Vol. I., Chap. I.*

CHARACTER OF PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND.

Charles had now [1622] nearly completed his twenty-second year. To a superficial observer he was everything that a young prince should be. His bearing — unlike that of his father — was graceful and dignified. His only blemish was the size of his tongue, which was too large for his mouth, and which, especially when he was excited, gave him a difficulty of expression almost amounting to a stammer. In all bodily exercises his supremacy was undoubted. He could ride better than any other man in England. His fondness for hunting was such that James was heard to exclaim that by this he recognized him as his true and worthy son. In the tennis-court and in the tilting-yard he surpassed all competitors. No one had so exquisite an ear for music, could look at a fine picture with greater appreciation of its merits, or could keep time more exactly when called to take part in a dance. Yet these, and such as these, were the smallest of his merits. Regular in his habits, his household was a model of economy. His own attire was such as in that age was regarded as a protest against the prevailing extravagance. His moral character was irreproachable; and it was observed that he blushed like a

girl whenever an immodest word was uttered in his presence. Designing women, of the class which had preyed upon his brother Henry, found it expedient to pass him by, and laid their nets for more susceptible hearts than his.

Yet, in spite of all these excellences, keen-sighted observers who were by no means blind to his merits, were not disposed to prophesy good of his future reign. In truth, his very virtues were a sign of weakness. He was born to be the idol of schoolmasters and the stumbling-block of statesmen. His modesty and decorum were the result of sluggishness rather than of self-restraint. Uncertain in judgment, and hesitating in action, he clung fondly to the small proprieties of life, and to the narrow range of ideas which he had learned to hold with a tenacious grasp; whilst he was ever prone, like his unhappy brother-in-law, the Elector-Palatine, to seek refuge from the uncertainties of the present by a sudden plunge into rash and ill-considered action.

With such a character, the education which he had received had been the worst possible. From his father he had never had a chance of acquiring a single lesson in the first virtue of a ruler — that love of truth which would keep his ear open to all assertions and to all complaints, in the hope of detecting something which it might be well for him to know. Nor was the injury which his mind thus received merely negative; for James, vague as his political theories were, was intolerant of contradiction, and his impatient dogmatism had early taught his son to conceal his thoughts in sheer diffidence of his own powers. To hold his tongue as long as possible, and then to say not what he believed to be true, but what was likely to be pleasing, became his daily task till he ceased to be capable of looking difficulties fully in the face. The next step in the downward path was but too inviting. As each question rose before him for solution, his first thought was how it might best be evaded; and he usually took refuge either in a studied silence, or in some of those varied forms of equivocation which are usually supposed by weak minds not to be equivalent to falsehood.

Over such a character Buckingham had found no dif-

ficulty in obtaining a thorough mastery. On the one condition of making a show of regarding his wishes as all-important, he was able to mould those wishes almost as he pleased. To the reticent hesitating youth it was a relief to find some one who would take the lead in amusement and in action; who could make up his mind for him in a moment when he was himself plunged in hopeless uncertainty, and who possessed a fund of gayety and light-heartedness which was never at fault. — *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Vol. II., Chap. X.*

THE INFANTA MARIA OF SPAIN.

The Infanta Maria had now entered upon her seventeenth year. Her features were not beautiful, but the sweetness of her disposition found expression in her face, and her fair complexion and her delicate white hands drew forth rapturous admiration from the contrast which they presented to the olive tints of the ladies by whom she was surrounded. The mingled dignity and gentleness of her bearing made her an especial favorite with her brother, the King. Her life was moulded after the best type of the devotional piety of her Church. Two hours of every day she spent in prayer. Twice every week she confessed, and partook of the Holy Communion. Her chief delight was in meditating upon the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and preparing lint for the use of the hospitals. The money which her brother allowed her to be spent at play she carefully set aside for the use of the poor.

Her character was as remarkable for its self-possession as for its gentleness. Except when she was in private amongst her ladies, her words were but few; and though those who knew her well were aware that she felt unkindness deeply, she never betrayed her emotions by speaking harshly of those by whom she had been wronged. When she had once made up her mind where the path of duty lay, no temptation could induce her to swerve from it by a hair's breadth. Nor was her physical courage less conspicuous than her moral firmness. At a Court entertainment given at Aranjuez a fire

broke out among the scaffolding which supported the benches upon which the spectators were seated. In an instant the whole place was in confusion. Among the screaming throng the Infanta alone retained her presence of mind. Calling Olivares to her help, that he might keep off the pressure of the crowd, she made her escape without quickening her usual pace.

There were many positions in which such a woman could hardly have failed to pass a happy and a useful life. But it is certain that no one could be less fitted to become the wife of a Protestant King, and the Queen of a Protestant nation. On the throne of England her life would be one of continual martyrdom. Her own dislike of the marriage was undisguised, and her instinctive aversion was confirmed by the reiterated warnings of her confessor. A heretic, he told her, was worse than a devil. "What a comfortable bed-fellow you will have," he said. "He who lies by your side, and who will be the father of your children, is certain to go to hell."

It was only lately, however, that she had taken any open step in the matter. Till recently, indeed, the marriage had hardly been regarded at Court in a serious light. But the case was now altered. A junta had been appointed to settle the articles of marriage with the English Ambassador, and, although the Pope's adverse opinion had been given, it seemed likely that the junta, under Gondomar's influence, would urge him to reconsider his determination. Under these circumstances the Infanta proceeded to plead her own cause with her brother.

The tears of the sister whom he was loath to sacrifice were of great weight with Philip IV.; but she had powerful influences to contend with. Olivares, upon whose sanguine mind the hope of converting England was at this time exercising all its glamor, protested against the proposed change — to marry the Infanta to the Emperor's son, the Archduke Ferdinand, and to satisfy the Prince of Wales with the hand of an archduchess; and Philip, under the eye of his favorite, made every effort to shake his sister's resolution. The confessor was threatened with removal from his post if he did not

change his language; and divines of less unbending severity were summoned to reason with the Infanta, and were instigated to paint in glowing colors the glorious and holy work of bringing back an apostate nation to the faith.

For a moment the unhappy girl gave way before the array of her counsellors, and she told her brother that, in order to serve God and obey the King, she was ready to submit to anything. In a few days, however, this momentary phase of feeling had passed away. Her woman's instinct told her that she had been in the right; and that, with all their learning, the statesmen and divines had been in the wrong. She sent to Olivares to tell him that if he did not find some way to save her from the bitterness before her, she would cut the knot herself by taking refuge in a nunnery; and when Philip returned from his hunting in November he found himself besieged by all the weapons of a woman's despair.

Philip was not proof against his sister's misery. Upon the political effect of the decision which he now took he scarcely bestowed a thought. It was his business to hunt boars or stags, or to display his ability in the tilt-yard; it was the business of Olivares and the Council of State to look after politics. The letter in which he announced his intention to Olivares was very brief: "My father," he wrote, "declared his mind at his death-bed concerning the match with England, which was never to make it; and your uncle's intention, according to that, was ever to delay it; and you know likewise how averse my sister is to it. I think it now time that I should find some way out of it; wherefore I require you to find some other way to content the King of England, to whom I think myself much bound for his many expressions of friendship."—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Vol. II., Chap. X.*

GARFIELD, James Abram, an American statesman; twentieth President of the United States; born at Orange, Ohio, November 19, 1831; died at Elberon, N. J., September 19, 1881. He lived as a child in a log cabin in the Ohio wilderness, attending district school in the winter months. In 1849 he learned the trade of carpenter while attending school at Chester, Ohio, and in 1851 entered Hiram College. He was graduated from Williams College in 1856, and in the following year became president of Hiram College. Here he earned no small amount of fame as an educator. In 1859 he was elected to the Ohio State Senate.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he was commissioned Colonel of the 42d Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. He distinguished himself at Shiloh, Corinth and Chickamauga. In 1863 he resigned from the army, having been elected to Congress from his home district in Ohio. In 1880 he was elected United States Senator, and in the same year was elected President of the United States. On July 2, 1881, he was shot and mortally wounded by Charles J. Guiteau, but lingered until September 19. His funeral was a state affair, with ceremonies at Washington and Cleveland. In February, 1882, James G. Blaine delivered a notable eulogy of Garfield before Congress.

General Garfield was a brilliant orator and a gifted writer. The best example of his effort as an author is an address on *College Education* delivered before a literary society at Hiram, Ohio, in 1867. It shows freshness, clearness and vigor of thought.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

I congratulate you on the significant fact that the questions which most vitally concern your personal work are, at this time, rapidly becoming, indeed have already become, questions of first importance to the whole nation. In ordinary times, we could scarcely find two subjects wider apart than the meditations of a school-boy, when he asks what he shall do with himself, and how he shall do it, and the forecastings of a great nation, when it studies the laws of its own life and endeavors to solve the problem of its destiny. But now there is more than a resemblance, between the nation's work and yours. If the two are not identical, they at least bear the relation of the whole to a part.

The nation, having passed through the childhood of its history, and being about to enter upon a new life, based on a fuller recognition of the rights of manhood, has discovered that liberty can be safe only when the suffrage is illuminated by education. It is now perceived that the life and light of a nation are inseparable. Hence, the Federal Government has established a National Department of Education, for the purpose of teaching young men and women how to be good citizens.

You, young gentlemen, having passed the limits of childhood, and being about to enter the larger world of manhood, with its manifold struggles and aspirations, are now confronted with the question, "What must I do to fit myself most completely, not for being a citizen merely, but for being 'all that doth become a man,' living in the full light of the Christian civilization of America?" Your disenthralled and victorious country asks you to be educated for her sake, and the noblest aspirations of your being still more imperatively ask it for your own sake.

In the hope that I may aid you in solving some of these questions — I have chosen for my theme on this occasion: The Course of Study in American Colleges — and Its Adaptation to the Wants of Our Time.

Before examining any course of study, we should clearly

apprehend the objects to be obtained by a liberal education.

In general, it may be said that the purpose of all study is two-fold: to discipline our faculties, and to acquire knowledge for the duties of life. It is happily provided, in the constitution of the human mind, that the labor by which knowledge is acquired is the only means of disciplining the powers. It may be stated, as a general rule, that if we compel ourselves to learn what we ought to know, and use it when learned, our discipline will take care of itself.

Let us then inquire what kinds of knowledge should be the objects of a liberal education? Without adopting in full the classification of Herbert Spencer, it will be sufficiently comprehensive, for my present purpose, to propose the following kinds of knowledge, stated in the order of their importance:

First. That knowledge which is necessary for the full development of our bodies and the preservation of our health.

Second. The knowledge of those principles by which the useful arts and industries are carried on and improved.

Third. That knowledge which is necessary to a full comprehension of our rights and duties as citizens.

Fourth. A knowledge of the intellectual, moral, religious, and æsthetic nature of man — and his relations to nature and civilization.

Fifth. That special and thorough knowledge which is requisite for the particular profession or pursuit which a man may choose as his life work, after he has completed his college studies.

In brief, *the student should study himself, his relations to society, to nature, and to art — and above all, in all, and through all these, he should study the relations of himself, society, nature and art, to God, the Author of them all.* Of course, it is not possible, nor is it desirable to confine the course of development exclusively to this order — for truth is so related and correlated, that no department of her realm is wholly isolated. We cannot learn much that pertains to the industry of society, without learning something of the material world, and the laws

which govern it. We cannot study nature profoundly without bringing ourselves into communion with the spirit of art, which pervades and fills the universe. But what I suggest is, that we should make the course of study conform generally to the order here indicated; that the student shall first study what he needs most to know; that the order of his needs shall be the order of his work. Now it will not be denied that from the day that the child's foot first presses the green turf, till the day when, an old man, he is ready to be laid under it there is not an hour in which he does not need to know a thousand things in relation to his body, "what he shall eat, what he shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed." Unprovided with that instinct which enables the lower animals to reject the noxious and select the nutritive man must learn even the most primary truth that ministers to his self-preservation. If parents were themselves sufficiently educated, most of this knowledge might be acquired at the mother's knee, but, by the strangest perversion and misdirection of the educational forces, these most essential elements of knowledge are more neglected than any other.

School committees would summarily dismiss the teacher who should have the good sense and courage to spend three days of each week, with her pupils, in the fields and woods, teaching them the names, peculiarities, and uses of rocks, trees, plants, and flowers, and the beautiful story of the animals, birds, and insects, which fill the world with life and beauty. They will applaud her for continuing to perpetrate that undefended and indefensible outrage upon the laws of physical and intellectual life, which keeps a little child sitting in silence, in a vain attempt to hold his mind to the words of a printed page, for six hours in a day. Herod was merciful, for he finished his slaughter of the innocents in a day; but this practice kills by the savagery of slow torture.— And what is the child directed to study? Besides the mass of words and sentences which he is compelled to memorize, not one syllable of which he understands, at eight or ten years of age he is set to work on English Grammar — one of the most complex, intricate, and metaphysical of studies, requiring a mind of much muscle and discipline to master it. Thus

are squandered — nay, far worse than squandered — those thrice-precious years, when the child is all ear and eye, when its eager spirit, with insatiable curiosity, hungers and thirsts to know the what and the why of the world and its wonderful furniture. We silence its sweet clamor, by cramming its hungry mind with words, words — empty, meaningless words. It asks bread, and we give it a stone. It is to me a perpetual wonder that any child's love of knowledge survives the outrages of the school-house. It would be foreign from my present purpose, to consider farther the subject of primary education — but it is worthy your profoundest thought, for "out of it are the issues of life." That man will be a benefactor of his race, who shall teach us how to manage rightly the first years of a child's education. I, for one, declare that no child of mine shall ever be *compelled* to study one hour, or to learn even the English alphabet, before he has deposited under his skin, at least, seven years of muscle and bone.

What are our seminaries and colleges accomplishing in the way of teaching the laws of life and physical well-being? I should scarcely wrong them, were I to answer, nothing; absolutely nothing. The few recitations which some of the colleges require, in Anatomy and Physiology, unfold but the alphabet of those subjects. The emphasis of college culture does not fall there. The graduate has learned the *Latin* of the old maxim, "mens sana in corpore sano," but how to strengthen the mind by the preservation of the body, he has never learned. He can read you, in Xenopohn's best Attic Greek, that Apollo flayed the unhappy Marsyas and hanged up his skin as a trophy, but he has never examined the wonderful texture of his own skin, nor the laws by which he may preserve it. He would blush, were he to mistake the place of a Greek accent, or put the ictus on the second syllable of Eolus; but the whole circle of the "liberalium artium," so pompously referred to in his diploma of graduation, may not have taught him, as I can testify in an instance personally known to me, whether the *jejunum* is a bone or the *humerus* an intestine. Every hour of study consumes a portion of his muscular and vital force. Every tissue of his body requires its appropriate nourishment, the elements

of which are found in abundance in the various products of nature; but he has never inquired where he shall find the phosphates and carbonates of lime for his bones, albumen and fibrin for his blood, and phosphorus for his brain. His Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Anatomy and Physiology, if thoroughly studied, would give all this knowledge, but he has been intent on things remote and foreign, and has given but little heed to those matters which so nearly concern the chief functions of life. But the student should not be blamed. The great men of history have set him the example. Copernicus discovered and announced the true theory of the solar system, a hundred years before the circulation of the blood was known. Though, from the heart to the surface, and from the surface back to the heart of every man of the race, some twenty pounds of blood had made the circuit once every three minutes, yet men were looking so steadily away from themselves, that they did not observe the wonderful fact. His habit of thought has developed itself in all the courses of college study.

In the next place, I inquire, what kinds of knowledge are necessary for carrying on and improving the useful arts and industries of civilized life? I am well aware of the current notion, that these muscular arts should stay in the fields and shops, and not invade the sanctuaries of learning. A finished education is supposed to consist mainly of literary culture. The story of the forges of the Cyclops, where the thunderbolts of Jove were fashioned, is supposed to adorn elegant scholarship more gracefully than those sturdy truths which are preaching to this generation in the wonders of the mine, in the fire of the furnace, in the clang of the iron mills, and the other innumerable industries which, more than all other human agencies, have made our civilization what it is, and are destined to achieve wonders yet undreamed of. This generation is beginning to understand that education should not be forever divorced from industry; that the highest results can be reached only when science guides the hand of labor. With what eagerness and alacrity is industry seizing every truth of science and putting it in harness! A few years ago, Bessemer, of England, studying the

nice affinities between carbon and the metals, discovered that a slight change of combination would produce a metal possessing the ductility of iron and the compactness of steel, and which would cost but little more than common iron. One rail of this metal will outlast fifteen of the iron rails now in use. Millions of capital are already invested to utilize this thought of Bessemer's, which must soon revolutionize the iron manufacture of the world.

Another example: The late war raised the price of cotton, and paper made of cotton rags. It was found that good paper could be manufactured from the fiber of soft wood, but it was expensive and difficult to reduce to a pulp, without chopping the fiber into pieces. A Yankee mechanic, who had learned in the science of vegetable anatomy that a billet of wood was composed of millions of hollow cylinders, many of them so small that only the microscope could reveal them, and having learned also the penetrative and expansive power of steam, wedded these two truths, in an experiment which, if exhibited to Socrates, would have been declared a miracle from the gods. The experiment was very simple. Putting his block of wood in a strong box, he forced into it a volume of superheated steam, which made its way into the minutest pore and cell of the wood. Then through a trap-door suddenly opened, the block was tossed out. The outside pressure being removed, the expanding steam instantly burst every one of the million tubes; every vegetable flue collapsed, and his block of wood lay before him a mass of fleecy fiber, more delicate than the hand of man could make it.

Machinery is the chief implement with which civilization does its work; but the science of mechanics is impossible without mathematics.

But for her mineral resources, England would be only the hunting park of Europe, and it is believed that her day of greatness will terminate when her coal fields are exhausted. Our mineral wealth is a thousand times greater than hers, and yet without the knowledge of Geology, Mineralogy, Metallurgy, and Chemistry, our mines could be of but little value. Without a knowledge of Astronomy, commerce on the sea is impossible, and now, at last, it is being discovered that the greatest of all our indus-

tries, the agricultural, in which three-fourths of all our population are engaged, must call science to its aid, if it would keep up with the demands of civilization. I need not enumerate the extent and variety of knowledge, scientific and practical, which a farmer needs in order to reach the full height and scope of his noble calling. And what has our American system of education done for this controlling majority of the people? I can best answer that question with a single fact. Notwithstanding there are in the United States 120,000 common schools, and 7,000 academies and seminaries; notwithstanding there are 275 colleges where young men may be graduated as Bachelors and Masters of the liberal arts, yet in all these, the people of the United States have found so little being done, or likely to be done, to educate men for the work of agriculture, that they have demanded, and at last have secured from their political servants in Congress, an appropriation sufficient to build and maintain, in each State of the Union, a college for the education of farmers. This great outlay would have been totally unnecessary, but for the stupid and criminal neglect of college, academic, and common school boards of education to furnish that which the wants of the people require. The scholar and the worker must join hands, if both would be successful.

I next ask, what studies are necessary to teach our young men and women the history and spirit of our government, and their rights and duties as citizens? There is not now, and there never was on this earth a people who have had so many and weighty reasons for loving their country and thanking God for the blessings of civil and religious liberty, as our own. And yet, seven years ago, there was probably less strong, earnest, open love of country in the United States than in any other nation of Christendom. It is true, that the gulf of anarchy and ruin into which treason threatened to plunge us, startled the nation as by an electric shock, and galvanized into life its dormant and dying patriotism. But how came it dormant and dying? I do not hesitate to affirm that one of the chief causes was our defective system of education. Seven years ago there was scarcely an American college in which more than four weeks out of the four years'

course were devoted to studying the government and history of the United States. For this defect of our educational system I have neither respect nor toleration. It is far inferior to that of Persia three thousand years ago. The uncultivated tribes of Greece, Rome, Lybia, and Germany surpassed us in this respect Grecian children were taught to reverence and emulate the virtues of their ancestors. Our educational forces are so wielded as to teach our children to admire most that which is foreign, and fabulous, and dead. I have recently examined the catalogue of a leading New England college, in which the Geography and History of Greece and Rome are required to be studied five terms; but neither the History nor the Geography of the United States are named in the college course, or required as a condition of admission. Our American children must know all the classic rivers, from the Scamander to the Yellow Tiber, must tell you the length of the Appian Way, and of the canal over which Horace and Virgil sailed on their journey to Brundusium, but he may be crowned with Baccalaureate honors without having heard, since his first moment of Freshman life, one word concerning the 122,000 miles of coast and river navigation, the 6,000 miles of canal, and the 35,000 miles of railroad, which indicate both the prosperity and the possibilities of his own country.

It is well to know the history of those magnificent nations whose origin is lost in fable, and whose epitaphs were written a thousand years ago; but if we cannot know both, it is far better to study the history of our own nation, whose origin we can trace to the freest and noblest aspirations of the human heart — a nation that was formed from the hardiest, purest, and most enduring elements of European civilization — a nation that, by its faith and courage, has dared and accomplished more for the human race in a single century than Europe accomplished in the first thousand years of the Christian era. The New England township was the type after which our Federal Government was modeled; yet it would be rare to find a college student who can make a comprehensive and intelligent statement of the municipal organization of the township in which he was born, and tell you by what

officers its legislative, judicial and executive functions are administered. One half of the time which is now almost wholly wasted, in district schools, on English Grammar, attempted at too early an age, would be sufficient to teach our children to love the Republic, and to become its loyal and life-long supporters. After the bloody baptism from which the nation has arisen to a higher and nobler life, if this shameful defect in our system of education be not speedily remedied, we shall deserve the infinite contempt of future generations. I insist that it should be made an indispensable condition of graduation in every American college, that the student must understand the history of this continent since its discovery by Europeans, the origin and history of the United States, its constitution of government, the struggles through which it has passed, and the rights and duties of citizens who are to determine its destiny and share its glory.

Having thus gained the knowledge which is necessary to life, health, industry, and citizenship, the student is prepared to enter a wider and grander field of thought. If he desires that large and liberal culture which will call into activity all his powers, and make the most of the material God has given him, he must study deeply and earnestly the intellectual, the moral, the religious and the æsthetic nature of man; his relations to nature, to civilization, past and present; and above all, his relations to God. These should occupy nearly, if not fully, half the time of his college course. In connection with the philosophy of the mind, he should study logic, the pure mathematics, and the general laws of thought. In connection with moral philosophy, he should study political and social ethics, a science so little known either in colleges or Congresses. Prominent among all the rest should be his study of the wonderful history of the human race, in its slow and toilsome march across the centuries — now buried in ignorance, superstition, and crime; now rising to the sublimity of heroism, and catching a glimpse of a better destiny; now turning remorselessly away from, and leaving to perish, empires and civilizations in which it had invested its faith, and courage, and boundless energy for a thousand years, and plunging into the forests of Germany, Gaul, and

Britain, to build for itself new empires better fitted for its new aspirations; and, at last, crossing three thousand miles of unknown sea, and building in the wilderness of a new hemisphere its latest and proudest monuments. To know this as it ought to be known, requires not only a knowledge of general history, but a thorough understanding of such works as Guizot's *History of Civilization,* and Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe,* and also the rich literature of ancient and modern nations.

Of course our colleges cannot be expected to lead the student through all the paths of this great field of learning, but they should at least point out its boundaries and let him taste a few clusters from its richest vines.

Finally, in rounding up the measure of this work, the student should crown his education with that æsthetic culture which will unfold to him the delights of nature and art, and make his mind and heart a fit temple where the immortal spirit of Beauty may dwell forever.

While acquiring this class of knowledge, the student is on a perpetual voyage of discovery — searching what he is and what he may become — how he is related to the universe, and how the harmonies of the outer world respond to the voice within him. It is in this range of study that he learns most fully his own tastes and aptitudes, and generally determines what his work in life shall be.

The last item in the classification I have suggested — that special knowledge which is necessary to fit a man for the particular profession or calling he may adopt — I cannot discuss here, as it lies outside the field of general education; but I will make one suggestion to any of the young gentlemen before me who may intend to choose, as his life-work, some one of the learned professions. You will make a fatal mistake if you make only the same preparations which your predecessors made fifty or even ten years ago. Each generation must have a higher cultivation than the preceding one, in order to be equally successful, and each must be educated for his own times. If you become a lawyer, you must remember that the science of law is not fixed like geometry, but is a growth which keeps pace with the progress of society. The developments of the late war will make it necessary to rewrite many of the

leading chapters of international and maritime law. The destruction of slavery and the enfranchisement of 4,000,000 of colored men will almost revolutionize American jurisprudence. If Webster were now at the bar, in the full glory of his strength, he would be compelled to reconstruct the whole fabric of his legal learning. Similar changes are occurring both in the medical and military professions. Ten years hence the young surgeon will hardly venture to open an office till he has studied, thoroughly, the medical and surgical history of the late war. Since the experience at Sumter and Wagner, no nation will again build fortifications of costly masonry, for they have learned that earth-works are not only cheaper, but a better defense against artillery. The text-books on military engineering must be rewritten. Our Spencer rifle and the Prussian needle-gun have revolutionized both the manufacture and the manual of arms — and no great battle will ever again be fought with muzzle-loading muskets. Napoleon at the head of his Old Guard could to-day win no Austerlitz, till he had read the military history of the last six years.

It may perhaps be thought that the suggestion I have made concerning the professions will not apply to the work of the Christian minister whose principal text-book is a divine and perfect revelation; but in my judgment, the remark applies to the clerical profession with even more force than to any other. There is no department of his duties in which he does not need the fullest and the latest knowledge. He is pledged to the defense of revelation and religion; but it will not avail him to be able to answer the objections of Hume and Voltaire. The arguments of Paley were not written to answer the skepticisms of to-day. His *Natural Theology* is now less valuable than Hugh Miller's *Footprints of the Creator,* or Guyot's lectures on *Earth and Man.* The men and women of to-day know but little and care less about the thousand abstract questions of polemic theology which puzzled the heads and wearied the hearts of our Puritan fathers and mothers. That minister will make, and he deserves to make, a miserable failure, who attempts to feed hungry hearts on the dead dogmas of the past. More than that

of any other man it is his duty to march abreast with the advanced thinkers of his time, and be not only a learner but a teacher of its science, its literature, and its criticism.

But I return to the main question before me. Having endeavored to state what kinds of knowledge should be the objects of a liberal education, I shall next inquire how well the course of study in American colleges is adapted to the attainment of these objects. In discussing this question, I do not forget that he is deemed a rash and imprudent man who invades with suggestions of change these venerable sanctuaries of learning. Let him venture to suggest that much of the wisdom there taught is foolishness, and he may hear from the college chapels of the land, in good Virgilian hexameter, the warning cry, "Procul O! procul este profani!" Happy for him if the whole body of alumni do not with equal pedantry respond in Horatian verse, "Fenum habet in cornu; longe fuge." But I protest that a friend of American education may suggest changes in our college studies without committing profanation or carrying hay on his horns. Our colleges have done, and are doing a noble work, for which they deserve the thanks of the nation, but he is not their enemy who suggests that they ought to do much better. As an alumnus of one which I shall always reverence — and as a friend of all — I will venture to discuss the work they are doing. I have examined some twenty catalogues of eastern, western, and southern colleges, and find the subjects taught, and the relative time given to each, about the same in all. The chief difference is in the quantity of work required. I will take Harvard as a representative, it being the oldest of our colleges — and certainly requiring as much study as any other. Remembering that the standard by which we measure a student's work for one day is three recitations of one hour each, and that his year usually consists of three terms of thirteen or fourteen weeks each, for convenience sake I will divide the work required to admit him to college, and after four years to graduate him, into two classes:

1st. That which belongs to the study of Latin and Greek; and 2d, that which does not.

Now from the annual catalogue of Harvard for 1866–67

(page 26) I find that the candidate for admission to the Freshman class must be examined in what will require the study of eight terms in Latin, six in Greek, one in Ancient Geography, one in Grecian History, and one in Roman History, which make seventeen terms in the studies of class first. Under the head of class second, the candidate is required to be examined in Reading, in common school Arithmetic and Geography, in one term's study of Algebra, and one term of Geometry. English Grammar is not mentioned.

Thus after studying the elementary branches which are taught in all our common schools, it requires about two years and a half of study to enter a college; and of that seventeen parts are devoted to the Language, History, and Geography of Greece and Rome, and two parts to all other subjects!

Reducing the Harvard year to the usual division of three terms, the analysis of the work will be found as follows: not less than nine terms of Latin — there may be twelve if the student chooses it; not less than six terms of Greek — but twelve if he chooses it; and he may elect, in addition, three terms in Roman History. With the average of three recitations per day, and three terms per year, we may say that the whole work of College study consists of thirty-six parts. Not less than fifteen of these *must* be devoted to Latin and Greek, and not more than twenty-one to all other subjects. If the student chooses he *may* devote twenty-four parts to Latin and Greek, and twelve to all other subjects. Taking the whole six and a half years of preparatory and college study — we find that to earn a Bachelor's diploma at Harvard, a young man, after leaving the district school, must devote four-sevenths of all his labor to Greece and Rome.

Now what do we find in our second, or *unclassical* list? It is chiefly remarkable for what it does not contain. In the whole programme of study, lectures included, no mention whatever is made of Physical Geography, of Anatomy, Physiology, or the general History of the United States. A few weeks of Senior year given to Guizot and the History of the Federal Constitution, and a Lecture on General History once a week during half that year, fur-

nishes all that the graduate of Harvard is required to know of his own country and the living nations of the earth.

He must apply years of arduous labor to the history, oratory, and poetry of Greece and Rome, but he is not required to cull a single flower from the rich fields of our own Literature. English Literature is not named in the curriculum, except that the student may, if he chooses, attend a few general lectures on modern literature.

Such are some of the facts in reference to the educational work of our most venerable college, where there is probably concentrated more general and special culture than at any other in America.

I think it probable that in some of the colleges the proportion of Latin and Greek to other studies may be less, but I believe that in none of them the preparatory and college work devoted to these two languages is less than half of all the work required.

Now the bare statement of this fact should challenge and must challenge the attention of every thoughtful man in the nation. No wonder that men are demanding, with an earnestness that will not be repressed, to know how it happens, and why it happens, that, placing in one end of the balance all the mathematical studies, all the physical sciences, in their recent rapid developments; all the study of the human mind and the laws of thought; all principles of political economy and social science, which underlie the commerce and industry and shape the legislation of nations; the history of our own nation — its constitution of government and its great industrial interests; all the literature and history of modern civilization — placing all this, I say, in one end of the balance, they kick the beam when Greece and Rome are placed in the other. I hasten to say that I make no attack upon the study of these noble languages as an important and necessary part of a liberal education. I have no sympathy with that sentiment which would drive them from academy and college as a part of the dead past that should bury its dead. It is the *proportion* of work given to them of which I complain.

These studies hold their relative rank in obedience to

the tyranny of custom. Each new college is modeled after the older ones, and all in America have been patterned on an humble scale after the universities of Europe. The prominence given to Latin and Greek at the founding of these universities was a matter of inexorable necessity. The continuance of the same, or anywhere near the same, relative prominence to-day, is both unnecessary and indefensible. I appeal to history for the proof of these assertions.

Near the close of the 5th century we date the beginning of those dark ages which enveloped the whole world for a thousand years. The human race seemed stricken with intellectual paralysis. The noble language of the Cæsars, corrupted by a hundred barbarous dialects, ceased to be a living tongue long before the modern languages of Europe had been reduced to writing.

In Italy the Latin died in the 10th century, but the oldest document known to exist in Italian was not written till the year 1200. Italian did not really take its place in the family of written languages till a century later, when it was crystallized into form and made immortal by the genius of Dante and Petrarch.

The Spanish was not a written language till the year 1200, and was scarcely known to Europe till Cervantes convulsed the world with laughter in 1605.

The Latin ceased to be spoken by the people of France in the 10th century, and French was not a written language till the beginning of the 14th century. Pascal, who died in 1662, is called the father of modern French prose.

The German as a literary language dates from Luther, who died in 1546. It was one of his mortal sins against Rome that he translated the Bible into the uncouth and vulgar tongue of Germany.

Our own language is also of recent origin. Richard I., of England, who died in 1199, never spoke a word of English in his life. Our mother tongue was never heard in an English court of justice till 1362. The statutes of England were not written in English till three years before Columbus landed in the New World. No philologist dates modern English farther back than 1500. Sir

Thomas More (author of *Utopia*), who died in 1535, was the father of English prose.

The dark ages were the sleep of the world, while the languages of the modern world were being born out of chaos.

The first glimmer of dawn was in the 12th century, when in Paris, Oxford, and other parts of Europe, universities were established. The 15th century was spent in saving the remnants of classic learning which had been locked up in the cells of monks; the Greek at Constantinople, and the Latin in the cloisters of Western Europe.

During the first three hundred years of the life of the older universities it is almost literally true that no modern tongue had become a written language. The learning of Europe was in Latin and Greek. In order to study either science or literature these languages must be first learned. European writers continued to use Latin long after the modern languages were fully established. Even Milton's great *Defense of the People of England* was written in Latin — as were also the *Principia* and other scientific works of Newton, who died in 1727.

The pride of learned corporations, the spirit of exclusiveness among learned men, and their want of sympathy with the mass of the people, united to maintain Latin as the language of learning long after its use was defensible.

Now mark the contrast between the objects and demands of education when the European universities were founded — or even when Harvard was founded — and its demands at the present time. We have a family of modern languages almost equal in force and perfection to the classic tongues, and a modern literature, which, if less perfect in æsthetic form than the ancient, is immeasurably richer in truth, and is filled with the noblest and bravest thoughts of the world. When the universities were founded, modern science was not born. Scarcely a generation has passed since then without adding some new science to the circle of knowledge. As late as 1809 the Edinburg *Review* declared that "lectures upon Political Economy would be discouraged in Oxford, probably despised, probably not permitted." At a much later date,

there was no text-book in the United States on that subject. The claims of Latin and Greek to the chief place in the curriculum, have been gradually growing less, and the importance of other knowledge has been constantly increasing; but the colleges have generally opposed all innovations and still cling to the old ways with stubborn conservatism. Some concessions, however, have been made to the necessities of the times, both in Europe and America. Harvard would hardly venture to enforce its law (which prevailed long after Cotton Mather's day) forbidding its students to speak English within the college limits, under any pretext whatever; and British Cantabs have had their task of composing hexameters in bad Latin reduced by a few thousand verses during the last century.

It costs me a struggle to say anything on this subject which may be regarded with favor by those who would reject the classics altogether, for I have read them and taught them with a pleasure and relish which few other pursuits have ever afforded me. But I am persuaded that their supporters must soon submit to a readjustment of their relations to college study, or they may be driven from the course altogether. There are most weighty reasons why Latin and Greek should be retained as a part of a liberal education. He who would study our own language profoundly must not forget that nearly thirty per cent of its words are of Latin origin — that the study of Latin is the study of Universal Grammar, and renders the acquisition of any modern language an easy task, and is indispensible to the teacher of language and literature, and to other professional men.

Greek is, perhaps, the most perfect instrument of thought ever invented by man, and its literature has never been equaled in purity of style and boldness of expression. As a means of intellectual discipline its value can hardly be overestimated. To take a long and complicated sentence in Greek — to study each word in its meanings, inflections and relations, and to build up in the mind, out of these polished materials, a sentence, perfect as a temple, and filled with the Greek thought which has dwelt there two thousand years, is almost an act of creation; it calls into activity all the faculties of the mind.

That the Christian oracles have come down to us in Greek, will make Greek scholars forever a necessity.

These studies, then, should not be neglected; they should neither devour nor be devoured. I insist they can be made more valuable and at the same time less prominent than they now are. A large part of the labor now bestowed upon them is devoted, not to learning the genius and spirit of the language, but is more than wasted on pedantic trifles. More than half a century ago, in his essay entitled "Too much Latin and Greek," Sydney Smith lashed this trifling as it deserves. Speaking of classical Englishmen, he says: "Their minds have become so completely possessed by exaggerated notions of classical learning, that they have not been able, in the great school of the world, to form any other notion of real greatness. Attend, too, to the public feelings — look to all the terms of applause. A learned man! — a scholar! — a man of erudition. Upon whom are these epitaphs of approbation bestowed? Are they give to men acquainted with the science of government? thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies and their action upon each other? No; this is not learning: it is Chemistry, or Political Economy — not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of Scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in ω and μι. . . . The object of the young Englishman is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself, are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever cross his mind? would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith and Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of the same utility as, Bentley or Heyné? We are inclined

to think that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that which was expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great king of Prussia, who entertained great doubts whether the king, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in μι." He concludes another essay written in 1836 with these words: "If there is anything which fills reflecting men with melancholy and regret, it is the waste of mortal time, parental money, and puerile happiness, in the present method of pursuing Latin and Greek."

To write verses in these languages, to study elaborate theories of the Greek accent, and the ancient pronunciation of both Greek and Latin, which no one can ever know he has discovered, and which would be utterly valueless if he did discover it; to toil over the innumerable exceptions to the arbitrary rules of poetic quantity which few succeed in learning and none remember — these, and a thousand other similar things which crowd the pages of Zumpt and Kühner, no more constitute a knowledge of the spirit and genius of the Greek and Latin languages than counting the number of threads to the square inch in a man's coat and the number of pegs in his boots, makes us acquainted with his moral and intellectual character. The greatest literary monuments of Greece existed hundreds of years before the science of Grammar was born. Plato and Thucydides had a tolerable acquaintance with the Greek language, but Crosby goes far beyond their depth.

Our colleges should require a student to understand thoroughly the structure, idioms, and spirit of these languages, and to be able by the aid of a lexicon to analyze and translate them with readiness and elegance. They should give him the key to the store-house of ancient literature, that he may explore its treasures for himself in after-life. This can be done in two years less than the usual time, and nearly as well as it is now done.

I am glad to inform you, young gentlemen, that the Trustees of the institution in this place have this day resolved that in the course of study to be pursued here, Latin and Greek shall not be *required* after the Freshman year. They must be studied the usual time as a requisite to admission, and they may be carried further than Fresh-

man year as elective studies; but in the regular course their places will be supplied by some of the studies I have already mentioned. Three or four terms in general literature will teach you that the republic of letters is larger than Greece or Rome. The Board of Trustees have been strengthened in the position they have taken, by the fact that a similar course for the future has recently been announced by the authorities of Harvard University. Within the last six days I have received a circular from the Secretary of that venerable college, which announces that two-thirds of the Latin and Greek are hereafter to be stricken from the list of required studies of the college course.

I rejoice that this movement has begun. Other colleges must follow the example, and the day will not be far distant when it shall be the pride of a scholar that he is also a worker, and when the worker shall not refuse to become a scholar because he despises a trifler.

I congratulate you that this change does not reduce the amount of labor required of you. If it did I should deplore it. I beseech you to remember that the genius of success is still the genius of labor. If hard work is not another name for talent, it is the best possible substitute for it. In the long run, the chief difference in men will be found in the amount of work they do. Do not trust to what lazy men call the spur of the occasion. If you wish to wear spurs in the tournament of life, you must buckle them to your own heels before you enter the lists.

Men look with admiring wonder upon a great intellectual effort, like Webster's reply to Hayne, and seem to think that it leaped into life by the inspiration of the moment. But if, by some intellectual chemistry, we could resolve that masterly speech into several elements of power, and trace each to its source, we should find that every constituent force had been elaborated twenty years before, it may be in some hour of earnest intellectual labor. Occasion may be the bugle-call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle cannot ever make soldiers or win victories.

And finally, young gentlemen, learn to cultivate a wise self-reliance, based not on what you hope, but on what

HAMLIN GARLAND.

you perform. It has long been the habit at this institution, if I may so speak, to throw young men overboard and let them sink or swim. None have yet drowned who were worth the saving. I hope the practice will be continued, and that you will rely upon outside help for growth or success. Give crutches to cripples, but go you forth with brave, true hearts, knowing that fortune dwells in your brain and muscle, and labor is the only human symbol of Omnipotence.— *Address at Hiram, Ohio, 1867.*

GARLAND, HAMLIN, an American novelist; born at La Crosse Valley, Wis., September 16, 1860. He passed the earlier years of his childhood on a farm in one of those deep, dry ravines known as *coulées* or "coollies;" but at the age of seven he removed with his parents to a beautiful tract of wooded land just across the Mississippi, where they remained a year, and then settled near Osage, Ia. Here he was educated, at Cedar Valley Seminary, by Dr. Alva Bush, a prominent Baptist educator. Graduating at twenty-one, he traveled in the East for two years, earning his living by lecturing and teaching. His father had gone to Dakota; and in 1883 the son followed. In 1884 he went to Boston and spent much of his time for five years reading books in the Boston Public Library, teaching private classes meanwhile for a living. During this period he wrote a great many lectures on American literature; sent a few contributions to periodicals; and gave considerable time and attention to the advocacy of Henry George's economic doctrines. In 1890 he again started for the West, and in 1891 he published his *Main-Traveled Roads,* which

was quickly followed by *Jason Edwards; A Little Norsk, or Ol' Pap's Flaxen,* and *A Member of the Third House.* As he became known and the demand for his books increased, the stress of literary work made it necessary that he should be more settled; he therefore made Chicago his winter home, and West Salem, to which his parents had returned, his summer residence. He published *A Spoil of Office* and *Prairie Folks* in 1892; and in 1893 he appeared before the public as a poet in a dainty volume entitled *Prairie Songs.* In the preface to these verses he says: "The prairies are gone. I held one of the ripping, snarling, breaking ploughs that rolled the hazel bushes and the wild sunflowers under. I saw the wild steers come into pasture and the wild colts come under harness. I saw the wild fowl scatter and turn aside; I saw the black sod burst into gold and lavender harvests of wheat and corn — and so there comes into my reminiscences an unmistakable note of sadness."

Crumbling Idols, a collection of essays on art, appeared in 1894. His novel entitled *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* and his *Early Life of U. S. Grant* were issued serially in *McClure's Magazine* in 1896 and 1897. His later works include *Wayside Courtships* (1897); *The Eagle's Heart* (1901); *Her Mountain Lover* (1903); *Hesper* (1904); and *The Tyranny of the Dark* (1905).

"A great deal of Mr. Garland's power," says *The Writer,* "lies in his intense earnestness. There is no uncertainty about his creed, whether it touches religion, politics, art, literature, or social reform. What he believes he believes all through, and it is not always what other people believe."

THE VOICE OF THE PINES.

Wailing, wailing,
O ceaseless wail of the pines
Sighing, sighing,
An incommunicable grief!

No matter how bright the summer sky,
No matter how the dandelions star the sod,
Nor how the bees buzz in the cherry blooms,
Nor how the rich green grass is thick with daisies,
While the sun moves through the dazzling sky,
And the up-rolled clouds sail slowly on,
The nun-voiced pines, sombre and strong,
Breathe on their endless, moaning song.

The birds do not dwell there or sing there!
They fly to trees with fruit and shining leaves,
Where twigs swing gayly and boughs are in bloom.
Among these glooms they would surely die,
And their young forget to swing and sway.
The wild hawk may sit here and scream;
The gray-coated owl utter his hoarse note;
And the dark ravens perch and peer
But the robins, the orioles, the bright singers
Flee these sighing pines.

Sighing, sighing!
O vast, illimitable voice!
Like the moan of multitudes, the chant of nuns,
Thy ceaseless wail and cry comes on me,
And when the autumn sky is dull and wild,
When jagged clouds stream swiftly by,
When the sleet falls in slant torrents,
When the dripping arms, outspread, are drear
And harsh with cold and rain,
Then thy voice, O pines, is stern and wild;
Thy sigh becomes a vengeful moan and snarl —
A voice of stormy, inexpressible anguish
Timed to the sweep of thy tossing boughs,
Keyed to the desolate gray of the ragged sky.

Wailing, wailing,
O vast, illimitable voice!
The chill wash of swift dark streams,
The joyless days, the lonely nights,
Hungry noons, funeral trains, with trappings of sable,—
The burial chants with clods falling in the grave —
All the measureless and eternal inheritance of grief,
All the ineffable woe which has oppressed my race,
All the tragedy I have felt,
Comes back to me here,
Borne on the wings of thine eternal wail,
Blent in the flow
Of thine incommunicable sorrow.

—*Prairie Songs.*

A WINTER BROOK.

How sweetly you sang as you circled
The elm's rugged knees in the sod,
I know! for deep in the shade of your willows,
A barefooted boy, with a rod,
I lay in the drowsy June weather,
And sleepily whistled in tune
To the laughter I heard in your shallows,
Involved in the music of June.

—*Prairie Songs.*

AT DUSK.

Indolent I lie
Beneath the sky
Thick sown with clouds that soar and float
Like stately swans upon the air,
And in the hush of dusk I hear
The ring-dove's plaintive, liquid note
Sound faintly as a prayer.

Against the yellow sky
The grazing kine stalk slowly by;
Like wings that spread and float and flee
The clouds are drifting over me.
The couching cattle sigh,

And from the meadow damp and dark
I hear the piping of the lark;
While falling night-hawks scream and boom,
Like rockets through the rising gloom,
And katydids with pauseless chime
Bear on the far frog's ringing rhyme.
—*Prairie Songs.*

HER FIRST SORROW.

She was only five years old when her mother suddenly withdrew her hands from pans and kettles, gave up all thought of bread and butter making, and took rest in death. Only a few hours of waiting on her bed near the kitchen fire and Ann Dutcher was through with toil and troubled dreaming, and lay in the dim best room, taking no account of anything in the light of day.

Rose got up the next morning after her mother's last kiss and went into the room where the body lay. A gnomish little figure the child was for at that time her head was large and her cropped hair bristled till she seemed a sort of brownie. Also, her lonely child-life had given her quaint, grave ways.

She knew her mother was dead, and that death was a kind of sleep which lasted longer than common sleep, that was all the difference, so she went in and stood by the bed and tried to see her mother's face. It was early in the morning, and the curtains being drawn it was dark in the room, but Rose had no fear, for mother was there.

She talked softly to herself a little while, then went over to the window and pulled on the string of the curtain till it rolled up. Then she went back and looked at her mother. She grew tired of waiting at last.

"Mamma," she called, "wake up. Can't you wake up, mamma?"

She patted the cold, rigid cheeks with her rough, brown little palms. Then she blew in the dead face gravely. Then she thought if she could open mamma's eyes she'd be awake. So she took her finger and thumb and tried to lift the lashes, and when she did she was frightened by the look of the set, faded gray eyes. Then the terri-

ble, vague shadow of the Unknown settled upon her, and she cried convulsively: "Mamma! mamma, I want you!" Thus she met death, early in her life.—*Rose of Dutcher's Coolly.*

LOCAL COLORING.

To most eyes the sign-manual of the impressionist is the blue shadow. And it must be admitted that too many impressionists have painted as if the blue shadow were the only distinguishing sign of the difference between the new and the old. The gallery-trotter, with eyes filled with dead and buried symbolisms of nature, comes upon Bunker's meadows, or Sinding's mountain-tops, or Larson's sunsets, and exclaims, "Oh, see those dreadful pictures! Where did they get such colors?"

To see these colors is a development. In my own case, I may confess, I got my first idea of colored shadows from reading one of Herbert Spencer's essays ten years ago. I then came to see blue and grape-color in the shadows on the snow. By turning my head topside down, I came to see that shadows falling upon yellow sand were violet, and the shadows of vivid sunlight falling on the white of a macadamized street were blue, like the shadows on snow.

Being so instructed, I came to catch through the corners of my eyes sudden glimpses of a radiant world which vanished as magically as it came. On my horse I caught glimpses of this marvellous land of color as I galloped across some bridge. In this world stone walls were no longer cold gray, they were warm purple, deepening as the sun westered. And so the landscape grew radiant year by year, until at last no painter's impression surpassed my world in beauty.

As I write this, I have just come in from a bee-hunt over Wisconsin hills, amid splendors which would make Monet seem low-keyed. Only Enneking and some few others of the American artists, and some of the Norwegians, have touched the degree of brilliancy and sparkle of color which were in the world to-day. Amid bright orange foliage, the trunks of beeches glowed with steel-

blue shadows on their eastern side. Sumach flamed with marvellous brilliancy among deep, cool, green grasses and low plants untouched by frost. Everywhere amid the red and orange and crimson were lilac and steel-blue shadows, giving depth and vigor and buoyancy which Corot never saw (or never painted) — a world which Innes does not represent. Enneking comes nearer, but even he tones unconsciously the sparkle of these colors.

Going from this world of frank color to the timid apologies and harmonies of the old-school painters is depressing. Never again can I find them more than mere third-hand removes of Nature. The Norwegians come nearer to seeing Nature as I see it than any other nationality. Their climate must be somewhat similar to that in which my life has been spent, but they evidently have more orange in their sunlight.

The point to be made here is this: The atmosphere and coloring of Russia is not the atmosphere of Holland. The atmosphere of Norway is much clearer and the colors are more vivid than in England. One school therefore cannot copy or be based upon the other without loss. Each painter should paint his own surroundings, with Nature for his teacher, rather than some Dutch master, painting the never-ending mists and rains of the sea-level.—*Crumbling Idols.*

GARNETT, RICHARD, an English poet and essayist; born at Lichfield, Staffordshire, February 27, 1835. In 1851 he was appointed an assistant in the British Museum, and held various positions there until 1884 when he resigned to devote himself to the publication of the *Museum Catalogue.* He has written many essays for the magazines, and numerous articles for encyclopedias. His published

works include: *Primula: a Book of Lyrics* (1858); *Egypt and Other Poems* (1859); *Poems from the German* (1862); *Relics of Shelley* (1862); *Idylls and Epigrams* (1869); *Selections of Shelley's Poems* (1880); *Letters* (1882); *Life of Carlyle* (1887); *Life of Emerson* (1887); *Twilight of the Gods* (1888); *Life of Milton* (1890); *Iphigenia in Delphi* (1891); *Poems* (1893); *William Blake: Painter and Poet* (1895); *The Age of Dryden* (1895). *Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch and Camoens* (1896); *Richmond on the Thames* (1896); *Life of Wakefield* (1898); *History of Italian Literature* (1898); *Essays in Bibliography* (1899); *The Queen and Other Poems* (1901); and *Essays of an Ex-Librarian* (1902).

BREVITY.

Windows in Heaven, lakes in transparency;
Eve's waning hour, of light not all undrest;
The distant rivers' mimicry of rest;
Gleams for a moment given to the sea;
The passing face that snares thee innocently;
Unbidden tears; proud sob with pride represt;
Unlooked for look of Love; these bring life zest
Savory with the salt of brevity.
Briefness of life doth life to Life endear;
One mortal heart for all the Gods hath room;
Restriction molds and rolls the suns aright;
By circumspection of compacted sphere
Welding to orbs that kindle and illume,
The beamless dust of spaces infinite.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT ON MEN OF LETTERS

"Do you observe any traces of 'Faust,'" asks Shelley of a friend, "in the poem I send you? Poets — the best of them — are a very chameleonic race; they take the color, not only of what they feed on, but of the very leaves under which they pass."

Shelley was thinking chiefly of the influence of an author's favorite books on his own productions, but the remark is applicable to other descriptions of leaves than book leaves, to any kind of influence with which the poet, and in a less degree the prose-writer, if a susceptible person, is habitually in contact. From this point of view authors may be divided into two classes — to both of which they may belong at different periods of their lives — those who can and those who cannot choose their environment. When we can be sure that a writer belongs to the former class, the environment, as an index to his inclinations, in its turn reflects light upon the characteristics of his own mind, while sometimes it raises a problem. It is easy to see why Louis Stevenson should have preferred to live in the South Sea Islands, and, apart from the qualities of the books composed there, the mere fact affords an insight into his nature which could never have been had if his works had been produced in Scotland. But Stevenson also shows that a book may be entirely independent of environment, by writing his last and perhaps his most characteristically Scotch fiction, *Weir of Hermiston,* among the cocoanut groves of Samoa. This, in the case of a man so sensitive and susceptible, seems to demonstrate that, while the influence of environment cannot be denied, witness such tales as *The Beach of Falesa,* it may count for nothing in presence of an overmastering impulse from another quarter. *Weir of Hermiston,* judging from his correspondence, would seem to be of all his books the one which had taken the most complete possession of him, hence its superior merit.

"And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drive the weary wight along."

If we can easily follow Stevenson to the South Seas, there are other writers able, like him, to choose their own environment whose motives are for the present inscrutable, and consequently fail to afford light to their characters and writings. Why should Mr. Henry James, the most subtle analyst of complicated modern society, spend

his life by preference in a little Cinque Port? When we know what secret bond attaches Mr. James to Rye, we shall know more of him than we do, and if he does not tell us himself, it will be a matter for his biographers to investigate.

One of the strongest witnesses to the influence of environment is Shakespeare, when he deplores the evil influence of the profession of actor upon him, and complains that his nature is

> "Subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

("Observe this image," comments Shelley, "how simple it is, and yet how animated with the most intense poetry and passion.") There is great reason to think that Shakespeare renounced the profession of acting long before he ceased writing for the stage; it is certain that as soon as he was able he acquired property at his native place, which he must have visited as frequently as his professional engagements would allow. It is interesting to inquire how far an influence from this change is perceptible in his writings, and it may be traced with certainty. The precise date of the sonnet quoted above is doubtful, but it certainly did not long precede his acquisition of property at Stratford. Within a year or two of this event we find him producing the most sylvan of his dramas, *As You Like It,* more thoroughly pervaded with the spirit of country life than anything he had written before, if we accept the description of the horse in *Venus and Adonis,* beginning

> "But lo, from forth a copse that neighbors by,"

and of coursing a hare in the same poem, beginning

> "And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare."

The latter, especially, is a marvel of accurate description, showing that Shakespeare must have been at many a coursing match. *Venus and Adonis,* being described by him as "the first heir of my invention," was probably

written not long after his departure from Stratford, when the impression of country life would be strong with him. Revived by his acquisition of a house there and his occasional visits, they come out in full force after he has made it his principal residence there in his latter years, culminating in the pastoral scenes in *A Winter's Tale* (1611), where villagers and village pastimes are painted to the life. Here seems a clear instance of the effect of environment. It is an interesting question whether the total neglect of the country by the artificial poets of a later day, such as Dryden and Pope, is to be attributed to their metropolitan environment or to the pervading atmosphere of the period. Their opportunities for contemplating the face of Nature were indeed few, but they showed no disposition to profit by those which they had. How different from Keats! who had scarcely been beyond Edmonton when he produced his first poems, which nevertheless contain couplets so instinct with the spirit of the country as this:

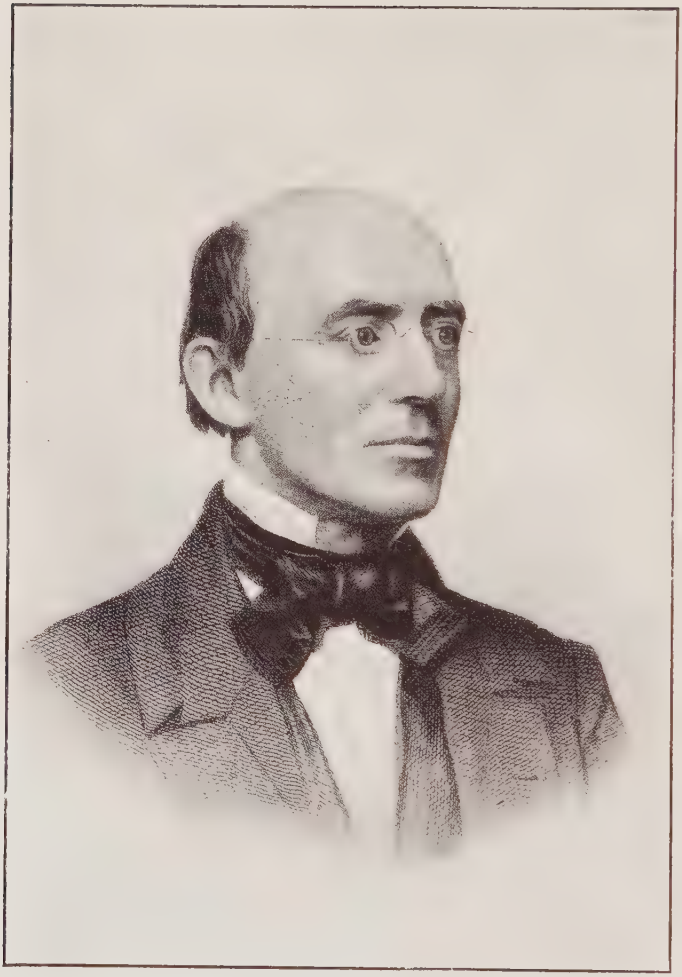
> "When a tale is beautifully staid,
> We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade."

Scott is a most signal instance of the power of environment. It would hardly be fair to appeal to Byron as another, for he traveled with the deliberate intention of making poetical capital out of everything that came in his way. He nevertheless forms one of a remarkable group of English poets who have been deeply influenced by Italian environment. The list includes Landor, Shelley, Keats, and both the Brownings. Of these Robert Browning seems the most deeply influenced, doubtless because as a dramatist he touched Italian life at more points than the rest. He is a magnificent instance of what improvement can be effected even in a great poet by transplantation, provided that the process is not continued so long as to pervert the original bent of his genius. The greatest literary gift, however, that Italy ever made to England was not poetry, but Gibbon's *Decline and Fall,* conceived as, sitting by the Coliseum on a moonlight night, he heard the barefooted friars sing vespers in the Temple of Jupi-

ter. The influence, however, though permanent in its effects, was too transient in its application to be reckoned among instances of environment; but Gibbon has told us of a more prosaic inspiration which certainly deserved the name, the benefit which the historian who was to write so fully on military matters received from a spell of service in the militia.

It sometimes happens that a great writer spends a long life in an environment devoid of striking features, and which we nevertheless feel to have been the best he could possibly have had. Such a case was Goethe's: he could not have been better suited than at Weimar, and yet Weimar can hardly be thought to have supplied much aliment to the genius of which he had given ample proofs before coming there. Its effect was to provide him with the quiet, honorable, stable environment, within which his calm, polished genius could work freely and happily, "Without haste and without rest," as he said himself. He might have found it difficult to observe this commendable maxium if his circumstances had been less easy, and his sphere of action more perturbed.

On the whole we can but conclude that it is possible to attribute both too much and too little to environment, that it always exerts some influence, but rarely makes the author an entirely different man to what he would have been under other circumstances, and that this influence usually varies in proportion to the susceptibility of his temperament. Men of the highest genius are consequently in one point of view the most liable to be affected by it, but from another the least, as the force of their minds enables them to triumph over circumstances which would crush feebler natures. Milton affords a memorable instance, composing his immortal poem under a total privation of sight, and under the most adverse personal and domestic circumstances. Here the environment was absolutely hostile, but his past studies and his present meditations enabled him to create for himself another far different one, within which his life was in reality spent. *Paradise Lost* could not have been greater if his circumstances had been of the happiest, but this is mainly owing to the ideal and spiritual character of the poem.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The vast majority of writers who deal with more sublunary matters will do well to adapt, as far as may be, their environment to themselves; and, when this is not practicable, themselves to their environment. Too much, however, must not be expected from even the most favorable external situation; if a man cannot do something where he is, he is not likely to do much anywhere.—*From Essays.*

GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD, an American philanthropist and journalist; born at Newburyport, Mass., December 12, 1804; died at New York, May 24, 1879. On the death of his father, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Lynn, but afterward returned to Newburyport, and went to school, partly supporting himself by sawing wood. In 1818 he was apprenticed to a printer, the publisher of the Newburyport *Herald,* to which, when seventeen or eighteen years of age, he began to contribute articles on political and other subjects. He wrote for other papers, and in 1826 became editor and proprietor of the Newburyport *Free Press,* which was unsuccessful. The next year he edited the *National Philanthropist,* a paper advocating total abstinence, and in 1828 was connected with the *Journal of the Times,* published at Bennington, Vt., in the interests of peace, temperance, and antislavery. In 1829 he joined Benjamin Lundy in publishing *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* at Baltimore. He advocated the immediate abolition of slavery, and condemned the colonization of the negroes in Africa, while Lundy favored gradual emancipation. In 1830 Garrison's denunciation of the taking of a

cargo of slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans as "domestic piracy," led to his indictment for libel. He was tried, convicted, and fined; and, being unable to discharge his fine, was imprisoned, until the generous act of a New York merchant released him. He now began a course of anti-slavery lectures in Boston, New York, and other cities, hoping to obtain the means of establishing a journal in support of his convictions.

On January 1, 1831, in conjunction with Isaac Knapp, he issued the first number of *The Liberator,* in which he spared neither man nor system that advocated, protected, or excused slavery. Immediate emancipation, without regard to consequences, or provision for the future, was his demand. The greatest excitement ensued. Abolitionists were denounced as enemies of the Union, their meetings were broken up, they were hunted like criminals, and those who attempted to educate the negroes were prosecuted. In 1832 Garrison went to England, hoping to enlist sympathy for American emancipation, and on his return assisted in organizing the American Anti-Slavery Society of Philadelphia, and prepared their *Declaration of Sentiments.* In 1838 he was one of the organizers of the New England Non-Resistance Society. In 1840 he was one of the delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in England, and refused to take his seat because the female delegates were excluded. In 1843 he became President of the Anti-Slavery Society, and held that office until 1865. He issued the last number of *The Liberator* in the same year. Mr. Garrison was the author of numerous poems, a volume of which, entitled *Sonnets and Other Poems,* was published in 1843. In 1852 a volume of *Selections* from his writings ap-

peared. He had previously published *Thoughts on African Colonization* (1832).

THE LESSONS OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

I present myself as the advocate of my enslaved countrymen, at a time when their claims cannot be shuffled out of sight, and on an occasion which entitles me to a respectful hearing in their behalf. If I am asked to prove their title to liberty, my answer is that the Fourth of July is not a day to be wasted in establishing "self-evident truth." In the name of God who has made us of one blood, and in whose image we are created; in the name of the Messiah, who came to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; I demand the immediate emancipation of those who are pining in slavery on the American soil, whether they are fattening for the shambles in Maryland and Virginia, or are wasting, as with a pestilent disease, on the cotton and sugar plantations of Alabama and Louisiana; whether they are male or female, young or old, vigorous or infirm. I make this demand, not for the children merely, but the parents also; not for one, but for all; not with restrictions and limitations, but unconditionally. I assert their perfect equality with ourselves, as a part of the human race, and their inalienable right to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

That this demand is founded in justice, and is therefore irresistible, the whole nation is this day acknowledging, as upon oath at the bar of the world. And not until, by a formal vote, the people repudiate the Declaration of Independence as a false and dangerous instrument, and cease to keep this festival in honor of liberty, as unworthy of note and remembrance; not until they spike every cannon, and muffle every bell, and disband every procession, and quench every bonfire, and gag every orator; not until they brand Washington and Adams, and Jefferson and Hancock, as fanatics and madmen; not until they place themselves again in the condition of colonial subserviency to Great Britain, or

transform this republic into an imperial government; not until they cease pointing exultingly to Bunker Hill, and the plains of Concord and Lexington; not, in fine, until they deny the authority of God, and proclaim themselves to be destitute of principle and humanity, will I argue the question as one of doubtful disputation, on an occasion like this, whether our slaves are entitled to the rights and privileges of freemen. That question is settled irrevocably.

There is no man to be found, unless he has a brow of brass and a heart of stone, who will dare to contest it on a day like this. A state of vassalage is declared by universal acclamation to be such as no man, or body of men, ought to submit to for one moment. I therefore tell the American slaves that the time for their emancipation is come; that — their own taskmasters being witnesses — they are created equal to the rest of mankind; and possess an inalienable right to liberty; and that no man has a right to hold them in bondage. I counsel them not to fight for their freedom, both on account of the hopelessness of the effort, and because it is rendering evil for evil; but I tell them, not less emphatically, it is not wrong for them to refuse to wear the yoke of slavery any longer. Let them shed no blood — enter into no conspiracies — raise no murderous revolts; but, whenever and wherever they can break their fetters, God give them courage to do so! And should they attempt to elope from their house of bondage, and come to the North, may each of them find a covert from the search of the spoiler, and an invincible public sentiment to shield them from the grasp of the kidnapper! Success attend them in their flight to Canada, to touch whose monarchical soil insures freedom to every republican slave! . . .

The object of the Anti-Slavery Association is not to destroy men's lives — despots though they be — but to prevent the spilling of human blood. It is to enlighten the understanding, arouse the conscience, affect the heart. We rely upon moral power alone for success. The ground upon which we stand belongs to no sect or party — it is holy ground. Whatever else may divide us in opinion, in this one thing we are agreed — that slave-holding is a

crime under all circumstances, and ought to be immediately and unconditionally abandoned. We enforce upon no man either a political or a religious test as a condition of membership; but at the same time we expect every abolitionist to carry out his principles consistently, impartially, faithfully, in whatever station he may be called to act, or wherever conscience may lead him to go. . . .

Genuine abolitionism is not a hobby, got up for personal or associated aggrandizement; it is not a political ruse; it is not a spasm of sympathy, which lasts but for a moment, leaving the system weak and worn; it is not a fever of enthusiasm; it is not the fruit of fanaticism; it is not a spirit of faction. It is of Heaven, not of men. It lives in the heart as a vital principle. It is an essential part of Christianity, and aside from it there can be no humanity. Its scope is not confined to the slave population of the United States, but embraces mankind. Opposition cannot weary it, force cannot put it down, fire cannot consume it. It is the spirit of Jesus, who was sent "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." Its principles are self-evident, its measures rational, its purposes merciful and just. It cannot be diverted from the path of duty, though all earth and hell oppose; for it is lifted far above all earth-born fear. When it fairly takes possession of the soul, you may trust the soul-carrier anywhere, that he will not be recreant to humanity. In short, it is a life, not an impulse — a quenchless flame of philanthropy, not a transient spark of sentimentalism.— *Address, July 4, 1842.*

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control:
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose;

Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to Heaven it goes.
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the household tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.

THE GUILTLESS PRISONER.

Prisoner! within these gloomy walls close pent,
Guiltless of horrid crime or venal wrong —
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
And in thy innocence be great and strong!
Perchance thy fault was to love all mankind;
Thou didst oppose some vile oppressive law,
Or strive all human fetters to unbind;
Or would not bear the implements of war,
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory 'mid intensest sufferings!
Though beat, imprisoned, put to open shame,
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

TO BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Self-taught, unaided, poor, reviled, contemned,
Beset with enemies, by friends betrayed;
As madman and fanatic oft condemned,
Yet in thy noble cause still undismayed;
Leonidas could not thy courage boast;
Less numerous were his foes, his band more strong;
Alone unto a more than Persian host,
Thou hast undauntedly given battle long.
Nor shalt thou singly wage the unequal strife;
Unto thy aid, with spear and shield, I rush,
And freely do I offer up my life,
And bid my heart's blood find a wound to gush!
New volunteers are trooping to the field;
To die we are prepared, but not an inch to yield.

GASCOIGNE, George, an English dramatist and poet; born about 1535; died at Stamford, October 7, 1577. He studied law at one of the Inns, but, being disinherited by his father, he enlisted in the Dutch service, and served against the Spaniards, but was taken prisoner and detained for four months. Returning to England, he collected his poems, and rose into favor with Queen Elizabeth and her favorite, Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and took part in the famous festival at Kenilworth. Besides producing dramatic entertainments he wrote *The Steele Glass,* a satire in blank verse; *Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse; The Complaint of Philomene,* and a number of minor poems.

Saintsbury says in his *History of Elizabethan Literature:* "His work is remarkable for the number of of first attempts at English it contains. It has been claimed for him (though students of literary history regard such claims as hazardous) that he wrote the first English prose comedy, the first regular verse satire, the first prose tale, the first translation from Greek tragedy, and the first critical essay. Though most of these were adaptations from foreign originals, they certainly make up a remarkable budget for one man." Gascoigne was twice elected to Parliament.

Gascoigne was much praised by his contemporaries; among them Webbe speaks of him as "a witty gentleman and the very chief of our late rhymers;" Arthur Hall praises his "pretie pythie conceits;" and Harvey has a good word for "his commendable parts of conceit and endeavour," though he bemoans his "decayed and blasted estate." The latter writer also suggests

that, with Chaucer and Surrey, Gascoigne should figure in the library of a maid of honor.

LADIES OF THE COURT.

Behold, my Lord, what monsters muster here
With angels' face and harmful, hellish hearts,
With smiling looks, and deep deceitful thoughts,
With tender skins and stony, cruel minds,
With stealing steps, yet forward feet to fraud.
The younger sort come piping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Till they have caught the birds for whom they birded.
The elder sort go stately stalking on,
And on their backs they bear both land and fee,
Castles and towers, revenues and receipts,
Lordships and manors, fines; yea, farms and all! —
What should *these* be? Speak you my lovely Lord.
They be not men, for why, they have no beards;
They be no boys, which wear such sidelong gowns;
They be no gods, for all their gallant gloss;
They be no devils, I trow, that seem so saintish;
What be they? Women masking in men's weeds,
With Dutchkin doublets, and with gerkins jagged,
With Spanish spangs, and ruffles fet out of France,
With high-copt hats, and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt:
They, to be sure, seem even *Wo* to *Men* indeed!

—*The Steele Glass.*

THE LULLABIES.

First, lullaby my Youthful Years:
  It is now time to go to bed;
For crooked age and hoary hairs
  Have wore the haven within mine head.
With lullaby, then, Youth, be still,
With lullaby content thy will;
Since Courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next, lullaby my gazing Eyes,
  Which wonted were to glance apace;

For every glass may now suffice
  To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby, then, wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;
Let no fair face or beauty bright
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton Will:
  Let Reason's rule now rein my thought,
Since, all too late, I find by skill
  How dear I have thy fancies bought.
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubt appease;
For trust in this — if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby, my Youth, mine Eyes,
  My Will, my Ware, and all that was:
I can no more delays devise,
  But welcome Pain, let Pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave;
With lullaby your dreams deceive;
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

GASKELL, Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, an English novelist; born at Chelsea, London, September 29, 1810; died at Alton, Hampshire, November 12, 1865. Her father, William Stevenson, a tutor and preacher, relinquished preaching for farming because he thought it wrong to be a "hired teacher of religion." He was for a time editor of the *Scots Magazine*. He contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* and became Keeper of the Records of the Treasury. Her mother died in giv-

ing her birth, and she was adopted by an aunt. She was partly educated in a school at Stratford-on-Avon, and then returned to her father, who superintended her studies. She married William Gaskell, a clergyman of Manchester, and gave all her leisure to ministry among the poor of that city, and thus became intimately acquainted with the lives of operatives in the factories. Her first literary work was a paper entitled *An Account of Clopton Hall,* written for William Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places.* This was followed by short tales contributed to the *People's Journal. Mary Barton,* her first novel, a story of manufacturing life, was published in 1848. Her next publication was *The Moorland Cottage* (1850). *Ruth,* a novel, and *Cranford,* a series of sketches of life in a rural town, appeared in 1853. Mrs. Gaskell's other works are *North and South* (1855); a *Life of Charlotte Brontë* (1857); *Round the Sofa* (1859); *Right at Last* (1860); *Sylvia's Lovers* (1863); *Cousin Phillis,* and *Wives and Daughters,* the last of which was not quite completed at the time of her death.

GREEN HEYS FIELDS, MANCHESTER.

There are some fields near Manchester, well known to the inhabitants as Green Heys Fields, through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low — nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land), there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these commonplace but thoroughly rural fields with the busy, bustling manufacturing town he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farm-house, with its rambling outbuildings, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population

of the neighborhood. Here in their seasons may be seen the country business of hay-making, ploughing, etc., which are such pleasant mysteries for townspeople to watch; and here the artisan, deafened with noise of tongues and engines, may come to listen a while to the delicious sounds of rural life — the lowing of cattle, the milkmaid's call, the clatter and cackle of poultry in the old farm-yards. You cannot wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday-time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe, the charm of one particular stile, that it should be, on such occasions, a crowded halting-place. Close by it is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark-green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farm-yard, belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public footpath leads. The porch of this farm-house is covered by a rose-tree; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers, planted long ago when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance — roses, lavender, sage, balm (for tea), rosemary, pinks and wall-flowers, onions and jessamine, in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farm-house and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile of which I spoke, leading from the large pasture-field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn; and near this stile, on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may often be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge-bank.

I do not know whether it was on a holiday granted by the masters, or a holiday seized in right of nature and her beautiful spring-time by the workmen; but one afternoon — now ten or a dozen years ago — these fields were much thronged. It was an early May evening — the April of the poets; for heavy showers had fallen all the morning, and the round, soft white clouds, which were blown by a west wind over the dark blue sky, were sometimes varied by one blacker and more threatening.

The softness of the day tempted forth the young green leaves, which almost visibly fluttered into life; and the willows, which that morning had had only a brown reflection in the water below, were now of that tender gray-green which blends so delicately with the spring harmony of colors.

Groups of merry, and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory-girls, and wore the usual out-of-doors dress of that particular class of maidens — namely, a shawl, which at mid-day, or in fine weather, was allowed to be merely a shawl, but toward evening, or if the day were chilly, became a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no unpicturesque fashion. Their faces were not remarkable for beauty; indeed, they were below the average, with one or two exceptions; they had dark hair, neatly and classically arranged, dark eyes, but sallow complexions and irregular features. The only thing to strike a passer-by was an acuteness and intelligence of countenance which has often been noticed in a manufacturing population.

There were also numbers of boys, or rather young men, rambling among these fields, ready to bandy jokes with any one and particularly ready to enter into conversation with the girls, who, however, held themselves aloof, not in a shy, but rather in an independent way, assuming an indifferent manner to the noisy wit or obstreperous compliments of the lads. Here and there came a sober, quiet couple, either whispering lovers, or husband and wife, as the case might be; and if the latter, they were seldom unencumbered by an infant, carried for the most part by the father, while occasionally even three or four little toddlers have been carried or dragged thus far, in order that the whole family might enjoy the delicious May afternoon together.— *Mary Barton.*

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by-and-by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature. "Have you seen any numbers of the *Pickwick Papers?*" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased pastor of Cranford; and on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak. "I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model."

This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she, "and I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. *I* did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me and said, with mild dig-

nity, "Fetch me *Rasselas,* my dear, out of the book-room."

When I brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown. "Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favorite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched, majestic voice; and when she had ended, she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was the *Rambler* published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters. I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favorite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writings she and her friends considered as her *forte.* Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."— *Cranford.*

THE MINISTER.

"There is Father!" she exclaimed, pointing out to me a man in his shirt-sleeves, taller by the head than the other two with whom he was working. We only

saw him through the leaves of the ash-trees growing in the hedge, and I thought I must be confusing the figures, or mistaken: that man still looked like a very powerful laborer, and had none of the precise demureness of appearance which I had always imagined was the characteristic of a minister. It was the Reverend Ebenezer Holman, however. He gave us a nod as we entered the stubble-field, and I think he would have come to meet us but that he was in the middle of giving directions to his men. I could see that Phillis was built more after his type than her mother's. He, like his daughter, was largely made, and of a fair, ruddy complexion, whereas hers was brilliant and delicate. His hair had been yellow or sandy, but now was grizzled. Yet his gray hairs betokened no failure in strength. I never saw a more powerful man — deep chest, lean flanks, well-planted head. By this time we were nearly up to him, and he interrupted himself and stepped forward, holding out his hand to me, but addressing Phillis.

"Well, my lass, this is Cousin Manning, I suppose. Wait a minute, young man, and I'll put on my coat, and give you a decorous and formal welcome. But, Ned Hall, there ought to be a water-furrow across this land; it's a nasty, stiff, clayey, dauby bit of ground, and thou and I must fall to, come next Monday — I beg your pardon, Cousin Manning — and there's old Jem's cottage wants a bit of thatch; you can do that job to-morrow while I am busy." Then, suddenly changing the tone of his deep bass voice to an old suggestion of chapels and preachers, he added, "Now, I will give out the psalm, 'Come, all harmonious tongues,' to be sung to 'Mount Ephraim' tune.

He lifted his spade in his hand, and began to beat time with it; the two laborers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis: her rich voice followed her father's as he set the tune, and the men came in with more uncertainty, but harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice, with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the

shocks of corn had not yet been carried — a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash-trees on the other. Somehow, I think that if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.

The hymn was ended, and the men had drawn off before I could stir. I saw the minister beginning to put on his coat, and looking at me with friendly inspection in his gaze before I could rouse myself.

"I dare say you railway gentlemen don't wind up the day with singing a psalm together," said he, "but it is not a bad practice — not a bad practice. We have had it a bit earlier to-day for hospitality's sake — that's all."

I had nothing to say to this, though I was thinking a great deal. From time to time I stole a look at my companion. His coat was black, and so was his waistcoat; neckcloth he had none, his strong, full throat being bare above the snow-white shirt. He wore drab-colored knee-breeches, gray worsted stockings (I thought I knew the maker), and strong-nailed shoes. He carried his hat in his hand as if he liked to feel the coming breeze lifting his hair. After a while, I saw that the father took hold of the daughter's hand, and so they, holding each other, went along toward home.— *Cousin Phillis.*

GASPARIN, AGÉNOR ETIENNE DE, a French publicist and social economist; born at Orange, July 10, 1810; died at Geneva, Switzerland, May 4, 1871. He was the eldest son of Count Adrien Pierre de Gasparin. He was employed by Guizot as his secretary in the Department of Public Instruction, and when his father became Minister of the Interior in 1836 served also as secretary in that

department. In 1842 he was elected deputy for the arrondissement of Bastia, in Corsica. A zealous Protestant, he advocated religious liberty, prison reform, emancipation of slaves, and social purity. He was not re-elected in 1846. Disapproving of the course of Louis Napoleon, he left France, and took up his residence near Geneva, where he lectured upon economy, history, and religion. He wrote numerous pamphlets on slavery and other abuses, and contributed articles to the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* Two remarkable works advocating the Union cause were written by him during the rebellion, and were translated under the titles of *The Uprising of a Great People: the United States in 1861* and *America Before Europe* (1862). Among his other works are *Slavery and the Slave Trade* (1838); *Christianity and Paganism* (1850); *The Schools of Doubt and the School of Faith* (1853); *Turning Tables, the Supernatural in General and Spirits* (1854) *The Question of Neufchâtel* (1857); *The Family: Its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows,* and *Moral Liberty* (1868); a *Life of Innocent III.,* and *The Good Old Times,* the last two works being published after his death, which was hastened by his cares for fugitive and wounded soldiers in 1871.

TRIED AND FIRM.

It might have been said formerly that the United States subsisted only through their privileged position — without neighbors, consequently without enemies. Exempt from the efforts exacted by war, life had been easy to them; their vast political edifice had not been tried, for it had struggled against no tempest, and there was a right to suppose that the first torrent which beat against the wall would overthrow or shake the founda-

tions. To-day the torrent has come, and the foundation remains. The impotent nationality which has been shown us submerged beneath the waves of immigration has been found an energetic and long-lived nationality. In the face of the rebellious South, as in the face of the menacing South, there is found an American nation. It has broken forever — yes, broken, even in the event of the effective separation of a portion of the South — the perfidious weapon of separation. It has passed through the triple ordeal which all governments must endure — the ordeal of foundation, of independence, of revolution. It has affranchised with one blow its present and its future. At the hour of disasters it has displayed the rarest quality of all — patience to repair the evil. . . . I shall not waste my time in demonstrating that if the Union come out of the crisis victorious, it will come out aggrandized. The *uprising of a great people* will then have numerous partisans, and my paradox will become a commonplace. I have been anxious to establish another theory, no less true, but less popular — to-day, during the crisis, in the midst of difficulties and perils, whatever may be the issue of the struggle, the uprising is already accomplished. Already it has accepted heavy charges which will leave their traces on the American budget, like the noble scars which remain stamped on the countenance of conquerors. The uprising is therefore already accomplished. It may be that the United States will still combat and suffer, but their cause will not perish, and their cause is their greatness.— *America Before Europe.*

GASPARIN, Valérie Boissier de, a French essayist; born at Geneva, Switzerland, September 13, 1813; died there, June 29, 1894. She was the wife of Agénor E. Gasparin. She was a moralist of a high order. Among her works are *Mar-*

riage from the Christian Point of View (1842), which obtained a prize at the French Academy; *There are Poor in Paris and Elsewhere* (1846); *Monastic Corporations in the Heart of Protestantism* (1855); *Near Horizons; Heavenly Horizons; Vespers,* and *Human Sadness.*

BEHIND A VEIL.

Here again comes the stiffness of conventionality to paralyze a character all made up of light and motion. Spontaneous, unpremeditated, it has the gayety of a child; it has sadness as well, sudden bursts, impulses, enthusiasms, all of which I grant you are not in very perfect proportion; — the laughter is sometimes a little loud; tears come like those thunder-showers that all at once drown the sun out of sight; but such as it is, it is natural and it is charming. I add that when tempted it is excellent, because it is true. Now then let come traditions, let come the world with its good society amazement, and this poor soul is afraid of being itself. Ere long it grows ashamed of it; it dares no longer laugh or weep; it takes refuge in an artificial coldness. Here and there some eccentricity — one of those shoots of impetuous vegetation which pierce through old walls to open out to the light — escapes in look or tone; instantly there is a hue and cry. Quick, down with the portcullis, up with the drawbridge! There where a coppice full of songs grew green, a gray fortress is rising now; passers-by measure its height; they feel an icy shadow fall athwart them; they quicken their steps toward the flowery field beyond. And yet a heart was beating there; a genial spirit gave out fitful rays; there was life still, there might have been happiness.

If, at the least, the mistake once committed might become at length a kind of reality; if one but moved freely beneath the borrowed garment! But no! it was made to fit some one else; we are not only uncomfortable in it, but we are awkward as well. These disguises

only half deceive; they suffice to embarrass; not to give one a home-feeling of ease. . . .

Alas! and one may go on thus to the very end! When the end is come, the indifferent crowd permits you to be buried without your disguise. Sometimes it happens that a curious on-looker stops and contemplates you; sometimes at the supreme parting hour a fold of the veil gets disarranged, and then your true visage appears. There it is all radiant or all pale. There is the sweet smile; when just about to be for ever extinguished, it at length ventures forth upon the dying lips; the glance is fraught with emotion, tears warm the marble face! That then was the real man, the real woman! What! so beautiful, so touching, and I had never found it out! — *Human Sadness.*

OCTOBER.

On one of those October days which rise all radiant after they have once shaken off their mantle of mist, let us take our way into lonely places. The brambles are reddening on the mountains; we hear the lowing of the herds shaking their bells in the pastures. Here and there some fire rolls out its smoke; insects rise slowly with their little balloons of white silk; the bushes, deceived by the mildness of the nights, put forth fresh shoots; the great daisies, the scarlet pinks, the sage-plants that had flowered in June, open out a few bright petals here and there. This will not last; winter is coming on. What of that? This last smile tells me that God loves and means to console me.— *Human Sadness.*

GAUDEN, JOHN, an English prelate; born at Mayland, Essex, in 1605; died September 20, 1662. Having preached a successful sermon before Parliament, he was in 1640 rewarded by the

rich deanery of Bocking, and other preferments. After the breaking out of the civil war he submitted to the Presbyterian order of Church Government, and thus retained his preferments. In 1649, after the execution of Charles I., he wrote *A Just Invective against those of the Army and their Abettors who murthered King Charles I.* This, however, was not printed until after the Restoration of Charles II. Immediately after the Restoration Gauden was made chaplain to the King, then Bishop of Exeter, and in 1662 Bishop of Worcester. Between 1653 and 1660 he wrote a number of treatises in vindication of the Church of England and its clergy, among which are *A Petitionary Remonstrance to Oliver Cromwell in behalf of the Clergy of England,* and *The Tears, Sighs, and Complaints of the Church of England* (1659), *Antisacrilegus* (1660), besides several published *Sermons.*

Gauden's chief claim to a place in the history of literature rests upon his connection with the *Eikon Basiliké, or the Pourtraicture of his sacred Majestie in his Solitudes and Sufferings.* This work, bearing date of 1649, was published soon after the execution of the king, by whom on its face it purports to have been written. The work was received by the Royalists as the composition of "the Royal Martyr;" but by others the authorship was attributed to Gauden. Volume upon volume has been written on both sides of this controversy, which, perhaps, will never be definitely settled, since as late as 1829 the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth published an elaborate argument to show that King Charles was actually the author, while Mackintosh, Todd, and Macaulay hold that the work belongs to Gauden. But the consensus of critical opinion to-day is that Gauden was not the sole author of that famous

book, and probably had but little share in its composition.

FROM THE "EIKŌN BASILIKÉ."

The various successes of this unhappy war have at least afforded me variety of good meditations. Sometimes God was pleased to try me with victory, by worsting my enemies, that I might know how with moderation and thanks to own and use His power, who is only the true Lord of Hosts, able, when He pleases, to repress the confidence of those that fought against me with so great advantages for power and number. From small beginnings on my part, He let me see that I was not wholly forsaken by my people's love or His protection. Other times God was pleased to exercise my patience, and teach me not to trust in the arm of flesh, but in the living God. My sins sometimes prevailed against the justice of my cause; and those that were with me wanted not matter and occasion for His just chastisement both of them and me. Nor were my enemies less punished by that prosperity, which hardened them to continue that injustice by open hostility, which was begun by most riotous and unparliamentary tumults.

There is no doubt but personal and private sins may ofttimes overbalance the justice of public engagements; nor doth God account every gallant man, in the world's esteem, a fit instrument to assert in the way of war a righteous cause. The more men are prone to arrogate to their own skill, valor, and strength, the less doth God ordinarily work by them for His own glory. I am sure the event of success can never state the justice of any cause, nor the peace of men's consciences, nor the eternal fate of their souls.

Those with me had, I think, clearly and undoubtedly for their justification the Word of God and the laws of the land, together with their own oaths; all requiring obedience to my just commands; but to none other under heaven without me, or against me, in the point of raising arms. Those on the other side are forced to fly to the shifts of some pretended fears, and wild fundamentals

of state, as they call them, which actually overthrow the present fabric both of Church and State; being such imaginary reasons for self-defense as are most impertinent for those men to allege, who, being my subjects, were manifestly the first assaulters of me and the laws, first by suppressed tumults, after by listed forces. The same allegations they use will fit any faction that hath but power and confidence enough to second with the sword all their demands against the present laws and governors, which can never be such as some side or other will not find fault with, so as to urge what they call a reformation of them to a rebellion against them.

The eminent Dr. South seems to have had no doubt that Charles I. was really the author of the *Eikōn Basiliké.* He says: "To go no further for a testimony, let his own writings witness, which speak him no less an author than a monarch, composed with such a commanding majestic pathos as if they had been writ not with a pen but a sceptre; and for those whose virulent and ridiculous calumnies ascribe that incomparable piece to others, I say it is a sufficient argument that those did not write it because they could not."

GAUTIER, JUDITH, a French translator, essayist and novelist; daughter of Theophile Gautier, and Carlotta Grisi, Italian singer; born at Paris in 1850. In 1869 she married Catulle Mendes, but was subsequently divorced. Her first work, *The Book of Jude* (1867) was published under the pseudonym "JUDITH WALTHER." This book was a collection of prose and verse translated from the Chinese. It was followed in 1869 by *The Imperial Dragon,* a

Chinese romance. Her later works are *The Usurper,* a Japanese romance crowned by the French Academy in 1875; *Lucienne* (1877); *The Cruelties of Love* (1878); *Isoline* (1881); *Poems of the Dragon Fly* (1884); *Potiphar's Wife* (1884); *The Merchant of Smiles:* a drama adapted from the Chinese (1888); and *The Marriage of Fingue;* a lyric poem (1889). Since 1890 she has devoted herself largely to the drama, and many of her plays have scored most flattering success at the leading Paris theatres. Her prose translations from the Chinese lyric poets, have been translated into Italian verse by Massarani.

A CELEBRATED POET OF CHINA.

Among the Chinese the reputation and homage of poets do not fall off, as is the case among other peoples. Fame with them is slower in coming — more discriminating, too — and immeasurably more enduring. In that vast and ancient realm it has never happened, save perhaps within recent days and under foreign influence, that a poet ventures on his own assurance to judge his verses worthy of publication in a book, and there are neither serials nor reviews through which to make them known. But at the gatherings of their *literati,* where each takes his turn at improvising, or perhaps at reciting a poem, if one happens to produce something of really surpassing merit he is met with requests for the privilege of copying it. Those who preserve a piece thus taken down repeat it in other places, permitting others to copy it anew, until little by little, within a chosen circle, the poet's name becomes diffused like a clinging fragrance.

Here and there a solitary author makes his address directly to the people. He inscribes his verse upon the wall of a yamen or temple, or upon the upright of a town gate — usually without adding his name. Passers-by stop before the writing; those who understand it making comments, discussing its merits and explaining it to the ignorant, who gather eagerly about. If a scholar passes

that way and judges the piece worth the trouble he makes a copy of it, which he carries off to show his friends and to keep cherishingly.

Poetry thus preserved passes quickly from lip to lip, gaining first recognition and then popularity. But the author must look to posterity before this popular suffrage ranges him among the elect, for often a century or more passes before an imperial commission of scholars sorts out and collects into volumes all the poems of his period which fame has enshrined. A book thus formed is like a nosegay of rare flowers; in its pages brother-poets enhance and set off one another's work in a charming diversity, but the individual authors, though they may have presentiments of coming celebrity, are never certain of it, and rarely live to enjoy it.

At times, however, the poet receives from his contemporaries marks of respect almost amounting to veneration, especially when the recognition of an emperor has raised him to high office and surrounded him with the halo of court distinction. Such was the case with Li-Tai-Pé, with Thou-Fou, with all the splendid pleiad of master spirits who gave luster to the reign of Ming-Hoang (eighth century A. D., and are to-day the models, oracles and almost the patrons of poetry. Yet the works even of these men were not published in their lifetime, though their scattered poems were preserved — on sheets of fine paper or of white satin delicately ornamented — with such respect that not one has been lost.

In the cluster of immortal names which posterity has culled from successive dynasties the names of women are very rare. They occur, however, in all the rolls of fame — among sovereigns, heroes, warriors and poets. Among the last the name of the poet Ly-y-Tanc holds a commanding place. She lived in the Song dynasty, in the twelfth century of our era. Little is known about her with certainty, except what is disclosed in her poems, which are very personal, and give, as it were, the confession of a woman's heart.

The Chinese admire Ly-y-Tanc, not merely as a writer of graceful and clever verse, but as an enlightened spirit, a veritable master, skilled in all the refinements and feats

of the poetic art. She even plays, at times, with its rules, sets herself whimsical rhythms, ventures upon odd innovations, which she achieves with a certainty that compels admiration for her boldness.

Ly-y-Tanc has thought for little more than one subject: the incurable wound in her heart, which bleeds in solitude. The loneliness, the seclusion, the helplessness of the Chinese woman find expression in verses of touching suggestiveness, yet without a word of open avowal. The love which consumes this Chinese Sappho is, it appears, unknown to him who occasions it. Perhaps he has never even seen her; certainly she makes no effort to meet or attract him. Her position as a woman, the forms and proprieties which hedge her in, forbid it. She is likened to a flower in love with a bird: having neither voice nor wings, she can do nothing more than breathe out her fresh, sweet life for him.

At all times, in her poetry, Ly-y-Tanc pictures, together with her grief, the surroundings of her life, and the aspects of nature that fall within view from her chamber window. The changes of the seasons are the sole events, as the ornaments of her room are the sole witnesses, of her life, and both are woven into the texture of her thought. Read, for example, these stanzas, which she entitles: *Forebodings in the Sky*.

Take note how the plants in our court enclosure
Are suddenly bowed and twisted under the wind that enfolds them in driving mist.
The great door is heavily shut;
But the graceful willows and the fragile flowers are seized upon by the cold.
Nothing shelters them from the angry sky, which seems vexed as with misgivings at having broken up their mutual and perfect poetry.
What now shall sustain the hapless one who, rudely waked from his soul's delight,
Is torn from the sweet illusion which suffused his senses with beauty?
When the wild geese bear summer away on their wings

A thousand hearts shall sadden, not knowing where to seek relief for their heaviness.

. . . . . .

In the upper chamber of the house I stay cowering behind closed doors,
For the sunshine of spring is no more, but in its place cold and the hoar-frost.
The heavy blind shuts out the window from my eyes,
And through the long hours I sit, leaning on its elbow-rest of jade,
While the sharp air makes the incense burn fast in the censer.

Again I fall into day-deams! . . .
Indeed, it is a fault to indulge this vain grief over hopes which never come true;
Which, like the dew of morning, have all faded away. . . .
The tree again will turn to green. . . . but I?
How many returns of spring shall I see again?
How often again shall I see the sun rise through the mists?
How often again shall I look out, as to-day, to see if the fair skies are coming again?

Is not the picture here traced with a light and discriminating touch? From the quaint elegance of its setting does not the profile of the young woman stand out in exquisite relief? One sees her, languidly reclining against the jade elbow-rest, watching the scented smoke stream up from the incense-pan. This thin vapor, out of which she seems to weave her reverie, is the only living thing near the solitary girl, who gives herself up to a mysterious grief of which she speaks half-hintingly. This deepens, and her words become somewhat more explicit in another piece, which she calls *My Lingering Eyes,* and which is one of the most touchingly sad of all her works:

The ashes turn cold in the lion-shaped censer.

I toss with fever on the red billows of my coverlet, and shortly turn from it to rise;

But I lack heart to dress my hair; the comb is too heavy for my dejection.

I suffer the dust to bedim the precious trinkets on my dressing-table. . . .

. . . . . .

The creeping sunbeam has already risen to the clasp which gathers back the curtain. . . .

O the heavy thought, hidden from all, of a departure that I dread, of a future yet more bitter.

What thoughts press to my lips for utterance that I stifle in my heart!

How new and strange for me to grow wan with thought!

This is not the languor after frenzy; still less the melancholy at the passing of autumn.

. . . . . .

All now is over! All is done! He is leaving to-day!

A thousand times might I now sing; Stay on near me, but he would not stay.

My thoughts pass out to that far country which is his;

But the mist shuts in my summer-house. Before my eyes is nothing save the slow-moving water. Sole witness of my grief, perhaps it wonders at thus always reflecting the dull gaze of my lingering eyes.

Ah! more heavily yet shall my gaze weigh upon you, pale mirror, for the moment now passing completes the grief that shall fill henceforth the gaze of my lingering eyes!

We can rest certain, now, that her sadness springs from a passion hidden from all about her, doubtless even from him who inspires it. This person, whom she never names, is a stranger in her country; perhaps she has never spoken to him, and has seen him only through the lattice of her window; but from the day that this love began in her, peace has gone out of her life. Before

that it seems she had been happy, for this pining is new to her, and she believes it incurable.

At times a faint echo from the outer world, conveying some inkling of a society about her, is heard in the songs of this recluse; but it is only such snatches as can penetrate to her window from the environs of her retreat. Such is the case with a piece entitled *The Feast of the Poets,* a festivity which is observed on the ninth day of the ninth month — that is, in autumn:

With drifting mist, with clouds closing in, the heavy grief drags through the long, long day. . . .

The incense which no one renews is dying out in the gilded censer.

Is not this the sweet season of the Feast of Poets which returns again?

'Tis so without doubt, since yesterday, for the first time, the jade elbow-rest and the lattice pendant were cold to my fingers.

I hear the merry companions who withdrew in couples to the shelter behind the eastern hedge, where they drink to the honor of poets, in the splendor of sunset.

A delicate scent is shaken from their silken sleeves (as they raise their cups), . . .

But I, who sit here dispirited,— the lifted lattice leaves me unsheltered from the sharp west wind.

I see it blow cold on the marigolds, and wither them, even as my heart is withered.

In the last piece which I translate the love-lorn girl diverts her lassitude by one of those trifling acts to which the despairing often attach a superstitious interest.

A flower has opened, out on the deep water,— on the deep water!

I cast my thread toward its deep-hidden roots,— its deep-hidden roots. . . .

The mystery of that dark depth is troubled; its stillness is shivered, and moves trembling to afar. . . .

I try with my thread to ensnare the lotus, as if his heart were there!

The sunlight streams to the far west; it dissolves, and ebbs,— alas! it sinks in night! — It sinks in night!

I return to the upper chamber, and stop before my mirror,— O the wan and haggard face!

That wan and haggard face!

The plants will renew their green, and put forth new shoots;

But how have I, without hope, even lived to this day?

On reading this piece, with its impressive refrains, will not your thought recur, as mine does, to certain poems of your admirable Edgar A. Poe?

A detailed biography would hardly tell more of the actual life of Ly-y-Tanc than these lines, in which she reveals at the same time her great talent and her great affliction. It might tell us whether she was a descendant of Li-Tai-Pé (her surname, Ly, like that of the poet, is made by the character meaning "The First").

For my part, I have felt a half-tender admiration in deciphering the verses of this noble and affecting woman, and I am happy in being the first, as I believe, to make heard outside of the Chinese Empire the soft-sounding name of Ly-y-Tanc.—*From The Independent.*

GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE, a French poet, novelist, and critic; born at Tarbes, Gascony, August 31, 1811; died at Neuilly, October 22, 1872. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, Paris, and on completing his college course entered the studio of Rioult, intending to become a painter. After two years' study he turned from art to literature, and joined in the revolt against the formalism of the French classic school. His first volume of *Poésies* (1830) was followed in 1832 by *Albertus,* a "theological legend." In 1833 he published a volume of tales, *Les Jeunes-France,*

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

and in 1835 *Mademoiselle de Maupin,* a novel which was pronounced, even in France, immoral. To this time belongs a series of critical papers on the poets of the time of Louis XIII. which were afterward published in 1843, under the title of *Les Grotesques.* These were written for *La France Littéraire,* of which Gautier was editor. He also contributed to the *Revue de Paris, L'Artiste,* and other papers. In 1836 he became literary and dramatic editor of *La Presse,* in 1854 of *Le Moniteur Universel,* and in 1869 of *Le Journal Officiel.* His journalistic labors alone were enormous. It is said that a complete collection of his articles would fill three hundred volumes. He continued to write novels and poems. *La Comédie de la Morte* (1838), *Poésies* (1840), and *Emaux et Camées* (1852) all display true poetic feeling and a marvellous command of poetic form. Gautier traveled in most of the countries of Europe, and wrote several books embodying his observations; among them *Italia* (1853) and *Constantinople* (1854). He wrote also for the stage, *La Tricorne Enchanté* (1845) being perhaps his best play. His short stories stand in the first rank of this class of fiction. The best of his novels are *Militona* (1847); *Le Roman de la Momie* (1856); *Le Capitaine Fracasse* (1863), and *Spirite* (1866). Besides the works of travel already mentioned are *Caprices et Zigzags; Voyage en Russie,* and *Voyage en Espagne. L'Histoire de l'Art Dramatique en France depuis vingt-cinq Ans* contains some of his best critical papers. His last work, *Tableaux du Siège,* gives a vivid picture of Paris at the time of its investment by the German troops.

THE ROYAL SEPULCHRES OF THEBES.

The director of excavations went on a little in advance of the nobleman and the savant, with the air of a well-bred person who knows the rules of etiquette, and his step was firm and brisk, as though he were quite confident of success. They soon reached a narrow defile leading into the valley of Bibán-el-Molook. It looked as if it had been cut by the hand of man through the thick wall of the mountain instead of being a natural cleft, as if the spirit of solitude had sought to render inaccessible this kingdom of the dead. On the perpendicular walls of the riven rock the eye could discern imperfect remains of sculptures, injured by the ravages of time, that might have been taken for inequalities of the stone, aping the crippled personages in a half-effaced bas-relief. Beyond the gorge the valley widened a little, presenting a spectacle of the most mournful desolation. On either side rose in steep crags enormous masses of calcareous rock, corrugated, splintered, crumbling, exhausted, and dropping to pieces in an advanced state of decomposition under an implacable sun. These rocks resembled the bones of the dead, calcined on a funeral pyre, and an eternity of weariness was expressed in the yawning mouths, imploring the refreshing drop that never fell. Their walls rose almost in a vertical line to a great height, marking out their indented tops of a grayish white against a sky of deepest indigo, like the turrets of some gigantic ruined fortress. A part of the funeral valley lay at a white heat under the rays of the sun; the rest was bathed in that crude bluish tint of torrid lands which seems unreal at the North when artists reproduce it, and which is as clearly defined as the shadows on an architectural plan.

The valley lengthened out, now making an angle in one direction, now entangling itself in a gorge in another, as the spurs and projections of the bifurcated chain advanced or receded. According to a peculiarity of climates when the atmosphere, entirely free from moisture, possessed a perfect transparence, aerial perspective did

not exist in this theatre of desolation; every little detail was sketched in, as far as the eye could reach, with a painful accuracy, and their distance made evident only by a decrease in size, as if a cruel Nature did not care to hide any of the poverty or misery of this barren spot, more dead itself than those whom it covered.

Over the wall, on the sunny side, fell a fiery stream of blinding light such as emanates from metals in a state of fusion. Every rocky surface, transformed into a burning mirror, sent it glancing back with even greater intensity. These reacting rays, joined to the scorching beams that fell from the heavens, and were reflected again from the earth, produced a heat equal to that of a furnace, and the poor German doctor constantly sponged his face with his blue-checked handkerchief, that looked as if it had been dipped in water. You could not have found a handful of soil in the whole valley, so there was no blade of grass, no bramble, no creeping vine of any kind, or growth of lichen, to break the uniform whiteness of the torrified ground. The crevices and dents in the rocks did not contain enough moisture to feed even the slender, thread-like roots of the poorest wall-plant. It was like a vast bed of cinders left from a chain of mountains burnt out in some great planetary fire in the day of cosmic catastrophes: to make the comparison more complete, long, black streaks, like scars left by cauterizing, ran down the chalky sides of the peaks. Absolute silence reigned over this scene of devastation; not a breath of life disturbed it; there was no flutter of wings, no hum of insects, no rustling of lizards and other reptiles; even the tiny cymbal of the grasshopper, that friend of arid wastes, could not be heard. A sparkling, micaceous dust, like powdered sandstone, covered the ground, and here and there formed mounds over the stones dug from the depths of the chain with the relentless pickaxes of past generations and the tools of troglodyte workmen preparing under ground the eternal dwelling-places of the dead. The fragments torn from the interior of the mountain had made other hills friable heaps of stones, that might have been taken for a natural ridge. In the sides of the rock were black holes, surrounded by scattered blocks of

stone — square openings flanked by pillars covered with hieroglyphics, and having on their lintels mysterious cartouches that contained the sacred scarabæus in a great, yellow disk the Sun as a ram's head, and the goddesses Isis and Nephthys, standing or kneeling. These were the royal sepulchres of Thebes.— *The Romance of a Mummy; translation of* AUGUSTA MCC. WRIGHT.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The daylight died; a filmy cloud
  Left lazily the zenith height,
In the calm river scarcely stirred,
  To bathe its flowing garment white.

Night came: Night saddened but serene,
  In mourning for her brother Day;
And every star before the queen
  Bent, robed in gold, to own her sway.

The turtle-dove's soft wail was heard,
  The children dreaming in their sleep;
The air seemed filled with rustling wings
  Of unseen birds in downy sweep.

Heaven spake to earth in murmurs low,
  As when the Hebrew prophets trod
Her hills of old; one word I know
  Of that mysterious speech — 'tis God.
— *Translation of* AMELIA D. ALDEN.

THE FIRST SMILE OF SPRING.

While to their vexatious toil, breathless, men are hurrying,
March, who laughs despite of showers, secretly prepares the Spring.

For the Easter daisies small, while they sleep, the cunning fellow
Paints anew their collarettes, burnishes their buttons yellow;

Goes, the sly perruquier, to the orchard, to the vine,
Powders white the almond-tree with a puff of swan's-down fine.

To the garden bare he flies, while dame Nature still reposes;
In their vests of velvet green, laces all the budding roses;

Whistles in the blackbird's ear new roulades for him to follow;
Sows the snow-drop far and near, and the violet in the hollow.

On the margin of the fountain, where the stag drinks, listening,
From his hidden hand he scatters silvery lily-buds for Spring;

Hides the crimson strawberry in the grass, for thee to seek;
Plaits a leafy hat, to shade from the glowing sun thy cheek.

Then, when all his task is done, past his reign, away he hies;
Turns his head at April's threshold; — "Springtime, you may come!" he cries.

— *Translation of* AMELIA D. ALDEN.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

The rain-drops plash, and the dead leaves fall,
On spire and cornice and mould;
The swallows gather, and twitter and call,
"We must follow the Summer, come one, come all,
For the Winter is now so cold."

Just listen awhile to the wordy war,
As to whither the way shall tend,
Says one, "I know the skies are fair
And myriad insects float in air
Where the ruins of Athens stand.

"And every year when the brown leaves fall,
In a niche of the Parthenon
I build my nest on the corniced wall,
In the trough of a devastating ball
From the Turk's besieging gun."

Says another, "My cosey home I fit
On a Smyrna grande café
Where over the threshold Hadjii sit,
And smoke their pipes and their coffee sip,
Dreaming the hours away."

Another says, "I prefer the nave
Of a temple in Baalbec;
There my little ones lie when the palm-trees wave,
And, perching near on the architrave,
I fill each open beak."

"Ah!" says the last, "I build *my* nest
Far up on the Nile's green shore,
Where Memnon raises his stony crest,
And turns to the sun as he leaves his rest,
But greets him with song no more.

"In his ample neck is a niche so wide,
And withal so deep and free,
A thousand swallows their nests can hide,
And a thousand little ones rear beside —
Then come to the Nile with me."

They go, they go to the river and plain,
To ruined city and town,
They leave me alone with the cold again,
Beside the tomb where my joys have lain,
With hope like the swallows flown.

— *Translation of* HENRI VAN LAUN.

GAY, JOHN, an English poet; born at Barnstable, September 1, 1685; died at London, December 4, 1732. He was apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London, but turned his attention to literary pursuits. In 1711 he published *Rural Sports,* a poem dedicated to Pope, which led to a close friendship between the two poets. This was followed by *The Shepherd's Week,* a kind of parody on the *Pastorals* of Ambrose Philips. He subsequently wrote several comedies; and in 1727 brought out *The Beggar's Opera,* which produced fame and money. This was followed by the comic opera of *Polly,* the representation of which was forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain. It was printed by subscription, and netted some £1,000 or £1,200 to the author. Other works are *The What D'ye Call It,* a farce (1715); *Poems,* including *Black-Eyed Susan* and *The Captives,* a tragedy (1724); *Acis and Galatea* (1732). Gay lost nearly all of his considerable property in the "South Sea Bubble," and during the later years of his life he was an inmate of the house of the Duke of Queensberry. Apart from the two comic operas, Gay's best works are *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London,* and the *Fables,* of which a very good edition was published in 1856.

WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along:

By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays:
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his laboring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!
When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "Clean your shoes!" resounds from every voice,
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned:
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
True Witney broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,

Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.
If thy strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to White's, assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

— *Trivia.*

THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship: who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain:

Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."
The Horse replied: "Poor Honest Puss
It grieves my heart to see you thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."
The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,

For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view!"
— *The Shepherd's Week.*

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard:
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew!"

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again,

Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be,
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso-er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed — she sighed — he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

GAY, Marie Françoise Sophie de la Valette, a French novelist; born at Paris, July 1, 1776; died there in March, 1852. She was the daughter of a financier to "Monsieur," afterward Louis XVIII., and was carefully educated by her

father. When seventeen years of age she entered upon an unhappy marriage, but obtained a divorce in 1799. She afterward married M. Gay, Receiver-General in the department of Roer, and went to reside at Aix-la-Chapelle. Her beauty, wit, and amiability attracted many, and her husband's position widened her circle of acquaintances. She was a fine musician, a performer on the piano and harp, and composed both words and music of several romances. Her first literary work, a defence of Mme. de Staël's *Delphine,* was published in 1802 in the *Journal de Paris.* In the same year she published anonymously a romance, *Laure d'Estell. Léonie de Montbreuse* (1813) was her next novel. It was followed in 1815 by *Anatole,* the most popular of her works. She contributed to *La Presse* and other papers, and wrote several successful dramas. Among her other works are *Théobald* (1828); *Un Mariage sous l'Empire* (1832); *Scènes du Jeune Age* (1832); *Souvenirs d'une Vieille Femme* (1834); *Les Salons Célèbres* (1837); *Marie-Louise d'Orléans* (1842); *Le Faux Frère* and *Le Comte de Guiche* (1845).

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS IN FRANCE.

The reunions begin; already some persons have appointed their reception evenings, but the soirées are not complete; for those husbands who are great proprietors make a pretext of their plantations and agricultural cares, to keep their young wives, as long as possible, far from the pleasures the city offers; not reflecting that the richest love to pass over the season for gifts, considering them a species of tax imposed upon the vanity of the avaricious, as well as that of the lavish, from which distance and solitude can alone disfranchise.

It is toward the 20th of December that the scourge begins to be felt; first, a general agitation is perceived,

arising from perplexity in the choice of objects that will gratify the recipients; to this succeeds despair of ever reconciling the gift one selects with the price she can or will give. Oh! the sleepless nights that follow days of anxious thought; the fear lest the present should be too useful, and hurt the pride of the friend, or too fanciful, and imply that she is capricious; but it is less dangerous to consult her caprices than her needs, and the talent of divining the one or the other is seldom attended with success.

Nothing can equal the tacit ambition of the receivers of the New Year's gifts. Already the caresses of the children, the assiduity of the servants, is in ratio to the gifts they hope to receive from their relations or masters. Already the jewellers polish their old jewels, that they may sell them as new to strangers and provincials, who would be ill received on their return home, if not the envoys of robes, hats, and jewels, esteemed in the mode. The gift is the passport to a welcome from their families. . . .

If this month has its charges, it has also its profits; the service in every house is performed with more exactness; there are no letters lost, no journals missing, the visiting cards are punctually delivered to those who claim them, the lodger no longer knocks twenty times at the carriage entrance before the gate is opened, the box-keeper does not keep you waiting in the lobby of the theatre, the coachman is more seldom drunk, the cook leaves in repose the cover of the basket, the chambermaid grumbles no longer, the children do not cry when nothing is the matter, the governesses intermit their beatings, everything goes on more easily, each one does his duty, every courtier is at his post — for each one hopes to have his name inscribed on the list for favors; the salons of the ministers are filled, government meets with less resistance, princes with fewer assassins.

But how many deceptions, jealousies, even enmities, date their birth from this deceitful month! What constrained visages, what contortions and grimaces of gratitude, without counting the conjugal kiss! We will favor

our friends with titles of the different species of New Year's gifts:

First, the *duty gift,* given and received as the payment of a bill of exchange; that is to say, grudgingly on one side, and with no gratitude on the other.

Next, the *impost duty,* which it is necessary to satisfy; under penalty of being served the last, or even not at all, when you dine with your friends.

The *chance gift,* which simply consists in giving this year to the new friends the little presents that were received the year before from the old ones. This is the ass's bridge of the vain economists.

The *fraudulent gift,* which is particularly flattering, as it purports to have been purchased for the friend, or to have been sent by an old aunt, whose three year's revenue could not pay for this lying gift.

The *waning gift.* This reveals the phases and revolutions foreseen by astronomers of the heart, where love passes to friendship, friendship to habit, habit to indifference. This species of gift commences ordinarily with some rich talisman, the luxury of which, above all, consists in its uselessness, and ends with a bag of confectionery.

We have also the *politic gift,* the most ingenious of all, invented by fortune-hunters, solicitors, and artful women.

It is only a few choice spirits who have the finesse essential to success in this last present. They must not only give but little to obtain much; but the choice of the present, and the means of making it available, require shrewdness and address. Wish you some place dependent upon a minister? Gain an introduction to his wife, or, if faithless to her, to the concealed object of his passion; study her caprice that he has forgotten to satisfy; send your offering anonymously; your meaning will be divined by her, and the office you desire be obtained from him. Does your fate depend upon a brave administrator whose wife is faithful? Fear not ruining yourself in baubles for the children; your place is more sure than the revenues of Spain.

Do you wish to assure yourself of an inheritance from some old relation? Observe his mania; endeavor to dis-

cover what is the piece of furniture, the book, or the exquisite dish that his avarice refuses him; give a watch to his housekeeper's little son; persuade her to obtain a pension from the old man for the child, and you will not miss of the inheritance. This is the politic gift in all its diplomacy. As to the calculations of the woman who constrains or excites the generosity of her friends by her rich offerings, this is to be classed among vulgar speculations.— *Celebrated Salons; translation of* J. WILLARD.

GAY, SYDNEY HOWARD, an American journalist and historian; born at Hingham, Mass., May 22, 1814; died at New Brighton, N. Y., June 25, 1888. He entered Harvard College at fifteen, but left without graduating on account of ill health. After spending some years in a counting-house he began the study of law; this he abandoned for the reason that he could not conscientiously take the oath to maintain the Constitution of the United States, which required the surrender of fugitive slaves. In 1842 he became an anti-slavery lecturer; in 1844 editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard,* retaining that position until 1857, when he joined the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune,* of which he was managing editor from 1862 to 1866. From 1867 to 1871 he was managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune.* In 1872 he became one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post.* Two years afterward William Cullen Bryant was asked by a publishing house to undertake the preparation of an illustrated *History of the United States.* He consented upon condition that the work should be actually executed by Mr. Gay, his own advanced age rendering it

impossible that he should undertake a labor of such magnitude. This *History of the United States,* comprising four large volumes (1876–80), was really written by Mr. Gay, with the aid in the latter portion of several collaborators, among whom were Alfred H. Guernsey, Edward Everett Hale, Henry P. Johnson, Rossiter Johnson, and Horace E. Scudder. Mr. Gay also wrote a *Life of James Madison* (1884), and was at the time of his death engaged upon a *Life of Edmund Quincy.*

THE MOUND-BUILDERS OF AMERICA.

The dead and buried culture of the ancient people of North America, to whose memory they themselves erected such curious monuments, is specially noteworthy in that it differs from all other extinct civilizations. Allied, on the one hand, to the rude conditions of the Stone Age, in which the understanding of man does not aim at much beyond some appliance that shall aid his naked hands in procuring a supply of daily food, it is yet far in advance of that rough childhood of the race; and while it touches the Age of Metal, it is almost as far behind, and suggests the semi-civilization of other pre-historic races who left in India, in Egypt, and the centre of the Western Continent, magnificent architectural ruins and relics of the sculptor's art, which, though barbaric, were nevertheless full of power peculiar to those parallel regions of the globe.

It is hardly conceivable that those imposing earthworks were meant for mere outdoor occupation. A people capable of erecting fortifications which could not be much improved upon by modern military science as to position, and, considering the material used, the method of construction; and who could combine for religious observances enclosures in groups of elaborate design, extending for more than twenty miles, would probably crown such works with structures in harmony with their importance and the skill and toil bestowed upon their

erection. Such wooden edifices — for wood they must have been — would long ago have crumbled into dust; but it is not a fanciful suggestion that probably something more imposing than a rude hut once stood upon tumuli evidently meant for occupation, and sometimes approaching the Pyramids of Egypt in size and grandeur. These circumvallations of mathematical figures, bearing to each other certain well-defined relations, and made — though many miles apart — in accordance with some exact law of measurement, no doubt surrounded something better than an Indian's wigwam. That which is left is the assurance of that which has perished; it is the sacred and broken torso bearing witness to the perfect work of art as it came from the hands of the sculptor.

Nor is this the only conclusion that is forced upon us. These people must have been very numerous, as otherwise they could not have done what we see they did. They were an industrious, agricultural people; not like the sparsely scattered Indians, nomadic tribes of hunters; for the multitudes employed upon the vast systems of earth-works, and who were non-producers, must have been supported by the products of the labor of another multitude who tilled the soil. Their moral and religious natures were so far developed that they devoted much time and thought to occupations and subjects which could have nothing to do with their material welfare: a mental condition far in advance of the savage state. And the degree of civilization which they had reached — trifling in some respects, in others full of promise — was peculiarly their own, of which no trace can be discovered in subsequent times, unless it be among other and later races south and west of the Gulf of Mexico.

Doing and being so much, the wonder is that they should not have attained to still higher things. But the wonder ceases if we look for the farther development of their civilization in Mexico and Central America. If they did not die out, destroyed by pestilence or famine; if they were not exterminated by the Indians, but were at last driven away by a savage foe against whose furious onslaughts they could contend no longer, even behind their earthen ramparts, their refuge was probably, if not

necessarily, farther south or southwest. In New Mexico they may have made their last defence in the massive stone fortresses, which the bitter experience of the past had taught them to substitute for the earthworks they had been compelled to abandon. Thence extending southward they may, in successive periods, have found leisure, in the perpetual summer of the tropics, where nature yielded a subsistence almost unsolicited for the creation of that architecture whose ruins are as remarkable as those of any of the pre-historic races of other continents. The sculpture in the stone of those beautiful temples may be only the outgrowth of that germ of art shown in the carvings on the pipes which the Mound-Builders left on their buried altars. In these pipes a striking fidelity to nature is shown in the delineation of animals. It is reasonable to suppose that they were equally faithful in portraying their own features in their representations of the human head and face; and the similarity between these and the sculptures upon the ancient temples of Central America and Mexico is seen at a glance.

Then also it may be that they discovered how to fuse and combine the metals, making a harder and a better bronze than the Europeans had ever seen; to execute work in gold and silver which the most skilled Europeans did not pretend to excel; to manufacture woven stuffs of fine texture, the beginnings whereof are found in the fragments of coarse cloth; in objects of use and ornament, wrought in metals, left among the other relics in the earlier northern homes of their race. In the art of the southern people there was nothing imitative; the works of the Mound-Builders stand as distinctly original and independent of any foreign influence. Any similarity in either that can be traced to anything else is in the apparent growth of the first rude culture of the northern race into the higher civilization of that of the south. It certainly is not a violent supposition that the people who disappeared at one period from one part of the continent, leaving behind them certain unmistakable marks of progress, had reappeared at another time in another place, where the same marks were found in large development.—*History of the United States, Vol I., Chap. II.*

WITHDRAWN
UST
Libraries

O'Shaughnessy-Frey Library
University of St. Thomas
St. Paul, MN 55105-1096

DATE DUE

Demco, Inc. 38 293